

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LIX. — JUNE, 1887. — No. CCCLVI.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

It was ten minutes after the usual hour for the close of afternoon service at the church of St. Philemon, when the crowd passed the sexton as he stood guard at the principal entrance. An imaginative person might fancy that it was the duty of this functionary to deliver to each worshiper his private burden of cares, ambitions, and perplexities, as the door-keeper of a picture-gallery surrenders canes and umbrellas on receipt of the metallic tickets which designate them. The dying December day was darkened with clouds which threatened snow; already the wind was active; the red and purple panes over the altar would soon be glazed with sleet. The stream of talk, pent beyond its usual limit, rushed with satisfaction to its week-day level. The janitor was sprinkled with some curious little sprays of it as he held his post.

"Was n't our rector just lovely this afternoon?" asked a stylish school-girl of her friend from the suburbs.

"Yes, he was splendid," was the reply. "Wish I could come to St. Philemon's every Sunday. My minister's married, you know; so he does n't seem to count. What a beautiful voice Mr. Greyson has, and how it trembled when he read the prayer for the sick! Do you know who was prayed for?"

"Mr. Ephraim Peckster, of course. Papa called at the house to inquire about him, on our way to church. They said he could n't live through the night. Oh,

there's Mrs. Hargrave just by that pillar; no, I mean the one in the pink bonnet. Wife of the great Peckster Professor, you know. Isn't she handsome! Hurry for your horse-car: see how they're crowding into it. Come to our pew any time; we'll always make room for you."

"Eloquent, but highly injudicious," said the judge, referring, as the sexton guessed, to the sermon. "Of course it is good policy to make the Church inclusive; but it can't include mediævalism. Think what head-lines that stuff about Luther and the inkstand would make for the Morning Trumpet! Somebody must look after the reporter; I'll speak to one of the vestrymen about it."

The voice murmured further criticism, which was drowned by other voices more audible.

"Yes, he's dying alone in that great house on Brandon Avenue: wife and daughter in Europe; son was killed in the railroad accident, you remember."

"Will he leave anything to the College?"

"No, he quarreled with it. They would n't dub Hargrave LL. D. last Commencement, and he resented it. I don't blame him, either. All the Peckster Professors have had that degree, and Hargrave has done more for science than any of them."

"You ought to tell Colonel Caffrey, uncle," said a soft feminine voice, "that the college parchment would be a false

representative symbol of my husband's present views of science. He believes it to be a part of a wider and more deeply grounded system of knowledge than our endowed institutions of learning are willing to recognize."

"He should have had the three letters for all that," said the speaker, in a tone which brooked no contradiction. "Did not the Lisbon Academy send him its first gold medal, when he published his Centres of Ossification? Only one other American has received it, and he's a Johns Hopkins man. Suppose Hargrave is doing extra work upon lines which the sages say end nowhere! The college people should n't mind these contagious whispers. They get nervous much too easily, as they will see when Peckster's will comes up for probate. By the way, where is the Professor? I saw him in church."

"He followed Mr. Greyson into the vestry," replied Mrs. Hargrave. "I think he has some business with him."

The sexton was prevented from learning further particulars by the direct address of a lady who had lingered to speak with him.

"Where are those two seats that were advertised in the Saturday Evening Sun-set?"

"Left-hand aisle, two from the door. But you're late, ma'am; they've been taken."

"Any others likely to be offered?"

"Can't say; but don't think it's probable."

It was not until after the last loiterer had departed, and the sexton had swung the heavy doors into the arch between the sculptured pillars, that two figures issued from the small portal at the vestry end of the church. The rector leaned upon the strong arm of Ernest Hargrave as if he needed such an anchorage in the gusty weather. Those who saw him only in the pulpit never realized that his stature was below the average, and that he was thin beyond the

thinness so common in the American scholar. The flash of the eye, the penetrative quality of the voice, the absolute sincerity of manner, were instruments of impression which seemed to require the good physical basis which imagination was ready to supply.

"I wish that your selection of a second witness had fallen elsewhere," said the Rev. Charles Greyson. "Surely my presence is not essential to the strange inquiry you have in hand."

"I must have two representative men to testify to the success of my experiment," said Professor Hargrave earnestly; "it is to be regretted that circumstances will not permit more. I have secured Dr. Bense, who has the confidence of the Psychical Researchers. Now you, my dear sir, are no less a social fact than he is. I must have you both."

"Am I to understand that you are at last prepared to furnish a scientific demonstration of man's spiritual existence?" inquired the rector.

"Yes, if my experiment succeeds; and I have good hope that it will succeed," urged his companion. "But even if all does not go as I hope, we shall surely come upon matter for interesting study. Secrets are revealed by failure no less than by success. You gave us a noble sermon this afternoon, — true, every word of it; and yet one half of your auditors thought you were talking above reason and in excess of evidence."

"Alas, I know it," assented the rector; "and I know also that, of the less intellectual half who supposed they agreed with me, there were perhaps twenty who did not entertain a mental reserve, an *arrière pensée*, which held them from that absolute acceptance which can mould life in these unsettled times of ours. It is a consequence of the thralldom in which physical science at present holds the world. I know not where to look for deliverance."

"Cassius from bondage will deliver

Cassius!" exclaimed Hargrave, with enthusiasm. "Science shall yet provide the demonstration to refute its own denials. I, who have been long schooled in its methods, will force upon it the knowledge from which it shrinks. That the proof I offer is not necessary for you and me — nay, that there seems something like degradation in resorting to it — I cheerfully admit. But surely there is apostolic authority for gaining souls by such approaches as the time demands."

"You are right," said the minister, after a pause of reluctance, "else had that ninth of Corinthians been unwritten. I shall not leave my study until you send for me."

"It may be at any moment. Remember to bring a note-book and pencil, for whatever occurs must be instantly recorded. Have you a stop-watch?"

Mr. Greyson replied in the negative.

"Then wear this of mine," said Hargrave. "I have two more at home; we shall want them all. Good-night, for an hour or two."

The wind had already a thickening of sleet in it as it struck the corner where their ways parted.

After a frugal dinner, Mr. Greyson sought the retirement of his library. His first act was to blow the dust from a scrap-book which was reposing upon the upper shelf of one of the bookcases. The volume was lettered "Personal," and contained newspaper notices of various sermons which he had preached, as well as of important weddings and burials at which he had officiated.

"Just one year ago," murmured the rector, glancing over the last cutting he had pasted in the book. "One year ago; and what a renewal of mind has come to me, what fountains of knowledge have been strangely unsealed in my heart!"

The printed column which provoked this exclamation gave a florid descrip-

tion of one of those notable ceremonies for which St. Philemon's was famous. The reporter had done his best to bring the world to a realizing sense of the fact that the distinguished scientist, Dr. Ernest Hargrave, Peckster Professor of Osteology, had met at the altar the well-known society leader, Mrs. Clara Souford; and, furthermore, that the Reverend Charles Greyson had there united them in the holy bonds of matrimony. The usual wedding hymn had been sung by the choir, and the usual variations upon Mendelssohn's March had been played by the organist. There had been the usual show of French bonnets, together with an unusual shower of congratulations from men of learned repute. The head of the Smithsonian Institution telegraphed the good wishes generated beneath the eight bones of its cranium, while presidents of foreign academies and royal societies flashed felicitations under stormy leagues of ocean.

In these days of slack allegiance to ecclesiastical authorities it has come to pass that a man marries into his wife's church quite as naturally as into her family; and, according to this usage, Hargrave occupied the vacant seat at the foot of the Souford pew.

"A royal couple!" whispered the worshipers, as the pair walked up the aisle on the second Sunday after the wedding. The adjective was not misapplied. The husband was strong and graceful in his movements, — a laborious man, with every sense pushed to its maximum of activity; the wife was grand as ever in her animal beauty, but with eyes now beaming that soft, satisfying light which certifies that one more woman has escaped from the confusions of modern feminine existence, and come under the authority of a man competent to direct her ways. The pew-holders of St. Philemon's saw that the weekly presence of a Peckster Professor, capable of being pointed out to inquiring strangers,

would be good for their church. Would it be as good for the rector? Mr. Greyson caught himself musing over this question while the choir were at work upon the Venite. He was disposed to answer it in the affirmative, though he could have given no reason for doing so. It was clear that his former pastoral relations with the lady must undergo a change: his conventional guidance to celestial regions would be rejected. The new experience that was saturating her mind would result in a different conception of things transcendental. With the world running so strangely as at present, it was not beyond credibility that he might come to sit at Mrs. Hargrave's feet for counsel. Even that, the rector felt, would not be impossible. After all, she was an overpowering woman, full of rich and beneficent vitality. How her face gained in beauty as the fresher feelings of her new life shifted to and fro across it!

The sermon of that Sunday morning was one of the most eloquent the rector had ever preached. By an impulsion which was irresistible he threw aside his manuscript. He must leave reading for preaching; there were fresh, upspringing thoughts which must be used even in their newest gloss. The freshet of youthful confidence seemed once more swelling through his veins. He saw that the congregation was rousing itself from its decorous sermon-stupor; the people were marveling that their minister had so much blood in him. Mr. Greyson seemed to himself as one riding upon an incoming wave of fresh life and glorious possibilities. An unseen influence was directing and controlling his words. These scientific illustrations of familiar truths, where did they come from? He could not remember to have read of the physical facts to which he referred; nevertheless, he knew them to be true. Does organic self-consciousness exhaust the individual, or is it but a limitation of a larger and truer conscious-

ness, through which he may be a partaker of knowledge unattainable by his own effort? Questions of this nature presented themselves to the mind of the speaker, while well-formed periods, of which he could give no account, were issuing from his lips.

That evening Mr. Greyson passed with the Hargraves; it was the first of many evenings when he found himself attracted to their home. Clerical bachelors of a certain fastidiousness crave an atmosphere of gentle commiseration for their difficulties which the frigid sympathies of their own sex can never supply. For this he had been accustomed to look in the home of the former Mrs. Souford; but, as Mrs. Hargrave, Clara seemed to have developed a new quality of high-mindedness which was vivifying to the moral energies of her visitor. In the glow of her presence he felt comfortably at his best: the coarseness of the vulgar mechanism of life was spiritualized out of it. Her conversation, which had been merely bright with the artificial sparkle of society, now became a source of elevation, almost of inspiration. There was never wanting that most bewitching subtlety of feminine flattery, which implies that more than an equivalent of masculine wisdom has been received in exchange for those golden moments of unreserve in which a well-equipped woman reveals her pure and delicate soul. No unimportant factor this to the success of friendly intercourse between woman and man.

It is said that in these days nobody writes letters; but there are important exceptions to this hasty statement. Women of the little-to-do class frequently write them; they crave the pen-and-ink confessional. There are haunting and torturing fancies which, if a priest be not convenient, are wisely precipitated upon paper and gotten rid of. Clergymen of the much-to-do order likewise write letters; they have the instinct of

making confessions no less than of hearing them. They long to stand face to face with such merit or demerit as may be in them; they want that sober judgment and direction which can come only from one who has fullness of knowledge.

In his youth Mr. Greyson had traveled through Palestine with an Oxford student, who, in after years, became chaplain to the embassy in a German city. A loving confidence grew up between them, and they believed that greater gain could be wrung from the life each might live if it were supplemented by an accurate knowledge of that lived by the other. Would it not be possible thus to escape an existence bounded by merely personal experience, — to enter a world that was something more than the reaction of one's own organism? And so their letters became channels for those emotions that are most easily poured out at a point not less than three thousand miles from their source. An extract from this correspondence will give us the rector's impressions of Professor Hargrave's household some six months after the wedding that had so impressed the reporter.

"What you say about the change perceptible in my letters is probably significant of a deeper change — or rather of a new development — which is working in my life. Hitherto I have been little more than the fashionable rector, — a minister to wealth and worldliness, who, upon being entreated to go a mile with the demon of compromise, has been too ready to make it twain. If I now struggle towards a higher conception of duty, it is owing to the stimulus of familiar intercourse with Professor Hargrave and his wife. I have made you familiar with the career of the former Mrs. Souford, — a brilliant ruler of society, who never diffused a moral temperature above that of the social parade in which she displayed herself. But

marriage, which changes most women by elimination and suppression, has lifted this one to a larger self, — a self that was concealed by the trivialities her position was supposed to exact. You know my hatred of exaggerated language, and will believe me sincere when I say that what Madame Récamier might have been had she married a man who was not as the average Frenchman, that Clara Hargrave now is. Her very organism seems to have undergone a change; it is balanced in such exquisite equilibrium as to be sensitive to all that is greatest in the Professor. I am awed, yet fascinated, by her stately beauty, her noble grace of demeanor, her exquisite tact. You are guessing that there is something more to tell about this lady? Yes; and I shall reach it by the proper approach.

"Professor Hargrave, while giving the full instruction his department requires, devotes the rest of his time to that work of spiritual investigation which he thinks will be more useful to his generation than his famous achievements in science. To a few friends, among whom I am admitted, he has demonstrated that the fibres of the human brain vibrating to the waves of atmosphere may, under certain conditions, respond to the vibrations of alien brain fibres, and that this transmission and reception of vibratory energy conveys thought between man and man. My language is of doubtful correctness, but it will indicate the thing done. Well, Professor Hargrave has gone on to the collating and weighing of evidence which points to our susceptibility to impressions from superhuman intelligences. He is understood to believe that a way will be found of proving spiritual existences by those positive methods which have brought within our knowledge things quite as intangible as the disembodied soul. As strange as any of the strange things I am writing is the fact that our Professor has gained the sympathy of Mr. Ephraim Peckster

in his new line of research. Indeed, were the case otherwise, it is doubtful whether he would still hold the Chair endowed by the great-grandfather of our notable millionaire.

"Have I yet prepared you for the extraordinary powers which some magic touch has awakened in Clara Hargrave? I fear not. Well, then, let me say bluntly that she has come into that faculty of spiritual discernment which in these latter days enables some sensitives to see—or to believe that they see—the inhabitants of another sphere of existence. 'A flighty hallucination!' you exclaim impatiently. As at present advised, I do not deny it; neither do I admit it. For to admit your characterization I must reckon with facts that it will not fit. First, the allegation of this faculty is by no means confined to those whose nervous organization may reasonably be suspected of instability; it is asserted by persons of sound health, well-balanced minds, and scrupulous truthfulness. Secondly, circumstances are communicated and personal traits displayed by these shadows which could not have been known to their seers, but which have been verified by tedious processes of investigation. Now I claim no objective reality for these phantoms. Where I am absolutely ignorant, I prefer to make no assertion whatever. I say only that the hallucination theory put forward in the name of science is ludicrously inadequate to cover the facts of the case. Set aside the matter which a hundred periodicals devoted to 'Spiritualism' are laying before the public, there remains a mass of testimony which, though kept sacredly private, has yet been submitted to the scrutiny of a few persons of the highest competency. Some of this I have been permitted to examine, and I can assure you that it is not to be disposed of with the convenient 'grin' with which the fops of Pope's time were wont to refute Berkeley.

"There is singular refreshment in the

home I have mentioned. I never leave it without feeling that the truth that no man can live to himself alone is the statement of religion which overshadows and includes all its other teachings. We are far more receptive of foreign influences than is commonly realized. It is a dark moment when the soul stands face to face with this portentous fact; it may well paralyze one who has no consciousness of the power to repel allurements which would drag him down. Yet it is something to know the battle-ground upon which the higher life is to be won. Painfully incompetent to achieve the supreme victory, I yet assert the paradox that the more I feel the influence of the Hargraves the more I grow in such self-reliance as becomes a man. In the pulpit I am at times borne to a region in which individuality is so merged in the general soul that I partake of knowledge which raises my poor speech to a higher power. I despair of making you understand the nature of the susceptibility which I assert; it is as undefinable as an ear for music, as unknowable as the force behind nature is to Mr. Spence. I know what you are thinking of all this, for I know how your stolid countrymen cling to old conceptions. You are certain that man as he is asserted to be in divers reputable British text-books in no wise differs from man as he is. You don't believe that any impact from without can lift our better knowledge—if ours it be—to the surface! Well, I could show you by abundant instances that your unchangeable type of clerical character has varied greatly in America: I find such an instance in the paper which has just come in. Here is a letter from Dr. Hale, whose story of *The Man without a Country* you read aloud to us under the tent on Mount Hermon. He relates an incident in the life of the late Reverend Dr. Bellows, the distinguished head of our sanitary commission during the civil war. As my letter is already too

long, I will use Dr. Hale's words, with some abridgment, in repeating the story. Dr. Bellows was to preach before an audience filling one of the largest theatres in the world. When it was time for the sermon he went forward with his manuscript. As he opened the pages a voice he had before heard in the privacy of his chamber said audibly to him, 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' He did not pause for a moment; he told that vast assembly that an intimation of a sort he was not in the habit of disregarding suggested a text; its precise place in the Psalms he was unable to state. He then proceeded to preach a sermon never planned nor in any way arranged. Many persons subsequently testified to the preacher that that sermon had recalled them to faith and worship.

"Well, there are the facts vouched for by an eminent gentleman who you know by reputation as I do in person. What do you make from them? This, at any rate, let us hope: that weaklings in judgment are not the only ones visited by these impulses. Do I myself understand them? Certainly not,—or only so far as not to mistake for my personal virtue that which goes from me. What matters it whether I, or another, say the inspiring word? My sole concern is that such word be said. Yet I may well shudder in standing upon what my people believe to be a vantage-ground, for there I am open to possibilities of assault that were once unsuspected. I have become receptive of the influence of another attendant at St. Philemon's, from whom at times a dominant pressure seems to creep up the sides of the pulpit. I was unconscious of it in the old days; now I know it, and know better than to affect to despise it. I recognize it as part of that urgency towards degradation always to be resisted—yet, alas, not always to be overcome—by such powers as are at present developed in man."

There is no need of copying more from a letter which an over-scrupulous editor might regard as too sacred and personal for publication. Doubtless, some future Mr. Froude will gratify the liberal curiosity of society with a sight of the whole correspondence. In the mean time it will be well to explain the allusion in the sentences last quoted.

Dr. Fairchild Bense, who occupied the pew opposite that of the Hargraves, was a specialist in those feminine prostrations of which over-excitement and under-work are said to be the exciting causes. A lover of wholesome daylight and of strenuous common sense, he had passed that sixtieth mile-stone after which a man is apt to make up for his non-receptiveness of new ideas by clinging to the old ones with a tighter grasp. Such admiration as the non-voting attendants of St. Philemon's could spare from their rector was generally given to their doctor. In addition to his kindly manners and tender interest in their symptoms, he had the charm of a man of the world, who has observed and read beyond the narrow confines of a profession. Dr. Bense also enjoyed the repute of a successful author. His excellent little monograph tersely entitled *The Body* had passed through several American editions, and had been republished at Berlin in a German translation. It was declared by admirers to be so conclusive in its reasoning as to render a statement of the conclusion arrived at quite superfluous. This was undoubtedly the writer's own view of the matter, for surely there are reticences which a gentleman with a large female practice will wisely observe. The statements of the doctor's portable volume were well buttressed by quotations from Vogt, Büchner, Haeckel, Maudsley, and other authorities, and set forth that automatic and mechanical view of man's nature to which, in the judgment of the author, modern science was now fully committed. He told how he had made

several interesting variations upon Professor Claude Bernard's neat little experiment with the brainless pigeon; and any one with half an eye might see that the deduction that mind was a production of the cerebral cells was the only legitimate outcome therefrom. But then it was unnecessary to put this conclusion into so many positive words, — quite unnecessary. The dear lady patients, whether actual or prospective, would be sure to skip through the book in their hasty novel-reading fashion, without seeing what was in it. And as for that handful of masculine acquaintances who might pause over the pages long enough to absorb the teaching, there was really no reason why they should shock their delicate sisters by revealing just what Bense on the Body was designed to set forth. If, indeed, they were worshippers at St. Philemon's, there were special motives for holding their peace. For Dr. Bense, if not exactly a pillar of the church, was an important unit in the congregation. He was ready to serve on all the charitable committees, and took great interest in the music. If he knew that science declared it to be as foolish to posit spirit for thought as for digestion, he also knew that the dream of a post-mortem existence stopped the rush of work and pleasure for one day in seven, and — when not taken too seriously — operated favorably upon that class of disorders which came under his treatment. And so the doctor treated such sacred observances as yet lingered in the world in a very respectful manner, saying that none but fools would destroy what could so easily be utilized. Was not the church the only barrier which had not yet yielded to the avalanche of democracy? Its dogmas and symbolic exercises had a soothing effect upon the nerves of the prosperous, and might be turned into channels of artistic culture for the less favored multitude who struggled into the free seats. Sensible men never neglect the outward ob-

servance of the contemporary cultus. It needed no Burke to tell us that there are decent draperies of life which are not to be removed with impunity.

Such being the views of Dr. Bense, judicious readers will readily perceive the completeness of his equipment for a prominent position in the service of psychical research, and will feel no surprise that one of our American societies, about to paddle upon these dark waters, besought his name as chairman of its Committee on Obsessions. The doctor considered the application with his usual urbanity, and pleasantly remarked that, if he could only be sure the right men were behind him, he would take the presidency of a corporation for the manufacture of the Philosopher's Stone, or personally conduct a party to look up the Fountain of Youth. Upon assurance that these "right men" would press steadily in the rear, the kindly gentleman accepted the office, with the observation that, although he had little time to devote to these fooleries, he thought he could do what was wanted of him; he would see that nobody else discovered anything at variance with the canons of scientific orthodoxy.

It is no wonder that the sensitive rector felt a depressing influence when he caught the glittering eye of Dr. Bense. The portly figure, made up of ponderous masses of flesh adequately supplied with blood and muscle; the gray head, holding sixty years of experience; the eminently respectable position of its proprietor, — these bore heavily against the hundred and thirty pounds of physical man which scarcely served to stiffen a surplice. It became painfully evident that the gaze of the doctor contained little of the admiration which is so sustaining to a preacher. There sat the distinguished neurologist, supported by that iron scaffolding of reasoning erected in his work on the Body; it was clearly fire-proof; the burning appeals of the pulpit would assail it in vain. That the

hortatory powers of the preacher had recently acquired fresh energy was clear to this worthy specialist in morbid phenomena of the nervous system. He went to church with increased interest. He watched the play of the rector's features, the outline and carriage of the body, — signs to his practiced eye of the abnormal condition of the nerve-centres. "There will be over-fatigue after such excitement," murmured the doctor to himself; "he will be coming to me for a course of bromides before long. If we could only get at the mechanical equivalent for all this cell disturbance! We shall hit upon it yet. Yes, Huxley is right; we have discovered it for heat, and are bound to find it for consciousness."

Mr. Greyson winced a little as he felt himself the subject of this professional interest. It was an element of confusion; a blur upon the mirror which should reflect supreme truth. How humiliating to believe that spiritual power could attain its maximum only when some ill-understood condition was supplied by the auditors! Yet notwithstanding the limitation of which the rector was so conscious, the fact that a fresh vitality had gone into the sermonizing at St. Philemon's was widely recognized. The hearts of the young and frivolous fluttered with a new sensation, while those which kept their beating into middle life swelled with a sense of higher realities than had hitherto touched them. The usual remoteness of the pulpit was removed. The sermon struck the level of the pews, and even the curiosity-hunters and strollers from the hotels were startled into a half hour of serious meditation.

As Mr. Greyson rose to preach on the Sunday afternoon when the petition for Ephraim Peckster had been inserted in the service, he perceived that Dr. Bense was not in the church, and that the Hargraves — who, coming late, found their pew occupied by strangers — had taken

seats within ten feet of the pulpit. The penetrative energy with which the rector spoke that afternoon will not soon fade from the memories of those who heard him. The text (Eph. vi. 11, 12) has been taken for hundreds of evanescent discourses, weighted with commonplace which speedily sank them below the attention of their auditors. But a coercive power came into the familiar verses as they were now repeated; there was intuitive insight, something that seemed like the holy confidence of inspiration, as the speaker proceeded to develop the lesson they contained. The whole armor of God, — that is what we must put on before contending with the spiritual wickedness in high places with which the apostle asserts that man must wrestle. The rich emphasis of voice made every one shrink with a sense of the utter poverty of his personal equipment for this mighty strife. Whether mind be embodied or disembodied, — so ran the preacher's message, — it may cast a spell upon those about it. That influence may be strengthening, widening, elevating; or it may be degrading, perverting, poisoning. "We contend *not* against flesh and blood." The negative of the apostle clashes with that hypothesis, exclusive of spiritual existence, which is so favored by the science of our day. He knew that faith in the existence of agents of wickedness who assail man was a safer belief, because it was a truer belief, than the doctrine that our thoughts and actions express our uninfluenced individualities. And it was here that the rector, as his eye fell upon a party of returned tourists who had gabbled to him of "doing" the Castle of Wartburg, and of inspecting the stain upon its wall, was betrayed into that Luther illustration which caused such uneasiness. The great Reformer had hurled his inkstand at — what? Science was ready with its glib answer: "A subjective hallucination arising from the eccentric pseudopia of functional disturbance."

Perhaps so; yet not necessarily so. Let it never be forgotten that the great fast of the Church identifies the Temptation it commemorates with an objective source. Modern investigation may yet prove, what ancient inspiration has asserted, that chaotic spiritual regions infest the neighborhood of human life. But those too dull to feel susceptibility to these influences declare that they do not exist! Suppose the metals which do not respond to the loadstone should meet in convention, and pass a resolution that its power was imaginary! There have been periods of the world's history when knowledge of the unseen was poured upon men with Pentecostal power; also there have been epochs when mortals were tempted into abnormal relations with the lower spiritual world. And then the preacher showed how materialistic prosperity, Sadducean blindness, and the pride of intellectual culture had darkened the faculty of supersensual discernment. The sermon closed with a glowing description of the tangible refutation of a doubter that had once been permitted in the room at Jerusalem when the doors were shut.

But it is impossible to give in shadowy outline words which swayed the listeners to and fro, — words as full of refinement as of fire. They came with the mighty rush of a river, which nevertheless yields to the graceful flexures of its bed. Truly the rector appeared to have risen to a sphere where realities behind appearances were laid bare. Certain medical pupils of Dr. Bense, whose slender purses necessitated the gallery, marveled that what seemed a towering spiritual ego should be no more than a secretion of that tremulous, half-effeminate organism. They puzzled over this great scientific verity instead of following the words of the last hymn, as it is clear they ought to have done.

That evening, as the minister sat in his study, awaiting the summons of Professor Hargrave, the reaction came.

Fullness of life had been his a few short hours ago, yet his late elevation now appeared empty and deceptive. Why should a worn-out, good-for-nothing man arrest one momentary stage in a long series of bodily changes, and give that the name of life? This fidget of the nerves, these vaporous prognostics peeping at us from behind the curtain which conceals our destiny, — are not these also life? Ah, they are emphatically life, since according to our modern democratic notions they are the ruling majority of our sensations. Ministers get no exemption from these doleful questionings, — puppets keeping step with the music of their physical nutrition, as in this world the best of us are in some sort compelled to do.

The ring of the door-bell startled Mr. Greyson from his reverie. The message had come; a cap and ulster coat would be wanted, and the maid had thoughtfully brought them.

The rector shuddered as he passed into the street, but it was not from the snow-laden blast which struck him in the face; it was from doubt of the errand upon which he was bound.

"Add to your faith *knowledge*."

There was comfort in recalling the apostle's words; they were repeated more than once on the way to that older part of the city where the Hargraves lived.

II.

When Mr. Greyson entered the familiar parlor in Primrose Street, he found Professor Hargrave engaged in a perplexed walk up and down the room, eyeing the carpet the while with the anxious inquiry of one who was deciphering some oracular message that had been woven into its pattern. Clara occupied her low sewing-chair near the table; as usual she seemed begirt with a blessed feminine atmosphere of light and encouragement, — the *ewigweibliche* which

the dying lines of Goethe's poem point out as man's best guide along the dusky highway of the world.

The rector had become so much a part of the family that the conversation was not interrupted by his arrival.

"No, I cannot leave this to Greyson," exclaimed the Professor, making a sudden pause in his movement. "Now he is here, I had as lief say what I should say in his absence. The clergy are no better advisers than women upon matters which involve a certain disturbance of personal feeling and personal taste. They attribute too much importance to petty social proprieties; they do not see that the large interests of the social organization must at times overrule them. No, my dear, your opinion is formed from a point of view quite outside the mode of thinking applicable to the subject. I have already succeeded in lifting some portion of that fog of assumptions and guesses in which the spiritual nature of man is enveloped. I have done little, to be sure, but what I have accomplished has been by the methods of scientific research."

"You mean what you have accomplished for others," said Clara, quietly. "The information gained by yourself, and which you have enabled me to receive, has surely been obtained by other methods, and is as certain as it is priceless. What was my knowledge before you enlarged its boundaries? A parrot-like repetition of the creed of my Spencerian Lectureship mingled with that of my church. One taught me that matter passed from indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and that this ponderous passage was effected by evolutionary processes; the other provided me with some phraseology equally mouth-filling, and both left me to the frivolous worldly life from which you raised me."

"And must all my time and study be lost?" remonstrated Hargrave. "I mean all that have been given to the

methods and instruments which promise success in this experiment! No, I am not justified in wasting such an opportunity."

"No honest work can be lost to the doer of it," said his wife. "I say only that you are not bound to make a vulgar demonstration upon the lowest plane of a fact which better ways of research have established for as many as can profit by it."

"Despite the Professor's uncivil remark about the clergy," said Mr. Greyson, "I think him the best judge of the value of this experiment; and if it is to be made, I cannot justify myself in withholding such assistance as may be found in my presence."

"And that settles it," said Hargrave, with a triumphant glance at his wife. "Greyson must pardon me for thinking that he might falter, that he might not be the large-minded man he evidently is. We shall convince Bense that there is a spirit in man which survives death. We can win such men only by a demonstration of positive science."

"I fear that nothing you can accomplish will move Dr. Bense," objected Clara. "There are conditions of organic density about him which will defy you."

"Well, we can prove *that* fact, at all events," rejoined the Professor. "In the mean time, remember that the doctor has been put forward by the Research people, and heads one of their committees. My associations with scientific bodies compel me to provide him with the sort of evidence he is able to appreciate."

"Is it not useless," said Clara, "to provide more evidence for those who will make no fair use of the evidence now at their disposal, for men who claim to be teachers before those to whom they should come with the humility of learners? Let them first show courage and candor in dealing with the mass of evidence now accessible. Grant that the

delicate apparatus you have so labored to perfect does its work, Dr. Bense will believe you to be a conjurer clever enough to deceive so good an observer as himself. He has already decided that men whose achievements in science are equal to yours are either tricked or tricksters in these matters."

"I must try to bend knees even as stubborn as his," rejoined Hargrave. "I do not fear the legitimate skepticism of science, and have twenty reasons for thinking that I shall convert Bense. But there is his step upon the stairs, so it will be as well to reserve them until after the event."

The sturdy, corpulent figure of Dr. Bense was now added to the party. Mixed with the good nature which always beamed from his face, there was a subdued sense of the comical, such as might be detected in one invited to walk into a quagmire upon the assurance that good substantial footing was there obtainable. The doctor was willing to go as far as the edge, and watch those who had lost sight of realities flounder in the mud. Classification was a point of pride with him. He was acquainted with most of the deteriorated varieties of humanity, and liked to put them under their proper headings in the noble volume of medical science.

"Thank you heartily for answering my summons," was the cordial greeting of Professor Hargrave. "I want you to witness an experiment which may result in giving you that evidence of a spiritual world which your society professes to be seeking."

"I am not aware that any society with which I am connected makes such profession," replied Dr. Bense. "We are seeking a remedy for that reversion to the delusions of our savage ancestors which the great forces of civilization are not yet able to prevent."

"I hope to be able to show you," continued the Professor, undismayed by this dash of cold water, "that what we call

the soul is a distinct entity, and does not depend upon organic structure for its existence."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a long-drawn-out exclamation, and raising his eyebrows as far as a contraction of the occipito-frontalis muscle would carry them. "I am aware that some persons assert a zone of spiritual being, and then posit in man a faculty competent to its cognition. I can have nothing to do with any such circular reasoning. Do you propose to proceed by the methods which have given us all that science can recognize as knowledge?"

"Had I had any other purpose, you would not have been sent for," answered Hargrave, proudly. "I ask you to join me in a scientific investigation of the phenomena of death."

"Who is your subject?"

"Ephraim Peckster."

The eyebrows of the inquirer went up again at this reply.

"I have been with him this afternoon," continued Hargrave. "His mind is clear, though the body is hourly weakening. We have often talked over this matter, and he begged me, should he be called first, to see that his passage to the other world was used for the increase of knowledge in this. I promised him that I would do so. To-day he sent me word that the time had come."

"I fear that our code of medical etiquette will prevent my intrusion," said Dr. Bense. "Who has the case?"

"Old Dr. Simpson, of Medville. Mr. Peckster's summer home is in that town, and he has unbounded confidence in its physician."

"Simpson was a good practitioner thirty years ago," remarked the doctor, "but he is far behind date. I'll wager he bled him!"

"He did," assented the Professor; "he declared that it gave him his only chance."

"The exploded practice!" muttered Dr. Bense. "No city physician would

bleed for peritonitis, though our fathers thought there was nothing else to be done. *Veratrum viride* and the obvious antiphlogistics are now found to answer the purpose. Well, I suppose that although the disease has been conquered, the patient can retain nothing on his stomach, and is fast sinking from exhaustion?"

"You describe his condition as I understand it," said Hargrave. "At all events, Dr. Simpson has given him up, and is perfectly willing that you should assist at the experiment which Mr. Peckster has assured him he desires should be made. Mr. Greyson, the other witness I have selected, is now with us. Dr. Simpson may summon us by telephone at any moment."

"If you will explain the nature of the investigation you propose to make," said the rector, "we shall be all the more competent as observers."

"I will willingly do so," assented the Professor. "But in stating my hypotheses, — which are tentative, not dogmatic, — and in explaining why I hold them, I must ask permission to use the terminology of those who believe in spiritual life. I do this simply for convenience, without prejudice to the negation of such life to which the failure of my experiment may be thought to point. I propose then, reverend sir, to place some of your pulpit assertions upon a basis which will appeal to the modern mind; in a word, to strengthen pious apologetics with positive assurance. I shall employ, not perhaps the best methods in this investigation, but those with which Dr. Bense is familiar. And, first, I hope to be able to show that, approximating the time when the soul leaves the body, there is an alteration in its weight which is capable of registration. I have caused the bed to be supported upon an exquisitely poised balance which will show any remission of the downward pressure. I can scarcely doubt my success here, — though I hope to go much further."

"Will you give us your reasons for this supposition?" inquired Dr. Bense.

"Certainly," was the response. "A change in the weight of the body has often been observed in persons in the ecstatic condition. There are certain states related to the somnambulic when the human organism is subject to an unknown lifting force, which, to a greater or less degree, overpowers its natural gravity. There is good reason to believe that the energies of the soul may be awakened to such a pitch that in its transport it will bear up the material envelope. History and literature abundantly recognize this fact. We have minute accounts of the levitations of St. Theresa, Loyola, Savonarola, and many others. The experiments made upon somnambulists by Dr. Charpignon and Professor Kieser tend to confirm these older records. The phenomenon is well known in connection with religious revivals. The possessed children of Morzine and Chablais, who in 1847 flung themselves from the branches of the highest trees with the lightness of squirrels, scarcely outdid the record of our own Kentucky Climbers. Professor Alfred R. Wallace, to whom we lend willing ears when he speaks of the biographies of bugs and butterflies, asserts that at least fifty persons of high character can be found in London who will vouch for the fact of levitation, as by them witnessed. This testimony is on record, and much of it is accessible to any serious inquirer."

"Assume my assent to the existence of this precious evidence, both come-at-able and un-come-at-able," said Dr. Bense impatiently, "and what follows then?"

"Then," answered Professor Hargrave, "I hazard the *a priori* supposition that a state bearing some resemblance to that which we know as ecstasy occurs at or near the moment of death, and that this condition is marked by a lessening of weight, which can be shown by proper experimental inquiry."

"If such a fact exists, it is capable of proof," said the doctor dryly.

"Undoubtedly," agreed Hargrave. "Now let me take you a little further. For the past three months I have been at work upon an instrument which is as sensitive to soundless vibrations in the atmosphere as the receiving disc of the telephone is to those originated by the voice. All the credit of its perfection belongs to my friend Professor Merlton, of our chemical department, who has discovered a substance which is both more delicate and more retentive than the tin-foil of the phonograph. I expect to show that when the body exhibits a decrease of weight, there are tremors in the atmosphere above it which can be detected at no other time, and of which our present physical science can give no account."

Clara flushed a little at her husband's ardor, and could not help recalling that line of Wordsworth which intimates the existence of localities where it were not well to botanize, even in the high interests of scientific investigation.

"We have now," continued the Professor, with something of the authoritative manner he had acquired in the lecture-room, "a moving equilibrium as the point of merging between two existences. I am provided with six self-registering thermometers, and shall from time to time take that condition of its molecular changes which we recognize as temperature. We know that heat can augment only as there is expansion or change of position in molecules. Taken in connection with other parts of my investigation, I hope to establish a fair inference that we are here detecting the jar of the elements of life-stuff as they form the faint beginnings of the new envelope of man."

"That is your theory," interpolated Dr. Bense, with a slightly scornful emphasis upon the last word.

"It is my theory," assented the Professor. "It is my way of provisionally

coördinating the series of observations we shall both record. If you are able to offer a generalized view of the phenomena which is simpler and more intelligible, I shall gladly accept it. Having obtained success up to this point, it is my design to push inquiry by another instrument. You are probably aware that certain sensitives, who are above suspicion of imposture, profess to have seen the growth of the spiritual body as that which is mortal gradually assumes the *rigor cadaveris*."

"Oh, yes; we doctors recognize in such assertions a cerebral condition induced by febrile or other disturbance. Read Clarke upon Visions; it will tell you the precise part of the visual apparatus where functional perturbation causes these false conceptions."

"I am familiar with the book," resumed the Professor quietly, "and now take it from this table to remind you of other testimony which Dr. Clarke has left for us. Our distinguished countryman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, who writes the introduction to the volume, in speaking of a case which the author described to him, uses this language: 'At the very instant of dissolution it seemed to him, as he sat at the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence.' And Dr. Holmes then goes on to say that he has received a similar statement 'from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon.' In this case he tells us that there was also 'the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement.' Now it is not impossible that the essence which departs with the final throb of life—that ascending *something* testified to by this person 'whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon'—is capable of being pictured by transcendental photography."

"Transcendental what?" demanded Dr. Bense, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Pho-to-gra-phy," repeated the Professor, carefully separating the syllables. "Take the word easily, by installments, and put them together when inside your head. There is really no need of the surgical operation whereby the Scotch brain is said to be made receptive. You never heard of it?"

"Never, outside the society of those I considered lunatics," said the doctor.

"Richter was right," remarked Mr. Greyson, "when he said that every specialist would do well to take a walk with some other specialist who had investigated in a different direction. In such a stroll Dr. Bense might be paired with Professor Aksakof, lately of the University of Moscow."

"I am told we are getting some very good romances from Russia," murmured the neurologist.

"Yes, or with Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of St. Petersburg," added Hargrave. "Either of these gentlemen could tell him, as the result of their experiments, that photographic plates are more sensitive than ordinary eyes. Wagner, I remember, used a stereoscopic camera, that double pictures of the unseen sitters might mutually check each other. But perhaps Dr. Bense would say that to photograph an invisible image would be scientifically impossible."

"No, I am not going to walk into that trap," said the doctor decidedly. "I am quite aware that sulphate of quinine has the quality of rendering visible the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. 'Fluorescence,' Professor Stokes called it, though why it should bear the name of the spar I never could understand."

"If we accept the researches of these gentlemen," continued the Professor, "they certainly show that an unseen power can throw into form some principles of matter which, though invisible

to our eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and impress the plate."

"And so none of your infallible wittnesses can be found outside of Russia," said Dr. Bense. "In the higher latitudes of that country, I believe, the inhabitants chiefly depend upon moonshine."

"Quite the contrary," was the decided reply. "There are the recorded experiments of Professor Crookes, whose honorable character no sane man has questioned. Add to these the attestation of Mr. Taylor, skeptic and expert, editor of the British Journal of Photography, who tested the process by which these pictures were produced with his own collodion and glass plates. Then there is the Beattie series of photographs, taken in London under very stringent conditions; these show a luminous mist—*Dampf*, as the Germans call it—gradually condensing into definite shapes. There is the record of the investigation of the claims of Mr. Hartman in Cincinnati, which was conducted by six practical photographers, who watched their marked plates through all their various workings without detecting any sign of trickery. I do not refer to my personal experiments, as their results have not yet been given to the public. It answers my present purpose to assert that any intelligent man who will examine the depositions I have cited must conclude that, even if insufficient to compel conviction, they are weighty enough to brand with folly and incompetence any inquirer who does not try photography in such an investigation as is now before us."

Professor Hargrave threw a warmth of manner into the excited emphasis of the last sentence which rendered a pause prudent. This gave a little time for silent meditation.

"How handsome he is!" thought his wife. "What a fascinating mixture of the cautious calculations of the man of science with the imagination of the romantic adventurer!"

The rector noted the visionary splen-

dor in Clara's eyes, and indulged in an odd speculation upon the source of the charm of personality. For instance, had Margaret Fuller possessed the gift of beauty, had Count Ossoli been intellectually her superior, could she have radiated this influence of perfect feminine development?

"Alas, the pity of it," thought Dr. Bense, "that the author of *Centres of Ossification*, a book imbued with the true scientific spirit, should revert to these old Eldorado dreams! Well, there are pathetic precedents. The mind which produced the *Principia* came to muddle over the prophecies!"

Having made this reflection, the genial doctor asked himself whether some covert implication, which stretched the bonds of courteous discussion, might not have slipped in among his remarks. He feared this was the case; if so, it was the part of a gentleman to sooth sensibilities which had been unintentionally ruffled.

"Be sure, Professor Hargrave, that I shall do my best to make accurate notes of any novel manifestations of force which you may be able to exhibit. It seemed but fair to let you know that I do not think you or any man will succeed in — well, I will say in discovering perpetual motion or in squaring the circle. But I am aware that both these feats and others analogous to them may be attempted with an enthusiasm — nay, even with a genius — that should command our respect. I shall do you the justice to submit my memoranda, without comment, to my associates of the Psychological Society. It is possible that the united wisdom of their several heads may generate reflections whose pertinency we shall both acknowledge."

The Professor bowed his head in token of satisfaction with this arrangement, and remarked that he had made preparations for getting his light from a battery current instead of that supplied by the dynamo. Although this was not

commonly used, he was satisfied of its advantages for photography.

"One thing more," said the doctor. "I must ask that our proceedings be kept as private as possible. It would injure my professional standing to be caught in such a business; my position might be misunderstood, you see. Besides, here is our good rector: we must look after his reputation. The bishop would be sure to make a fuss at this irregular peeping behind the curtain."

"It is only your medical bishop, masquerading as some neurological club or hospital committee, whose discipline is to be feared," said Mr. Greyson, quietly. "Remember that clergymen have one special qualification for these investigations which you physicists do not always possess: we can examine *without prejudice* other lines which lead to a conclusion we already accept."

Dr. Bense might have taken up the challenge conveyed in the words to which the rector had given special emphasis, but at this moment the bell-call of the telephone rang sharply from the adjoining room. Hargrave attended the summons, and immediately returned to say that Dr. Simpson thought no time was to be lost in getting to Brandon Avenue, and that a carriage would be at the door as soon as they could put on their overcoats.

"Runners or wheels?" asked Dr. Bense, going to the window.

"Wheels, of course," answered the Professor. "See how it's drifting!"

"That's good," said the doctor; "there will be more room in a carriage. Here are three of us; you will want one of the seats for the box of instruments."

"The driver must take it outside," said Mrs. Hargrave. "I wish to accompany you."

"You, my dear!" exclaimed the Professor. "It would not be proper to admit a lady to the chamber, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances," replied

Clara, "it is the last place in which any lady would desire to be. I will stay below in the dining-room. In a crisis like this you will surely wish me to be near you."

"Only on your own account would I have it otherwise," said Hargrave tenderly. "But you do not realize the strain upon one who merely waits for a great result; it is far more serious than those know whose active energies are strained to accomplish it."

"You will have so much against you," said Clara quietly, "that you cannot dispense with the coöperation of a neighboring sympathy, which we both know may be an important factor in your work. You reject my advice to abandon this very delicate experiment; you cannot master all the conditions for success. The state of the atmosphere is unfortunate. It is uncertain whether you can obtain from Mr. Peckster the active assistance you are looking for. I do not doubt his good intentions; but his life has not been of the sort which enables a man to grasp the transcendental consciousness as soon as the normal one is lost. There will be a period of transition, during which the spirit will be likely to suffer great disturbance."

"There are risks of failure in all our undertakings," said Hargrave proudly; "our sole concern is to deserve success. I must vindicate my toil during the past year: I must confound Bense and the scientific sneer he represents. Yes, I may fail; but to try I am pledged!"

"Then, dear, I have received my orders," said Clara, with the soft voice of feminine acquiescence. "The carriage is at the door: let us go."

III.

The carriage drove a little way in Brandon Avenue before it stopped at a decorated dwelling with heavy-browed windows, which seemed to scowl off the

vulgar passers upon the pavement. The door was opened by an imported servant, who knew the standard of deference to be observed in the reception of visitors who could afford to ride. The party was shown into the dining-room, while the box received from the driver was borne up the stairs with noiseless tread. Clara felt a shiver of reluctance upon entering an apartment with which she had been familiar when it was bright with flowers and wax candles, and merry with the talk of wine-warmed banqueters. The flare of a single gas-burner did not serve to dispel the sense of life's darker realities, which now pervaded the room. Not a book or a paper was flung about in easy negligence; everything was ranged in prim and parallel expectancy of the coming event. The puffy and fluffy achievements of modern upholstery were at exact right angles with the oaken desk-cabinet which had descended from the colonial Pecksters. The brass trimmings upon this latter piece of furniture were polished to a brilliancy which could not have been surpassed when it came from the maker's hands, two hundred years ago. Many different scenes had suffered distortion from the slight convexity of these reflecting surfaces; unless, indeed, we are disposed to assert that this very fact gave a truer report of the essential nature of some of them than the finest French mirror could have supplied.

"We can leave our coats here," said Professor Hargrave. "You, my dear, I am sorry to say, must remain with them, while we gentlemen go up-stairs. Dr. Bense, are you ready to accompany us to the chamber?"

"Certainly not," replied that personage. "I shall keep Mrs. Hargrave company until Dr. Simpson sends for me. You forget that my position is one of some delicacy. I have not been summoned to a consultation, but merely admitted to witness an experiment in which

you are interested. Whenever the physician in charge thinks that the moment is approaching when my presence for this purpose is desirable, he must let me know it."

"Perhaps you are right; I am unlearned in the code of your professional decorums. Mr. Greyson and I will go to the chamber at once, and see that Dr. Simpson is informed that you are below."

Dr. Bense, having signified that such a proceeding would not violate the proprieties of the occasion, removed an armchair from its place in the ranks, and settled himself in its comfortable embrace. He then took from his pocket a case of little vials, one of which he drew from its leathern socket and held against the light; he appeared to contemplate the contents with much satisfaction.

Some moments were passed in silence. Clara was in a shy and musing mood which did not court conversation. It was not until the ticking of the clock became awkward that the pleasant vivacity of the doctor broke through the constraint which was thickening between them.

"Well, Mrs. Hargrave, here we are, upon as sublime an adventure as ever allured Don Quixote! And I suppose we shall end by capturing some wretched utensil for hairdresser's soapsuds, which our good friends who have just left us may mistake for Mambrino's helmet."

"Whenever the true helmet is won," answered Clara, "we may be sure that the sodden 'researcher,' Esquire Sancho, will discover nothing but a basin, which reflects his own brazen face as he looks into it. How shall the fat bundle of proverbs comprehend that knightly longing to serve the world nobly must in the end win the prize to which it aspires!"

"The Squire, with all his obesity," observed the doctor, "has common sense

enough to understand that man's undertakings must bear some proportion to his capacities."

"And those capacities you presume to limit, Dr. Bense. You beg the whole question when you measure them by the Squire's standard. I say this of my own knowledge, and there is another here to confirm my words. Gideon Peckster, the dead founder of the great Professorship, stands at this moment behind your chair. I see him as clearly as I do you, and I mark the contrast between you. He returns in dazed and awkward plight to assume the cramped conditions of earth-life; whereas you, as far as you go, are an harmonious personage, on thoroughly good terms with this world as you know it."

"My dear madam," said Dr. Bense, in his soothing professional tones, "will you kindly permit me to feel your pulse?"

The lady rose, drew off her long glove, and offered a perfectly modeled hand and arm to the physician.

"Nearer normal than I should have supposed," thought that gentleman, as he withdrew his fingers from the wrist. "The breathing, however, is perceptibly quicker."

"It is not the first time that I have seen this man," continued Clara, on resuming her seat. "I have talked with him, though not as we are talking now. These beings need no sound or use of voice to make themselves understood; their methods bear little analogy to human speech. 'Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost,' they signify the good they would have us do; they warn us from the sin for which they suffer. I say that I have often seen this person even as I see him now. He has told me of facts in his life which seemed most unlikely to be true, but which family papers preserved in that old desk proved to be correct. He has shown all those little traits of manner and carriage which give evidence of an individuality unimpaired; and

these characteristics are found to have been those of the Gideon Peckster who died in 1785. Professor Hargrave will tell you that his inquiries into the history of this man have been minute and painstaking, and that in every particular they confirmed the evidence given by my senses, — *my* senses, remember, not your senses, or his senses."

"My dear Mrs. Hargrave," said Dr. Bense, in his kindest way, "I am old enough to be your father; I am a physician, not without some reputation. It is my duty to warn you that you are encouraging a morbid disturbance in the organs of the brain with which I am familiar. What you mistake for abnormal vision is to me the sign of a certain ebb in the tide of physical life. Your outward appearance is stanch and vigorous; yet, believe me, there is latent disorder which your friends do not suspect. There is probably chorea in your family, which appears in you under a slight form of epileptic hysteria. Don't let my long words frighten you; I can write a prescription which I am sure will be useful. You have only to recognize these phantoms as subjective illusions indicating bodily disease. Any other course would be to trifle with health, and that is the first thing to be considered."

"I confess to my full share of feminine weakness, but to no feminine invalidism," rejoined Clara. "But even were the case otherwise, I do not admit that health should be the first object of our consideration. There is an inner personality, which must often be quickened at the expense of physical perfection. I have just been told where you passed the afternoon. It was in a house on a squalid alley in the north part of the city. You were there for three hours, rendering gratuitous services to its miserable tenants. Stay a moment, I am promised the number! . . . Yes, it was Cranston Court, No. 18, fourth flight."

The casters of the doctor's chair here gave a sharp squeak, as if responding to a start of its occupant that was not otherwise perceptible.

"I see I am right," continued the lady, with the satisfaction of one whose freedom from color-blindness has been established by a stringent test. "Now I tell you, Dr. Bense, that your blood would be purer and your chance of longevity better if you abandoned these visits, and devoted the time to driving in the country. Your answer must be a confession that there are duties to be performed not always compatible with the best condition of the gray matter in those cerebral hemispheres about which you can talk so learnedly. I can make no other answer to you; but it is sufficient."

"It is something," said Dr. Bense, "that you agree with me that this — what shall I call it? — feeling for the dead in the dark is dangerous to health. I must now go further, and assure you I have reason to know that it is dangerous to character."

"I admit the truth of what you say," replied Mrs. Hargrave; "there is no tree of knowledge without a serpent nestling near it. When the gates are ajar, a miscellaneous company presses for recognition; there are those who would degrade a human spirit as well as those who would elevate it. But to say nothing of the potency of my own will, remember that I am under the protection of a man who stands securely because his life is in harmony with the knowledge he has attained. His intellect is disciplined by the habit of scientific combination, and this gives stability to action as well as vigor to thought. It is my office to assist him in his work. I do not know how to use the chaos of scattered particulars which I am able to report. Professor Hargrave is able to crystallize them, and will at length give the world the results."

"You are a wonderful woman," said

Dr. Bense, in a tone of admiration. "I dare say that your prettily covered skull-case has room for several worlds besides this; but the frontal suture closes in early life, and there is no way of getting them into it. I must repeat in all soberness that what you mistake for spiritual strength is only bodily weakness; we recognize these abnormal conditions of being as varieties of phrenetic, convulsive, or nervous disease. Science teaches us that there is no likelihood of such ethereal entities as you imagine, and that, even if they existed, we could know nothing whatever about them. To be sure, if Professor Hargrave can prove it otherwise" —

The doctor finished his remark by a significant shrug.

"He will find that the brain-tissues of Dr. Fairchild Bense are not impressionable by transcendental facts, be the proof of them what it may!" added Clara, preferring to conclude the sentence in her own way.

"He will find that Dr. Fairchild Bense, being, as the testators say, of sound mind and memory, will not accept an order of relations which cannot be made evident to our senses."

"Whose senses?" persisted the lady. "Do you believe that a sailor can see distant objects at sea sooner than a cobbler or a watch-maker?"

"Certainly; his eye is developed by training, and if he was following the calling of his ancestors he would inherit a special aptitude to look far into the foggy horizon."

"Then you admit that while the ship was running parallel with distant headlands he might be conscious of their proximity, while you were not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Dr. Bense; "but occasionally we should meet a ship coming towards us. Now if he announced its approach before it was visible, he would substantiate his claim to exceptional power of sight."

"Not to all minds," said Clara deci-

dedly. "Not to those who had committed themselves to the theory of some physiological Jefferson, who had announced what he called the self-evident truth that all eyes were created equal in their range of vision. When it was no longer possible to deny that a ship was cleaving the mist just where the sailor had pointed, this wise junto would cry 'Coincidence.' And when the predicted vessels came so thickly that this was no longer possible, they would invent another hypothesis — never mind how incredible — that would excuse them from acknowledging that some eyes can see what others cannot."

Dr. Bense was conscious that there was an answer to all this, but, spell-bound by his companion's musically incisive utterance, he felt unequal to the labor of framing it. He really hoped she would go on; he could of course crush her, — but then controversy with a woman is in such doubtful taste! So the doctor selected a vial from his case of medicines, and, tapping it with his pencil-case, tenderly apostrophized its contents: "With your kindly aid, my little friend, I can produce more ocular spectra than were ever counted by St. Anthony himself!"

The irrelevancy of this observation seemed to Clara to show signs of wavering: she was stimulated to continue: —

"Do you remember Professor Silliman's account of his wotama, Dr. Bense?"

The doctor did not remember to have seen it.

"Well, there were two of these little cave-rats caught under the earth where light never penetrates. They glared at their captor with large and lustrous eyes which saw nothing. It was only after exposing them to a delicately graduated light for a month or two that they acquired a dim perception of objects. Have you any difficulty in believing the story I am telling you?"

"Not in the least. We know that

eyes were originally created by the impact of light on the surface of an organism. Apollo's touch awakes responsive structures," said the doctor, lapsing, to his surprise, into something that sounded like poetry.

"And the want of this stimulus of light, which you phrase so prettily, would in time render such structures useless," added Mrs. Hargrave. "You know that as well as I do. But you do not know, as I know, that there is a spiritual light, which, when men cease to burrow like these wotama, can stimulate responsive structures in the inner organism."

"We are like Bunyan's Man with the Muck-Rake, I suppose," said Dr. Bense. "Our eyes are so fixed upon our honest work that we do not look up to admire the shadowy gentry that the imagination of idlers has no difficulty in discerning. But the comparison will not hold; for we form psychical societies, and glance up from our labor at odd moments to behold — just nothing at all!"

"The comparison is yours, not mine," replied Clara. "Bunyan must have been dreaming indeed if he supposed that his industrious personage need only look up to see celestial beings. Nature's analogies do not countenance any such raker's progress as that. Why, the wotama presumably looked up when taken from their cave, yet they saw no more of this wonderful earth than a committee of your researchers is likely to see of the wonders beyond it. But these little animals modestly trusted the development of their unused senses to those who had some experience of the sunlight. For weeks their dull organs received no impression, yet at last came a time when objects were faintly outlined before them. Here, if we had some Esop to take up their story, he might tell us how the elder of these wotama was much disturbed, knowing that his old cave companions would call him crazy

for reporting these strange things. Thereupon he determined that the best use he could make of his new vision would be to find the way to his underground home. And once in the familiar burrow, he began to talk about 'subjective impressions,' 'collective percipience,' 'expectant attention,' and such learned matters; for was it not well known that the eyes of cave-rats were never made to see with? But the younger of the wotama, caring little for the prejudices of his former comrades, continued to submit himself to the guidance of those whose eyes had long been opened. So he came to see clearly, and knew that the old cave-life was darkened by night whimsies which were well exchanged for visions of the upper world."

"Your story is not to be taken seriously," said the doctor, smiling, "so I need not tell you that no man is braver than the follower of science. Here am I, a lineal descendant of a Puritan who once met the Black Man, and was requested to exchange his autograph for the limitless wealth at the disposal of that potentate. My ancestor took to his heels, and lost a chance for which his degenerate descendant would have put his name even to an office-seeker's petition. 'I want none of your riches,' I would have said to my colored brother of the forest; 'give me the pen, and with this lancet I will draw the crimson ink. In return I will take — not the wealth of the Indies — only your temperature, and a cast in plaster of that peculiar foot.' You see it is a question of method."

"Yes," assented Clara, "I see that it is a question of method."

At this moment the servant appeared at the door, and with motionless features discharged the message entrusted to him: —

"Dr. Simpson's compliments to Dr. Bense, and he would be pleased to see him in Mr. Peckster's chamber as soon as possible."

"I must leave you, Mrs. Hargrave, in the company of — of your immaterial acquaintance," said the physician, rising from his chair.

"You leave me quite alone, Dr. Bense. Gideon Peckster is at this moment preceding you up the stairs."

"Ah! It would have been better manners to have given a stranger the precedence," remarked the doctor, as he left the room.

The heavy curtains over the mirror looked still heavier, the time-stained oak of the Peckster desk took on a more sombre hue, as Clara found herself the sole occupant of the dining-room. In spite of philosophy, in spite of faith, yes, in spite of knowledge, death is always death. We may flatter ourselves that our convictions are formed from a point of view quite outside contemporary modes of thinking, we may amuse ourselves with the symbolism with which poetic fancy has draped the end of life; but when the pale presence is actually in the house, it is no other than Holbein's skeleton visitor, whose bony fingers are pressing the life from a human heart. Clara Hargrave felt that she had made no empty confession in acknowledging all a woman's weakness.

Suddenly there came a tapping at one of the windows; it was followed by a voice which said, "Please raise the sash, and let me speak to you."

The instinct was to retreat; but would she find any room in the house warmed and lighted save that dreadful chamber? After all, it might be something important. No robber would seek to enter a front window on Brandon Avenue, which was cheerful, prosperous, and safe, even on a stormy night. On the whole, it would be best to lift the sash, as requested.

The face of a young man, which appeared just above the sill, looked longingly into the comfortable room. It was a pallid, eager face, framed in a comforter that muffled ears and throat.

"What's going on inside here?" de-

manded this strange visitor. "I saw Dr. Bense and Professor Hargrave enter the door not half an hour ago. Tell me what's up, and I'll give you a dollar. See, here are my credentials."

A long arm was thrust into the room, with a card in the fingers at the end of it. The inscription was large enough to be read at some distance.

MR. HARRISON BECKBY,
Reporter to the Morning Trumpet.

Clara's cheeks reddened with indignation at this intrusion upon the sanctities of a private household. She could not command the words to tell the fellow to be gone. She would blight him with a look.

Mr. Beckby perceived the blunder he had made. She was no servant to whom his money had been offered; probably some relative or trusted friend of the dying man. No menial's eyes could shoot such scorn at him.

"Please to excuse me, madam," he said, in a voice which had now some tone of refinement in it. "I owe you a humble apology for my hasty speech. These costly surroundings cushion you off from us humble bread-winners of the street, yet I think your humanity will pardon one who has been over-zealous in his calling. Nature's first command is to get a living, — at least when social arrangements, which are open to much question, have not already provided one."

"I accept your apology," said the lady, mollified, as women are apt to be, by the flattery of a deferential address.

"Then will you kindly tell me what the chances are that Mr. Peckster will die before morning, and whether anything is going on here in which the public would be interested?" inquired Mr. Harrison Beckby, pushing his business with commendable energy.

"Much," said Clara, with a shudder, in answer to the last part of the question, "yet nothing capable of record by your pencil. Of the probabilities of Mr. Peckster's condition I know nothing. You should be about better work than this eavesdropping."

"I know it," answered the reporter; "yet here I am, stunted like the great majority by the pressure of hard material necessities. I have some college learning, but found it utterly unexchangeable for food, clothing, and a small amount of comfort. For a sufficiency of the first I was forced to snatch such place as I could in the universal scramble; as for the comfort, just now I find very little of it upon this shaky trellis where I stand to reach the window. Under the circumstances, I thought a ring at the door would neither be in the best taste nor produce the best results. I saw a light in this room, and supposed it must have been given to the nurse; they often put them on the lower floor, for, being rather stout, they object to the stairs. Then I wanted to steal a march on the Clarion's man, who is in the rear of the house, waiting for the cook's candle. She promised to put it in the attic window as soon as he dies, but ten to one she does n't remember it. We want the obituary for our morning issue; there's a column of it all in type, and we shall delay going to press till half past three on the chance of printing it. There you have the situation. Now, my dear madam, will you give a young man who never injured you a lift in his profession? I know that Professor Hargrave and Dr. Bense are in this house; they brought with them a heavy case containing — something. What are they here for? It can't be an autopsy yet. The evening papers will of course have the full solution of the problem. Now it will be worth something to me if the Morning Trumpet can blow the froth off this news; that will create a demand for our one o'clock edition,

which will contain the latest particulars. Excuse my abruptness: you can help me; what do you say?"

Clara's hand, which rested on the Peckster cabinet, clutched it convulsively at the demand which closed this extraordinary harangue. She must take time to collect her thoughts. There was indeed a secret, — she shuddered to think of her husband's concern in it, — and here was the press upon them at full cry! Then that incomprehensible obituary, — what could be said of Ephraim Peckster, one of the rank and file of wealthy, well-dining personages? One more life cast on the hecatomb of human failures; how dress up its nakedness for the gaze of Monday morning readers? Yet there was good in the man who wished the world might gain new knowledge by his death. Let this be counted in his favor. Mr. Beckby should be dismissed in the briefest words.

"I am going to shut the window. Go away, sir; I shall tell you nothing."

The face in the comforter showed such misery at this announcement that it was not in woman's nature to withhold a ray of hope. There were other considerations. The suspicion of servants might be excited, and some distorted story might go into the papers. If the nature of the experiment came into the possession of these reporters — and they really seemed capable of getting at anything — Ernest should see them, and find out what they meant to print. It would be wise to modify Mr. Beckby's dismissal.

"I mean that there is nothing to tell you just now. When you see me raise the shade of that north window, come to the front door. Do not ring; I will open it."

With such promise as might be extracted from these words the reporter was forced to be content. As the sash was replaced, he scrambled to the ground, and renewed his weary watch upon the sidewalk.

Clara sank into a seat close by the Peckster desk, upon which her hand still rested. She wondered if there would be any other incident to break the anxious hours that might be before her. Anything would be welcome to divert her thoughts from that unwise yet absorbing investigation which her husband was conducting in the chamber above. Her fingers touched the worm-holes in the oak; it was stained with the varying colors of human experience, and she seemed to be floating backwards among its shadowy associations.

Surely the desk upon which he writes belongs to the inner personality of a man by a stronger title than his other possessions. There are records with the pen which can be made only with our masks off. How many documents that registered human feeling at its fervid glow had in turn nestled in that cluster of little drawers: love-letters breathing deathless attachment, marriage certificates promising unalloyed felicity, wills gratifying or disappointing to expectant heirs, tresses of hair, mourning-locks, the bells and coral of the baby, — all the variety of musty rubbish we preserve so carefully, and which our successors will destroy so lightly to make way for equally tender trash of their own! It is a common figure to say that our lives are continually shedding seeds destined to germinate in generations after we have ceased to be. And in the strange, eventful history written in these times of ours, we are told that certain sensitives, brought into contact with objects upon which these invisible seeds may be supposed to have lodged, reverse the experience of Rip Van Winkle, and awake in a world that has long gone by. Any one who has consulted the works of the late Professor Denton, or of the living Dr. Buchanan, knows much more about this wonderful phenomenon than the present writer can impart, and has reached such conclusion of its verity or emptiness as the books of these learned

gentlemen are calculated to establish. Acceptance of the doctrine may shed a dim light upon certain puzzling occurrences. Why did Mill carry away the furniture of that little room in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, in Avignon, where his wife died? A strange bee must have entered that severely logical bonnet, when good money was thrown away for such a fantasy. Can it be possible that there are certain persisting relations which the human soul establishes with surrounding objects, and which the philosopher's heart could feel, though his intellect could never explain? Then, there is that queer Lucretian theory of simulacra, *εἰδωλα*, coats of objects, which constantly emanate from surrounding things, and, striking the organs of sense, produce perceptions of what has been. It is strange that the brilliant skeptic, after delivering us from superstitions of gods and spirits, should dare to tax our credulity with these crusts and shells of dead egos which refuse to be put out of sight with the essential part of man. Can it be that the Latin poet knew of facts that would not fit into his system, and which could be disposed of only in this awkward fashion?

However these questions may be answered, there can be no doubt that to Clara Hargrave the wood of the Peckster desk seemed to throb with the pulses of past lives that had once beat upon it. Suddenly there rose before her an appearance as of Judge Peckster, the second in descent from the emigrant who brought this solid bit of furniture from his English home. Man and boy, he had written for half a century upon the ink-stained slab, which now gave up an image of the magistrate by no means identical with that which his pastor, the Rev. Joab Brymm, had portrayed in his funeral sermon. It was painful to perceive that this eloquent discourse — from which the historians have elaborated their interesting character of Judge Peckster — was as little representative

of the man as the obituary in to-morrow's Trumpet was likely to be of his descendant. Those who know that there is such a thing as soul-perception know that it never stops at the outside. Shakespeare tells us with all his mighty emphasis that as soon as the dress of nerves and muscles is thrown away, we find ourselves compelled to give in evidence of the self that was once draped with appearances. So teaches Swedenborg and the lesser seers. Any mind capable of absorbing this truth to the saturation point may safely dismiss the Oriental symbolism which has hitherto done police duty for the world.

There was a *sang-froid* of narrow legality about this progenitor of the Pecksters which gave a chill to the room. It was clear that he would condemn a woman to the whipping-post, and the unregenerate to something worse, with absolute complacency. He was persuaded that he was among the elect, though his windy religiosity made him no whit more salvable than the myriads of his kind who were to perish everlastingly.

It was a relief when this forbidding personage gave place to another figure which painted itself upon the airy canvas. As the magistrate faded from his seat at the desk, it was occupied by an image of his daughter, a slender, graceful girl of some twenty years. She held a goose-quill, which traversed the paper before her with passionate speed. The writing soon became as clear to the sensitive as the hand that was producing it. Yes, it was a diary; one of those sad recitals of woman's spiritual struggles which still exist in the attics of certain New England families. Judge Peckster, while personally holding his creed to a certain flexibility, never doubted that it was an heirloom which he was bound to pass on to his descendants without break or flaw. He would come out of the daily sunshine of his reputable vocation, and devote his evenings to the instruction of the female members of the house-

hold. The judge had neither the skill to do up his own ruffles nor the imagination to depict his theological tenets when carried to their legitimate conclusion; both came within the feminine department. Thus the passing Sunday mood of the man became the settled temper of the week-day life of women condemned to the monotony of a single series of ideas. Clara shuddered as she saw that this unhappy maiden was writing down her fears that she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that a *dies iræ* more terrible than anything David or the sibyls had presumed to prophesy was hanging over her. The day was the one cheerful festival of the Puritan year; uncles and cousins, with after-dinner pipe and punch, would dare to take the edge off the curse which weighed upon created things. She trembled for them and for herself.

"Another Thanksgiving Day," wrote the poor girl, "and behold I sink ever deeper in the Waters of Affliction. I cannot sufficiently hate my Sins. 'In a day and an hour when ye think not!'—so saith the Inspired Penman. What if this day of graceless rejoicing be the day chosen by the King for reckoning with Servants lost in Arrears to Him! Truly Wrath hath gone out against us, and the everlasting Payment which our Transgressions have merited shall presently begin. Last eve, about milking-time, I met Witch Tilton, who with her Blood hath signed herself forever to the Prince of Cozenings and Lies. Yet wherein is my case better than hers? The pages of this Book show that for these two years past I have been manifestly out of the Conditions of Grace. My Religion hath consisted of Forms and Outsidings, and it was not in this Heart of mine, desperately wicked through Adam's fall, to make it otherwise."

And now by a strong effort of the will Clara Hargrave succeeded in banishing this wretched phantom. "One may believe in a spiritual world at too

great cost," she murmured. "Better accept the negations of Dr. Bense than an alternative beset with such miserable entanglements. Even the *bourgeois* heaven of the trance-medium, with its gingerbread palaces, picture-books, and sugar-plums, is a wholesome substitute for this gloomy cavern of despair."

Suddenly a young man appeared in the room. She knew him for Harry Peckster, only son of the house, killed in that fearful collision upon the railroad, which for a week made the little shanty-settlement of West Babel more famous than London or Rome. It was difficult to separate the idea of life from a counterfeit so admirable. The ethereal visitants conjured from the desk wore the outlines of humanity, but this later presence seemed filled with its flesh and blood. There was a sad, anxious expression in the eyes, which appeared to borrow light as they met those of the percipient. Clearly it was not quite well with this young fellow, who had been wrenched from the scene where he was delighting his heart with all the indulgences the family wealth could purchase. "He had everything to live for!" was the honest remark when the news came, for men forgot their cant in the sudden shock. Everything? Of course: club and dinner luxury in perfection, pocketfuls of unearned money to buy the services of men and the smiles of women; no call for feats of bodily or mental prowess to win for Harry Peckster the cringing deference of the world. In a moment this "everything" had vanished, and there came about him the silent shadow-land where he now dwelt. Clara tried to comfort this stripped and needy soul, who must painfully unlearn all that earth-life had taught. There was yet an outreaching future, and hope in it for such as he. At length the eyes into which the sensitive looked grew more and more dreamy, the mobile features became fixed. A gossamer veil seemed to be let down between the

living and the dead; it thickened, until the figure was concealed; then it floated up, and dispersed as light mist. Clara Hargrave was alone in the room.

The small hours of the morning were reached, but they passed very slowly. She must fix her mind upon something to keep it from the fateful chamber above. She would compare her late experiences with the hypothesis upon which Hargrave was pursuing his investigations. Had he not laughingly told her that while her beautiful eyes were seeing strange sights, she must borrow his eyes—which, though not pretty, were penetrating—wherewith to observe herself in the act of seeing? And now, bringing the second sight of the intellect to bear, the conclusion was forced upon her that the psychometric perceptions awakened by the desk were not sense-perceptions, though that term might properly represent the appearance of the young man. She was quite sure that the apparatus in the corpora quadrigemina (Mrs. Hargrave had come to take quite naturally to her husband's hard words) had responded to a stimulus from something about the old cabinet, and yet that this stimulus had not passed the retina of the eye. Then she remembered how Shakespeare, the most trustworthy of all psychical researchers, had set forth this whole matter with absolute clearness. Macbeth recognizes the air-drawn dagger as a percept without a corresponding neumenon. Energy-pulses from the real dagger, upon which his hand rested and which he was to use in the bloody business, informed thus to his eyes. The fatal vision is instantly known to be a psychometric creation. But this clear-headed man, who perceived that the dagger was manufactured of mind-stuff, scornfully rejects the suggestion of his wife that the murdered Banquo is made up of the same flimsy material. "If I stand here, I saw him." In this case the picture in the mind was created by impressions received on the eye

through the vibrations of light, although the finer nature of the light was adapted only to organs of exceptional sensitiveness. The commentators had missed this carefully marked distinction, as they had missed most of the subtler insights of the poet. Apparitions of those suddenly torn from organic existence might come with force enough "to push us from our stools." Would they ever start us from our comfortably upholstered chairs of natural science? This also might be possible, when the times were ripe.

Three silvery rings from the clock marked the hour when footsteps were again heard upon the stairs. At last the painful suspense was to end. There was an alacrity and vigor in Hargrave's step which betokened release from a great weight of responsibility. The rector was first in the room. His face was that of a man who has escaped from some dire entanglement which circumstances netted about him. Last entered the doctor, rubbing his hands, the embodiment of gentlemanly I-told-you-so complacency.

"Well, well," said he, "you did your best, but fate was against you, as, in one way or another, it always will be."

"I shall yet succeed," said the Professor resolutely, "but it will be by other means."

"I have the pleasure of telling you, Mrs. Hargrave," continued Dr. Bense, "that Ephraim Peckster has several more years of life before him. He may yet try his hand at posthumous photography on a future occasion, when some of the present company may be induced to change parts with him. The case was not as desperate as Simpson supposed, though you will please not to quote me as saying so. The stomach's lack of ability to retain food was the serious symptom."

"The presence of Dr. Bense was providential," said Mr. Greyson reverently. "Mr. Peckster had certainly

reached the last stage of weakness; even a teaspoonful of broth was rejected. By the suggestion of Dr. Bense, before attempting to administer food to the patient, he was given a sip of ice-water to which was added ten drops of — of — well, the name has gone out of my head. You mentioned the name, I think?"

"I think not," replied the doctor; "there are secrets in my calling as well as in yours. The case is Dr. Simpson's; it is for him to report it to the medical journals if he sees best. There is no harm in saying that the drug is well known, although this use of it is attended with risk. It allays the sensitive state of the mucous surface of the stomach by inducing a condition dangerously resembling paralysis. Then there comes a moment of reaction, when the gastric force responds to alimentary stimulus. The difficulty of determining this happy instant permits the use of this agent only as a last resort. The reports give us but two similar cases where its exhibition was successful. I say two, because the Berlin *Heilkunstler* gave no adequate details of that mentioned in its September issue. As nearly as I can make out, the case must have been one of ascites, if not of anasarca; and this, you see, would furnish no precedent for a matter of simple peritonitis, like that of Mr. Peckster's."

Although the rector did not quite see this, he thought it well to imitate the conventional acquiescence with which the doctor received his own professional statements from the pulpit of St. Philemon's. He accordingly remarked that it was a wonderful dose which had enabled the patient to retain food given at short intervals, till, after three hours, he was pronounced out of danger. He also made bold to advise Dr. Bense to use especial caution lest so delicate a discovery should get into improper hands, for in these days our deepest secrets seemed to be at the mercy of interviewers and reporters.

The last word reminded Clara of her promise to Mr. Beckby. She raised the shade of the window nearest the porch.

There was presently a stamping upon the stone steps, as of one shaking off the snow. Clara opened the front door.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Reporter. Ephraim Peckster is pronounced out of danger."

"That is not good news," said Mr. Beckby, with a disappointed air, "though the fact may be good enough for Mr. Peckster."

"Will you see that the obituary does not appear, — that there is no mistake made at the office?"

"I suppose I must; that is, of course, I will. Good-night, ma'am. You meant to do well by me, and I thank you. A long wait, and poor luck!" murmured the reporter to himself, as he went down the steps.

On returning to the dining-room Clara found the Professor busily engaged in arranging his apparatus in the packing-case which the servant had brought from above. She came to his assistance, and patiently fitted each article into its well-padded compartment.

"I will send for this box before ten o'clock in the morning," said Hargrave to the attendant. "We cannot get a carriage at this hour, or I should take it away to-night."

The man bowed his acquiescence.

"I fear we must foot it through the drifts," said Dr. Bense. "It will be a relief to us men, after the ether bottles of the sick-room. But I fear that Mrs. Hargrave" —

"Borrow no trouble about that lady," interrupted the Professor. "She takes as kindly to all weathers as a duck or an Englishwoman. She can outwalk me, who have been called a good pedestrian, and this with the detestable impedimenta of the feminine wardrobe."

Clara found in that walk down the avenue all the refreshment which Dr. Bense had predicted. The storm was

over, and there was robust pleasure in pushing through the virgin drifts. A wild, whirling dance those merry flakes must have had of it! Every balustrade and corner of the architect's fancy was exaggerated in preposterous outlines of white. The street lamps winked knowingly from beneath their towering mufflers. The Hargraves, brisker walkers than their friends, were soon far enough in advance for private talk.

"You will promise me now," said Clara.

"Certainly," replied the Professor, "I will make no attempt to renew this experiment, though I am sure that under favorable conditions it could be pushed to success. The transition of a human spirit to its next environment, though probably the least critical moment of its existence, is an event which the mass of mankind still regard as of awful importance. Your instinct was true in perceiving that nothing connected with it should be exposed to the criticism of the psychical investigator, with the average incompetence for his quest. I will yet get the scientific proof; but I fear there is no short cut to it. It must be picked up little by little on those long and roundabout ways which lead to knowledge."

"You may be right," said Clara, "yet I sometimes doubt whether the sort of proof you want to carry conviction to a mind like that of Dr. Bense will ever be forthcoming. In such cases the latent faculty of spiritual apprehension cannot be reached; it is overpowered by the organic body."

"My colleagues in the College," objected Hargrave, "have a right to ask me to show them step by step any reasoning process which I claim conducts to demonstration."

"Are you not assuming that the higher processes of reasoning can be imparted to men upon a lower plane? No one of our day has given us saner conclusions than Emerson, yet he could never

show the contemporary intellect how he reached them. The best reasoner may be he who works with such absolute ease and rapidity that the process fades from the memory, leaving only the reliable deposit which we falsely call intuition."

"A pretty fancy, I confess," rejoined the Professor; "yet those who may be reasoning on the exalted plane you talk of should never cease their efforts to sink a shaft into the dark academic strata beneath their feet. If Dr. Bense claims that the methods of modern research have settled the non-existence of spirit, I must use the same methods to show him the inadequacy of his conclusion; in short, I must confront him with a ghost."

"And here is one made to order!" exclaimed Clara, pointing to a figure upon a pedestal. "See what the snow has done for Governor Etheredge!"

Their way had led them through a public park, in which stood a life-like statue of a distinguished diplomatist and magistrate. The eminent gentleman posed hatless, in double-breasted Prince Albert frock, and with arm uplifted to the skies. But the merciful snow had now robed him in a spotless toga, appropriate to the Ciceronian oratory which the bronze commemorated. The effect was startling; it bore a wonderful resemblance to the old-fashioned apparition known to our ancestors.

The wind had swept the snow from the ground before the statue, and heaved it in pathless billows on the right and left. For some moments the Hargraves stood spellbound by a spectacle that would never be repeated.

"So we've overtaken you at last!" cried the cheery voice of Dr. Bense. "I must stop a minute; I—I'm really out of breath; I don't skip over these drifts as easily as you young people. Why, do look at Etheredge,—preaching in a surplice, I declare! At last we have a ghost worth turning out to see."

"An extraordinary display," said Mr.

Greyson. "Look at the crystals upon that outstretched arm, how they glint in the electric light! We are in the presence of a prophet. And see, the hand points to that rift in the clouds through which shines the winter sparkle of the stars!"

After the tension of those hours of waiting, Clara Hargrave felt all the lift of the keen, buoyant air. The witchery of manner once so familiar in fashionable circles returned to her, as she addressed the doctor with the lively banter of the past:—

"Come, come, Dr. Bense, you and I don't believe in the rector's poetry. If he cannot give us a good practical proposition to go to sleep upon, he had better be as dumb as Mr. Etheredge. Our ways part here; and before saying good-night, it would be well to find something to which we can all assent. Let me see, what can I think of? Ah, I have it! A triangle is a rectilinear figure having three sides. Do we all agree about that? But no, the doctor ought not to commit himself without a vote of his Psychical Society."

"For the first time to-night you are talking good plain prose," said Dr. Bense, entering into the fun, "and we have a special by-law which permits every member to help himself to that *à discretion*; always provided there is enough of it to steady the chairman of his committee with a double portion."

"It's poetry, then, you must run away from," rejoined Clara archly. "Yet some things have been put into verse which are as believable as Mr. Peckster's bank account. Take, for example, this stanza from Omar Khayyám:—

'There was a door to which I found no key,
There was a veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was; and then no more of Thee and Me.'

"The last couplet is thoroughly scientific," said the doctor approvingly. "But

how could so sensible a writer put up with the inadequate metaphors of the first? There are locksmiths who can open doors without keys to them, and there was never yet a veil which could not be seen through if there glimmered any light to speak of behind it. If the poet had only lived later, he would have found that Bishop Berkeley had provided him with the comparison he wanted. Our friend Greyson — who knows, or ought to know, our greatest churchman at first hand — will remember the 'wall of brass a thousand cubits high' with which his imagination once encircled the British kingdom. Well, just such a wall as that shuts us in. Do we think we look beyond it? We see nothing but the dis-

torted image of our own faces as they peer into the burnished surface. Do we imagine that we hear voices? They are only our own cries echoed back from the clangorous metal. If we would express our limitation by a metaphor, let us take the bishop's brazen wall."

"Faith will ever soar above its thousand cubits," said the rector.

"Science will yet make a breach in it!" exclaimed Ernest Hargrave.

Both men spoke with the energy of absolute conviction.

The statue pointed with unmoving finger to the rapidly clearing heavens, as the mortals who had paused beneath it took their different ways through the snow.

J. P. Quincy.

THE THEORY OF THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

A SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY.

THE political capacity of the English people is due in large measure to their great ingenuity in inventing political theories, and their obstinate skepticism in refusing to believe in them. Perhaps no better illustration of these qualities can be found than in the history of that extraordinary theory which, under the name of the "social compact," influenced deeply the political life of Europe and America for two centuries. And it is not the least singular fact about a doctrine which proved so destructive to the existing order of things in Europe that it should have originated with a clergyman of the Church of England, and should have been invented by him for the purpose of defending the Established Church against the attacks of its enemies. The truth is, that during the reign of Elizabeth, and for a good while afterwards, the Church of England occupied a very difficult position; for it

was assailed on one side by the Catholics, who claimed the authority of a divinely inspired church, and on the other by the Puritans, who referred their system of organization to the express teaching of the Bible. Under these circumstances, the "judicious Hooker," as he was afterwards called, instead of meeting his opponents on their own ground by claiming a divine origin for the English ecclesiastical system, parried their attacks by denying that any religious body is under direct divine guidance in all matters, and asserting that laws for the government of the church may be made by men, and that if according to reason and not repugnant to Scripture they are authorized by God.

Hooker begins his *Ecclesiastical Polity*¹ with a discussion of laws in general. He treats of the condition of men before the existence of civil society, and

¹ Published in 1594.

shows how force might then be resisted by force, and no one had a right to constitute himself a judge in his own case. To escape from this state of things "there was no way but only by growing unto composition and agreement amongst themselves, by ordaining some kind of government public, and by yielding themselves subject thereto." A father, he says, has by nature a supreme power within his own family, but rulers "not having the natural superiority of fathers, their power must needs be either usurped, and then unlawful; or, if lawful, then either granted or consented unto by them over whom they exercise the same, or else given extraordinarily from God, unto whom all the world is subject." Disregarding this second alternative, Hooker bases government upon the consent of the governed. Not that these need give a special assent to each separate law, for it is enough if they agree, once for all, that their rulers shall have authority to make laws for them. "And to be commanded we do consent," he says, "when that society, whereof we are part, hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after the like universal agreement. Wherefore as any man's deed past is good as long as himself continueth; so the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies, because corporations are immortal; we were then alive in our predecessors, and they in their successors do live still. Laws therefore human, of what kind soever, are available by consent."

Such was the origin of the theory of the social compact; for although the idea that the authority of the ruler is conferred upon him by the people was not new, I am not aware that any one before Hooker deduced the lawfulness of laws from the voluntary association of individuals to form a civil society.

It would not be safe, however, to make too positive in regard to Hooker's

claim as first inventor, and it is by no means impossible that the theory may have been originated by several persons independently during the last part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries. The course of thought had for many years been such as to prepare men's minds to produce and accept a theory of this kind; and, indeed, the doctrine that the power of the king is derived from the consent of his people had recently become very prominent, and had developed until it assumed a form only a little less complete than that of the theory enunciated by Hooker. The desire to get rid of an obnoxious monarch always acted as a strong spur to drive men to opinions which made his tenure of power dependent upon the will of his subjects. The English and Scotch Protestants smarting under the persecutions of the two Marys, the Catholic league in France furious with Henry III., and in their train the Jesuits, all insisted on the right of deposing a king, and often went so far as to justify his assassination. There was, to be sure, a difference in their doctrines, for many of the Catholics maintained that a king must be deposed by the Pope before he could be murdered by a subject, while the Protestants had no such weapon at their command.

The theory once started soon became popular, and before long it was put into practice; and in fact the first social compact known to history was made on the 11th of November, 1620, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. It was clearly no desire to uphold the polity of the Church of England which induced the Pilgrim Fathers thus to emerge from a state of barbarism; nor does this document appear to have been the result of any democratic doctrines, but rather, as Bradford tells us, of threats of insubordination on the part of certain persons on board, whom no one had power to control, because the patent issued in favor of the Pilgrims covered only a part of the territory then

called Virginia, and did not extend to New England.¹ The colonists found themselves much in the position of the navigator who sailed off his chart, and was obliged to invent a new one to cover the emergency. The agreement was probably signed by all the men of the party, and it reads as follows : —

“In y^e name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread sovereigne Lord, King James, by y^e grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc, & Ireland king, defender of y^e faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for y^e glorie of God, and advancemente of y^e Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant y^e first colonie in y^e Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutually, in y^e presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of y^e ends aforesaid ; and, by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for y^e generall good of y^e colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd y^e 11. of November, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our sovereigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth, and of Scotland y^e fiftie fourth. An^o : Dom. 1620.”

The theory of the social compact was not exhausted by this first experiment, but was taken up by Hugo Grotius in his work, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, which appeared in 1625. He declares that “the mother of Natural Law is human Nature itself, and the mother of Civil Law is that very obligation which arises from Consent, which deriving its Force from the Law of Nature, Nature may be

called, as it were, the Great Grandmother of this Law also.” Grotius, while inclining to absolute monarchy, says that the questions, in what persons or bodies sovereignty resides, how it is limited and divided, and whether there exists a right to resist and make war upon the sovereign, depend upon the intention of the parties to the contract. But although he founds his political system on the social compact, he dwells upon the theory but little, and it occupies only a very small part of his book. The same thing is true of Milton, who, in his essay entitled *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*,² traces the outlines of the principles afterwards so fully developed by Locke.

In 1651 the social compact received a new and unexpected turn from the powerful intelligence of Hobbes, the skeptic. This remarkable man wrote during the Commonwealth, and the aversion inspired by some of his religious views was increased to horror by his political theories ; for he was an admirer of absolute monarchy, and, strange to say, he made use of the social compact to support his doctrine of the unlimited power of the king. Hobbes appears to have been the first person who really understood the difference between law and morality, and who saw clearly that moral duties do not in themselves impose legal obligations, or confer legal rights. He lays down a series of laws of nature, which he derives from the desire for self-preservation and from the principle that each man ought to be willing in his own interest to strive for peace, and for that end to lay aside part of his natural freedom, and be content “with so much liberty against other men as he would allow other men against himself.” Thus he starts from a purely self-regarding basis, and yet he brings his precepts up to the standard of the golden rule. The laws of nature,

¹ Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. The 2. Booke.

² Written in 1649, in justification of the execution of Charles I.

he says, are binding only on the conscience of the individual, and he distinguishes them carefully from laws, properly so called, which are "the word of him that by right hath command over others;" a doctrine more elaborately expounded by Austin in his masterly work on jurisprudence. From one of his laws of nature Hobbes draws a conclusion which is sufficiently odd to deserve special notice. He says that where one is trusted to judge between man and man, it is a precept of the law of nature that he judge equally between them. "And from this," he continues, "followeth another law, 'that such things as cannot be divided be enjoyed in common,'" or if they can neither be divided nor enjoyed in common, that the entire right be determined by lot. The lot may be arbitrary or natural, and among natural lots he classes primogeniture. Such an explanation of the law of primogeniture is almost as ingenious as the one given in *Iolanthe*, where the inheritance is likened to a Derby Cup, a sort of racing-prize won by the first-born.

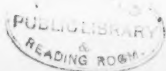
Treating first of the state of nature where "men live without a common power to keep them all in awe,"

"Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature," —

a war in which there is no law, and consequently no injustice; in which each man, being bound only by the duty of self-preservation, is entitled to make use of everything for that end, and in which, therefore, each man has a right to everything. It is to get themselves "out from that miserable condition of warre," he tells us, that men who naturally love liberty are willing to put a restraint upon themselves and live in commonwealths. Now a man may renounce or transfer any portion of his rights, and when he has done so he is bound not to hinder those to whom he has granted a right from enjoying the benefits of it. Any such hindrance, indeed, would be an injustice. In this way Hobbes founds

all right and justice on the transfer of rights, and on that mutual transfer of rights which he calls contract. Having thus laid his foundations by a careful course of reasoning, he declares that a commonwealth is "made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner, as if every man should say to every man, 'I authorize and give up my right of governing myself, to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him, and authorize all his actions in like manner.' This done, the multitude so united in one person is called a 'Commonwealth,' in Latin *civitas*. This is the generation of that great 'leviathan,' or rather, to speak more reverently, of that 'mortal god,' to which we owe, under the 'immortal God,' our peace and defence."

Such a description of the institution of a commonwealth by a common contract to invest the sovereign with what may be called a universal power of attorney seems innocent enough, but Hobbes ingeniously draws from it some very startling conclusions. In the first place, the contract cannot be set aside without the consent of every one of the contracting parties; and certain rights having been transferred to the sovereign, they cannot be withdrawn from him without his own consent. In the second place, the power conferred upon the sovereign cannot be limited by any condition or covenant in favor of the subject, because the whole community cannot be a party to such a covenant, since there is no community until the contract instituting the sovereign has been made; and if the sovereign make any such covenant with individuals it is of no avail, because every breach of the covenant is the act of each of those individuals done by the sovereign as their agent. From the same principle it follows that the sovereign cannot wrong his subjects or be punished by them, for each of his acts is the act of his subjects themselves. In short, the sovereign must in all cases be absolute,



and his rights are incapable of limitation.

Hobbes, like all writers of his time, divides governments into monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies; and while it does not strictly follow from his premises, he denies the possibility of a mixed form. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that he regards the government of England as an absolute monarchy.

Now although the apologists of absolute monarchy were not wanting in those days, the doctrines of Hobbes were not generally adopted by them, but the theory of the social compact became thereafter almost the exclusive property of the writers of a more democratic school. No doubt the personal unpopularity of Hobbes contributed in no small degree to this result, for his religious views, exaggerated as they were by public report, rendered his name so detested as to throw discredit on his political theories. This was true to such an extent that in 1683 the University of Oxford, in an attempt to uphold Charles II. in his struggle for absolute power, specially condemned certain of the political doctrines of Hobbes, together with those of Milton, Baxter, and other writers of republican tendencies. But the chief reason that the doctrine of divine right became the weapon of the monarchy, and the theory of the social compact was monopolized by the more democratic school, is to be found in the nature of that theory itself, and of the times in which it prevailed. In the first place, those who claimed a divine origin for the established order of things might readily be believed, but it was not so easy to persuade people that a system of popular government, which had been almost unknown since the foundation of Christianity, was under special divine protection. If, in the second place, the origin and legality of government was to be traced to the consent of the people, it was hardly credible that the people

would have so tied their own hands as to be unable to remedy abuses in the system they had instituted; and it was but natural that the people should interpret the original contract according to their present needs. Moreover, it is evident that a theory which magnified the importance of the people in the institution of the state, and depressed that of the king, was certain to be popular with the multitude, and to be received with little favor at court.

One of the most celebrated writers of the popular school was the unfortunate Algernon Sydney, to whose pen Massachusetts owes her motto. Sydney was accused of connection with the Rye House Plot, and at his trial the manuscript of his *Discourses on Government* was produced to prove his political sentiments, and became, in fact, the cause of his death. These *Discourses* were composed as an answer to the *Patriarcha*, an extremely monarchical book, written by Sir Robert Filmer; but although they found all government upon consent, the social compact is very far from being a prominent feature in them.

The theory, or at least that part of it which affirms that there is a contract between the king and his people, came in very conveniently at the time of the English Revolution; not, indeed, as a motive for depriving James II. of his throne, but rather as a plausible justification for an act which the nation had determined to commit. The social compact helped to save the country at that time from a very great embarrassment; for the people were not yet worked up to the point of deposing the king, and if it had not been for this theory, and for James's disinterestedness in taking himself out of the way at the right time, it is not clear how the English would ever have got rid of him. As it happened, however, the Convention was able to come to the following resolution: "That king James the Second, having endeavored to subvert the Constitution

of the Kingdom, by breaking the original Contract between king and people, and, by the advice of Jesuits, and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental Laws, and having withdrawn himself out of this Kingdom, has abdicated the Government, and that the throne is thereby become vacant."

It was only about two years after James II. had lost his crown in this complicated way that John Locke, the philosopher, published his *Treatises on Government*, which, like Sydney's *Discourses*, were written as an answer to Filmer's book, again brought into prominence by the utterances of the Jacobite divines. These *Treatises* are deeply imbued with the spirit of the common law, and may be said to have been the standard of Whig principles for a hundred years. Locke begins with the proposition — the only one common to all the writers on the social compact — that in a state of nature all men are equal, but, unlike Hobbes, he is of opinion that the law of nature has a binding force before the institution of civil societies. He declares no one ought to injure another in his health, liberty, or possessions; and inasmuch as in a state of nature no one has any superiority or jurisdiction over any one else, the execution of the law of nature is put into every man's hands, so that every one has a right to punish the transgressors of that law. In addition to this right, which belongs to every one, a person injured has a special right to exact reparation from the offender. The right of property in the state of nature Locke derives from the appropriation of such things as before lay in common by bestowing labor upon them, and as examples of this he mentions the gathering of apples from the trees, the killing of deer in the chase, and the tilling and planting of land. According to Locke, therefore, the law of nature invests a man with all the rights of person and property; and it can be no intention of acquiring legal rights that drives men

into political societies, but the desire of protecting and securing those already in existence, and of avoiding that state of war which, although not a necessary condition of the state of nature, is a condition likely to arise from the absence of a common judge. A political society is formed, he says, when a number of men agree to give up to that society their individual right of punishing offenders, and of exacting by their own force redress for injuries; and in so doing they consent that the majority (unless there is a stipulation for a larger proportion) shall have power to make and execute laws necessary to accomplish the purposes for which the society is formed, and shall have authority to call upon each man to employ his force to carry out the judgments of the society.

In the course of his argument Locke takes occasion to make a very clever hit at the doctrines of the Stuarts, for he declares that the difference between a state of nature and a state of civil society consists in the fact that in the latter there is a known authority, to which every man may appeal, and adds that any one who is not subjected to such an authority is not in a state of civil society. He then draws the conclusion that an absolute prince is in a state of nature with regard to his subjects. By becoming absolute, therefore, a prince forfeits all lawful authority over his subjects, and ceases to be a prince at all. The course of a monarch who aspires to be absolute resembles, in Locke's opinion, one of those games of chance, in which the player progresses until a throw of the dice brings him upon a number marked with a ditch or other device, when he is cast entirely out of the game, and must begin again at the very beginning.

Locke goes on to discuss the position of the descendants of the original members of the society, and in this matter he is more logical than the other writers upon the subject; for, basing the society upon the consent of the individuals who

compose it, he boldly proclaims that no man can bind his children beyond the period of their infancy, and that as each child comes of age he is free to sever his connection with the society, or to declare himself irrevocably a member of it. Even without such a declaration, a person who takes possession of property within the commonwealth, or who resides within its limits, consents to become a member of the society so long as the enjoyment or residence continues; but he may at any time dispose of his property, leave the commonwealth, and attach himself to another community.

The body politic once constituted, the majority have power to institute the form of government; and this may be a democracy, an oligarchy, or a monarchy, according to the disposition of the power of making laws. When once established the legislature cannot be deprived of its power by the people, unless it acts contrary to its trust, or until it has reached the limits set for its continuance; but if the legislature has put the executive power into other hands, it may resume that power at its pleasure, and punish for maladministration of the laws.

The subject, however, which interests us the most is to be found in the chapter where he treats "Of the Extent of the Legislative Power;" for, in Locke's opinion, the authority of the legislature is not absolute, but limited by the object for which men entered into the society. He declares that the legislature cannot be "arbitrary over the lives and fortunes of the people," and that it "cannot assume to itself a power to rule by extemporary arbitrary decrees, but is bound to dispense justice and to decide the rights of the subject by promulgated standing laws, and known authorized judges;" because it was precisely a desire to avoid the inconveniences of having no fixed laws and no certain judge that induced men to enter into society. On the same ground he holds that the

"supreme power cannot take from any man any part of his property without his own consent. For the preservation of property" is "the end of government and that for which men enter into society."

Locke proceeds to consider the effect of the acts of the executive and of the legislature done in excess of their authority, and in a chapter devoted to the subject of tyranny lays down the general proposition that "whoever in authority exceeds the power given him by the law, and makes use of the force he has under his command to compass that upon the subject which the law allows not, ceases in that to be a magistrate, and acting without authority may be opposed, as any other man who by force invades the right of another." In his concluding chapter on the Dissolution of Government, he carries the same idea still further, and finds two internal causes of dissolution. The first of these is presented when the legislature is altered: which happens when any single person sets up his own will in place of the laws, hinders the meeting of the legislature, or changes the mode of election without the consent of the people; and in this and all other cases where the government is dissolved, the people are at liberty to provide for themselves a new one. The other cause of dissolution occurs when the legislators or the prince act contrary to their trust; and the former act "against the trust reposed in them when they endeavor to invade the property of the subject, and to make themselves, or any part of the community, masters or arbitrary disposers of the lives, liberties, or fortunes of the people." "Whenever the legislators endeavor to take away and destroy the property of the people, or to reduce them to slavery under arbitrary power, they put themselves into a state of war with the people, who are thereupon absolved from any farther obedience, and are left to the common refuge which

God hath provided for all men against force and violence."

In reading this essay of Locke we cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance between some of his deductions and the doctrines of our own jurists; and we might almost suppose that the *Treatises on Government* were intended to be a commentary on the principles of American Constitutional Law. For, in fact, the idea that a statute which conflicts with the constitution is not law and has no effect was not altogether an invention of Chief Justice Marshall as has often been supposed, but is a very natural development of certain principles of the English common law.

In the seventeenth century England went through a period of intense political excitement which culminated in the expulsion of James II., and during this time political thought was very philosophical, and busied itself with inquiries about the nature and origin of government. But when the excitement subsided in the reigns of William and of Anne, and was extinguished under the House of Hanover, it was but natural that political thought should adapt itself to circumstances, and, putting off the speculative, assume a positive form. It is for this reason that the theory of the social compact rapidly lost its prominence in England, and in the reigns of the Georges entirely disappeared from view. In France, on the contrary, the middle of the eighteenth century saw political thought enter on a course of active speculation, and consequently the social compact reappeared with all its force and in the old form, although, cha-

meleon-like, it had changed its color to suit its new surroundings. Montesquieu, the most profound of the political thinkers of his day, makes, it is true, no use of the theory; a fact which illustrates his strong common sense. His shrewdness, indeed, is nowhere better shown than in his remarks upon Hobbes's notion that the state of nature was a state of war; for he wisely suggests that man in a wild condition, instead of living in a state of war, lived in a state of abject terror, and that on seeing a stranger his first impulse, far from being a passion to fight, was probably an uncontrollable desire to run away. Rousseau, on the other hand, reveled in the theory of the social compact. In it he thought he had discovered the key to liberty, and the lamp that was to dispel all ignorance and oppression from the world. He developed it in a style so attractive, and with a spirit so much in sympathy with the feelings that were beginning to spread over Europe, that his book by its popularity has eclipsed all other works upon the subject, and he is commonly supposed to have been the author of the theory. Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was first published in 1762; and in the same manner that Locke's *Treatises* are saturated with the principles of the common law, so the *Contrat Social* mirrors the doctrines of the coming Revolution.¹ It is very evident indeed to-day that France, so long accustomed to a concentrated and despotic government, could not suddenly acquire the habits of personal independence and liberty which give character to the Anglo-Saxon system of government. After clearing away the wreck

¹ The differences between Rousseau's teaching and the course of things in the French Revolution are more apparent than real. His one restriction, for example, on the power of the people is to be found in his doctrine that no law can be made which is not of general application; but this, of course, could not be applied in any country where the reverence for law is not very much greater than it was in France, and it was especially valueless in a

country where so much legislation was in reality accomplished by the decrees of the magistrates. His theory that nothing can be enacted except directly by an assembly of the whole people may, perhaps, have contributed to the contempt with which the mob of Paris treated the national legislature, but was clearly inapplicable to a land of anything like the size of France.

of feudalism, which had become a mere obstruction in the path of progress, and introducing equality of rights, the French Revolution was destined to leave political power as concentrated and despotic as before; only substituting in the place of the king of France some assembly, directory, emperor, or at the very best some chance popular majority, each one of which, however wise and just he might be, and however much actuated by a desire for the public good, could not fail to govern arbitrarily.

Assuming, like every other writer on the social compact, that all men are by nature free, and that civil society is an artificial contrivance, which requires for its legality the consent of every member, Rousseau inquires how a man can assent to such an arrangement without injuring himself or neglecting his own interests, and he proposes the following problem: "To find a form of association which shall defend and protect with the whole power of the community the person and property of each member, and by which each person, uniting with all, nevertheless obeys only himself, and remains as free as he was before." This problem he solves by supposing a complete transfer of each member, with all his rights, to the society; because, he says, as each man gives himself entirely to the whole society, he gives himself to no individual, and the condition of all being the same, no one has any interest to render it burdensome for any one else. In another place he expresses his idea of the original contract by saying that each one of us puts himself and all his powers under the direction of the general will (*volonté générale*), and we receive again each member as an indivisible part of the whole. The idea of this general or common will is the distinctive part of Rousseau's theory and the key to his whole system.

Rousseau next treats of the sovereign, which is simply this same society as a whole considered in relation to its mem-

bers; and in his opinion, it is contrary to the nature of the body politic that the sovereign should be able to impose upon himself a law which he cannot break, for it would be simply a case of an individual binding himself by a contract made only with himself. No fundamental law of any kind, therefore, can be binding upon the body of the people; not even the social compact itself. Moreover, there can be no need of any guarantee against the sovereign power, because, being composed of all the members of the community, it cannot be supposed that this power should want to injure them as a whole, nor can it injure particular individuals. The sovereign, indeed, from the mere fact that he exists, is always what he should be. These last two propositions, although at first sight somewhat surprising, are deduced from the very nature of sovereignty itself, which is in fact nothing else than the aforesaid general will; for it is only to the general will that the members of the society agree to submit themselves. The general will, however, does not mean simply the common will of the members of the society, but is used in a more restricted sense, and denotes the common will of those members only when that will is applied to an abstract or general question affecting the whole community. When the common will is applied to an object of this sort, it is an act of sovereignty, and is called a law; but a determination upon any particular or personal matter cannot be an act of the general will, or an exercise of sovereignty, and consequently Rousseau refuses to consider as laws at all what we term special or private laws; at most they are decrees or acts of the magistrature. The question naturally presents itself, What is this general will, and who has power to declare it? To this Rousseau replies that it is the will of the members of the community, and that no one else has power to declare it; nor can it be delegated, because, although

a man may say that his will is the same as that of another man at any particular moment, or on any specific question, yet he cannot say that his will in the future, and on any questions that may hereafter arise, will always be the same as that of another person. The power of making laws, therefore, can be delegated neither to a prince nor to a house of representatives, but, while laws may be prepared and discussed by them, they can be enacted only by all the members of the community, duly assembled for the purpose; and for this reason Rousseau declares that the English, who boast of their liberty, in reality are not free.

Now it is all very well to talk of the general will, as if laws were voted unanimously, but every one knows that this is not the case; and to keep up his fiction that each person obeys only himself, and at the same time to give to the majority the power of making laws, Rousseau develops a most ingenious idea. He says that each man desires the fulfillment of the general will, and that, when a law is submitted to the people, the question put to each man is not strictly whether he approves of the law or not, but whether it is in accordance with the general will which he wishes to carry out. Each man gives his advice thereon, and if a man is in the minority it simply proves that he was mistaken about the general will; so that if by chance his opinion had prevailed, he would have done what he did not want to do. A very comforting doctrine, no doubt, to sweeten a bitter pill.

Sovereignty being confined to the enactment of laws, it is evident that there must exist subordinate authorities in the state, charged with the duty of executing the laws, carrying on foreign relations, etc.; and, as these duties do not partake of the nature of sovereignty, Rousseau entirely rejects the doctrine of the separation of executive, legislative, and judicial powers as advanced by Montesquieu. He divides governments into

monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, and mixed forms, according to the composition of these subordinate authorities. They are all instituted by laws, but the selection of the persons to fill the various offices, being a particular and personal matter, is not an act of sovereignty, and must be accomplished by election, by lot, or by some other method established by law. The powers and rights of these authorities cannot rest upon contract, because the sovereignty cannot be alienated or limited, and the magistrates and even the form of government may be changed at any time by an exercise of the general will. In fact, the author of the *Contrat Social* goes further, and says that every assembly of the people ought to be opened with these two questions: Is it the pleasure of the sovereign to continue the present form of government? Is it the pleasure of the people to leave in office the present incumbents? One can hardly imagine a greater encouragement to revolutions, or a more effective manner of bringing all citizens to the polls.

Rousseau sees merits and faults in each form of government, and wisely concludes that the best one is not the same in every country, but varies with the climate, the extent of the territory, and the habits of the people.

The apostle of liberty makes a most surprising application of his views on absolute sovereignty, at the end of his book, when discussing the religious question. He thinks that there ought to be a state religion, which every one must accept on pain of banishment. There can, it is true, be no further persecution on this ground, except that if any person, after having declared his belief in the state religion, behaves as if he did not believe in it, he ought to be punished with death, for he has committed the gravest of crimes: he has lied before the law. He enumerates the positive dogmas which this religion should contain, among which is to be found the

sacredness of the social compact ; and he adds a single negative one, and that is a condemnation of intolerance. Whoever, therefore, says that there is no salvation outside of the church ought to be driven from the state. In this way, Rousseau would prevent religious intolerance by making persecution a state monopoly. Such must have been the motive of the governing board of a certain college in America, which was for many years accused of filling its vacancies exclusively with persons of one denomination ; not with any sectarian purpose, but merely for fear that if a person of a different faith were admitted he would try to fill the board with members of his own church. I do not assert that the charge was true, but it was certainly somewhat amusing.

It is singular that among all the constitutions in which the revolutionary period in France was so prolific, there is no reference to the social compact ; and it is even more strange that these documents treat of the matter of private rights rather from an English than a French point of view. A superficial observer, indeed, who should compare the constitution of the 3d of September, 1791, with the constitution of Massachusetts might well doubt which was the French and which the American production. The Frenchman solemnly condemns arbitrary punishment ; proclaims the sacredness of private property, insisting that it can never be taken except in case of public necessity, and then only upon due compensation ; declares that the legislature has no authority to pass a law violating any of the rights guaranteed by the constitution ; and yet it is not long before he passes votes to execute the king and to confiscate the property of the *émigrés*. The fact is that Rousseau sympathized with the political sentiments of France far more than the Abbé Sieyès and his fellow constitutional architects, and the French people were much more readily inspired by the

theories of Rousseau than by the statesmanship of Mirabeau.

The great theory was not so neglected by the constitution-makers on this side of the ocean ; for as we have seen the first social compact known to history made by the Pilgrim Fathers in the cabin of the Mayflower, so we see the most elaborate, if not the last, made in part by the descendants of these same men, and entitled the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Evidently this relapsing into a state of barbarism and recovering one's self by means of a social compact was a favorite pastime with the New Englanders.

The second and third clauses of the preamble of this constitution run thus :

"The body politic is formed by a voluntary association of individuals : it is a social compact, by which the whole people covenants with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people, that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good. It is the duty of the people, therefore, in framing a constitution of government, to provide for an equitable mode of making laws, as well as for an impartial interpretation and a faithful execution of them ; that every man may at all times find his security in them.

"We, therefore, the people of Massachusetts, acknowledging with grateful hearts the goodness of the great Legislator of the universe, in affording us, in the course of His providence, an opportunity deliberately and peaceably, without fraud, violence or surprise, of entering into an original, explicit, and solemn compact with each other ; and of forming a new constitution of civil government, for ourselves and posterity ; and devotedly imploring His direction in so interesting a design, do agree upon, ordain, and establish, the following *Declaration of Rights and Frame of Government* as the CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS."

Then follows the Declaration of Rights,

in which it is impossible not to see the influence of Rousseau curiously combined with the principles of the common law, of Magna Charta, and of the Bill of Rights; for the truth is, that while our ancestors were deeply imbued with ideas which found their theoretical expression in Locke's Treatises on Government, they were very much carried away by the writings of the French philosophers. From Montesquieu they borrowed the doctrine of the separation of powers, which has become so thoroughly a part of the American political system, and in fact they accepted theories as the basis of their politic practice to a far greater extent than any other body of Anglo-Saxons has ever done before or since. This is evident even in the very wording of the Declaration of Rights which we are considering; for when an assembly wishes to declare the existence of a right which is not dependent upon its own action, it naturally uses the present tense, thus, "Every man has a right." But if, on the other hand, the assembly wishes to create a right, it uses what I may call the future imperative, and says, "Every man shall have a right." The first of these forms is appropriate in making a statement, while the second is the language of command. Now it is worthy of remark that the French legislators usually employ the former expression, but the Anglo-Saxon, both in statutes and constitutions, make use almost invariably of the latter. The Massachusetts Declaration of Rights, however, proclaims these rights in the present tense, with an occasional relapse into the future, especially when treating of matters of detail.

The constitution of Massachusetts was not the last nor the most extraordinary application of the social compact in this country, for the fever of theory at

one time attacked even the bench, and grave judges were heard to say that a statute was invalid if repugnant to the principles of justice and civil liberty. Even Judge Story was carried away by this idea, and at times used very loose language on the subject; but no one, perhaps, ever went further than Chief Justice Hosmer, of Connecticut, who said in one case,¹ "With those judges who assert the omnipotence of the legislature, in all cases where the Constitution has not interposed an explicit restraint, I cannot agree. Should there exist, what I know is not only an incredible supposition, but a most remote improbability, a case of direct infraction of vested rights, too palpable to be questioned and too unjust to admit of vindication, I could not avoid considering it as a violation of the social compact, and within the control of the judiciary." At first sight this appears to be merely a ridiculous attempt to engraft a new doctrine upon the common law, but however absurd the attempt may have been, it was in reality a logical deduction from the teachings of John Locke, and was not so unprecedented as one might suppose; for it was long doubtful in England whether the judges had not authority to disregard, as void, an act of Parliament, if they considered it against natural equity or common right and reason, because, in the words of Hobart, "*jura naturales sunt immutabilia*, and they are *leges legum*." Such a power was frequently claimed by the judges,² and in one case, at least,³ Lord Coke actually refused to apply an act of Parliament, on the ground that it made a man a judge in his own case. Although the claim was abandoned by the judges early in the last century, yet the doctrine that the legislature must respect private rights, and that no one ought to be de-

¹ Goshen vs. Stonington, 4 Conn. Rep. 209 at 225.

² See Doctor and Student, c. vi. p. 154. Day vs. Savadge, Hobart, 85, at 87. Calvin's

Case, 7 Rep. 1, at 13 b and 14 a. City of London vs. Wood, 12 Mod. 669, at 687.

³ Bonham's Case, 8 Rep. 114 a.

prived of his property without compensation, remained a cardinal principle of English legislation until within the last few years. This principle is protected in America by the various constitutions, and it has long been settled that the courts have power to disregard a statute only when it conflicts with some provision in the constitution. Hosmer's theory has been entirely exploded, and the spectre of a social compact has long ceased to disturb the quiet labors of the bench.

I have so far made no reference to the German writers, not because they do not discuss the social compact, for after the middle of the seventeenth century almost all the German publicists devoutly believed in it. In fact, they entirely adopted and Germanized it, or, as some malicious critic might say, in the words of Sheridan, they treated it as gypsies do stolen children, disfigured it to make it pass for their own. There are, however, two reasons why I have not mentioned the German writers before. The first is the lack of space in this sketch to touch upon any one but Kant, the most famous of them all, and his writings are later than those we have so far considered. A second reason is the existence of certain peculiarities of thought characteristic of the Germans, which are not to be found among the more prominent writers of other races, and which may be in some measure explained by the political condition of the German people. The most marked of the peculiarities to which I refer is a tendency to confuse morality and law. This may be said to be a universal failing with the German publicists, and it is this, more than anything else, that makes their writings so difficult to read, and so unsatisfactory when read. Another peculiarity, which, although not so general, is nevertheless very common with the Germans, is the attempt to combine in the same political system certain inviolable natural rights of individual citizens

with an unlimited authority on the part of the sovereign. Hobbes and Rousseau, while differing so much in their views, agree in attributing absolute authority to the sovereign power in the state, and declare that the rights of the subject are created by and are dependent upon its will. Locke, on the other hand, starts with certain natural legal rights possessed by the citizens as individuals, limits the authority of the sovereign power accordingly, and maintains that any attempt on its part to violate these rights is itself unlawful. But the Germans, in trying to reconcile the unlimited power of the state with the inviolable rights of the citizens, only puzzle themselves afresh with the old conundrum, What would happen if an irresistible force should meet an immovable obstacle?

I have said that these peculiarities of thought can be to some extent explained by the political condition of the German race. The people had been so long unaccustomed to taking any part in the discussion of public affairs, and were so unused to transacting judicial business on juries, etc., that, with a type of mind naturally metaphysical, they very easily fell into an excessively abstract and theoretical, as distinguished from a positive and practical, way of looking at political problems. It is but natural that the German philosopher should not clearly separate the study of law as it is from the study of law as it should be, and this is but a step from the confusion of law and morality. It is but natural, also, that he should not appreciate the bearing of public policy on legal questions, and should strive to found his legal system on *a priori* reasoning; that, to adopt an expression of Judge Holmes,¹ we should find a characteristic yearning in the German mind for an internal juristic necessity for law. The introduction of the Roman law probably contributed in some degree to these results; for it is to be observed that this

¹ Holmes on the Common Law, page 207.

law did not come to the Germans as it did to the Romans, in the form of a slow growth, but was received as a complete system, and was accepted not on account of the veneration which is derived from long habit and association, but because the German jurists believed in the inherent justice of its principles. For a person who confuses the positive law with law as it should be, it is natural to confuse the rights which the subject ought to have with those rights which he actually possesses, and we are not much surprised to find such a person asserting at one moment that the subject has certain inviolable natural rights, and at another that the authority of the sovereign is unlimited. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the Germans, like all Teutons, had a highly developed sense of individuality, and yet during the period of which we are speaking they lived under autocratic governments. We see in their writings, therefore, an almost pathetic longing for personal independence coupled with an unconquerable respect for the established authorities.

Kant was, perhaps, the most German of the Germans, and in his writings the qualities to which I have referred are to be found very fully developed. He published his first political treatise in 1793, at the age of sixty-nine, as one of a series of essays upon the proverb, "That may be all very well in theory, but it will not work in practice." The humor of discussing the social compact under such a title was unfortunately lost upon the author, who attempted to show that although such a compact could not be looked upon as an actual fact, yet as a theory it was the basis of certain political principles which ought to be acted upon in practice. The only other treatise of much importance in which he discusses our subject is his *Metaphysical Principles of the Theory of Law*, published in 1796, and deeply influenced by the writings of Rousseau.

Kant begins his first treatise with the remark that the contract by means of which a commonwealth is formed differs from all other contracts of association in this: that while the latter are made for various purposes, the former is the only one which is its own object. The object of the social compact, therefore, is not the promoting of the happiness of the contracting parties, but merely the institution of a commonwealth; that is, the creation of a condition of things in which the members are possessed of legal rights, and he defines right in his own lucid way, as the limitation of the freedom of each man on the condition that it is consistent with the freedom of every other man, as far as this is possible according to universal laws. The foundations upon which alone a commonwealth can be erected in accordance with the pure rational principles of human rights are the liberty, equality, and self-sufficiency of its members. The last of these I shall explain later, but the others require immediate attention. The purpose for which a commonwealth is instituted being merely the creation of the rights of its members, and not the direct promotion of their happiness, no man can be compelled to be happy in any particular manner, but each man has a right to pursue his own happiness in the way he thinks best, so long as he does not interfere with the right of every other man to do likewise in accordance with the universal law. This is that liberty to which every member of the community is entitled as a man. Any attempt, therefore, on the part of the government to treat its subjects as children, and provide for their happiness, is the worst possible despotism.

The equality of the members of the community follows naturally, as a corollary from their liberty, and may be expressed by saying that each man has the same rights against every other man, the sovereign only excepted, that every other man has against him. Such an equality

is not inconsistent with the greatest difference in property, and even in rank; for it is not necessary that the actual rights of every man should be the same, but only that there should be no legal barrier to prevent any man from acquiring the property and rights, or rising to the position enjoyed by another member of the community. Kant declares, therefore, that rank and privilege cannot be hereditary, but must be open to every person who, by his talent, diligence, and good fortune, is capable of attaining to them.

Now one would naturally suppose, after such a discussion, that Kant regarded the right to liberty and equality as in reality a right, and that in his opinion an act of the sovereign which violated this right would be unlawful, and might be resisted by the subject. But the fact is that so far we have been considering only the immovable, without taking account of the irresistible, and in this case it is the latter which carries the day. For although Kant appears to base his system upon an original contract, and, starting from the premise that it is only to himself that a man can do no wrong, declares that no one can have power to legislate for a community except by virtue of a fundamental law resting on the universal will of the people, and that even the right of the majority to bind the minority can derive its force only from an original contract agreed to by every one, yet he regards the social compact not as the actual foundation of law, but merely as a theory, giving rise to certain principles to which laws ought to conform. He goes so far, indeed, as to condemn the notion that any social contract was actually made on the ground that such a doctrine encourages the idea of popular sovereignty, and gives rise to insurrection and rebellion; and while

in one place he argues strongly in favor of the right of free speech, in another he tells us that, for practical purposes, the origin of the supreme power is unsearchable by the people who are subjected to it, and that to throw doubt upon it is a crime.

Kant, however, does not look on the social compact as a mere idle theory. In fact, the object of one of his treatises appears to be to show its practical importance; not, indeed, in establishing rights, but in furnishing a rule by which to test the rectitude of laws. He states the test in this way: If a law is so made that it is impossible that a whole people should give its assent to it (a law conferring hereditary privileges, for example), then the law is not just;¹ but if such an assent is merely possible, then the law must be held to be just. This test, however, is useful only as a guide to the law-giver, and it is not to be applied by the subjects, who have in all cases no duty but to obey. If the sovereign departs from this test, and even if he violates the original contract, the subjects are not justified in resisting him; because the sovereign being by definition supreme in the state, there can be no higher power to decide controversies between him and his subjects, or to enforce the rights of the latter. It is only by submission to his universal law-giving will that a condition in which legal rights exist is possible at all, and to resist the sovereign, therefore, is to bring about a state of things where all right ceases, or at least where it can no longer have any effect, and this is in the highest degree unlawful.

If such assertions as these, Kant says, draw upon him the reproach of flattering monarchs to excess, he hopes that he may be spared the accusation of too much favoring the people when he maintains, in

¹ It is impossible to render correctly the German word *gerecht*, which does not distinctly imply whether the act in question is right from a legal or from a moral point of view.

No doubt the absence of words clearly distinguishing between moral and legal right is partly caused by, and has helped to aggravate, the confusion of the Germans upon this subject.

opposition to Hobbes, that they retain certain indestructible rights against the sovereign, and he stigmatizes as horrible Hobbes's doctrine that the sovereign can do no injustice to the subject. But a closer investigation shows that his own views do not differ very much from those which he abhors, except that he objects to calling a spade a spade, and Hobbes does not; for these indestructible rights — which, by the way, only entitle the subject to express his opinion in public affairs and to make a statement of his grievances — are not enforceable (*zwangsrecht*), and depend for their exercise entirely on the good will of the sovereign.

Kant discusses at some length the rightful form of government, meaning by that not the form which alone can rightfully command the obedience of its subjects, but the only form of government constructed according to pure principles of right, and serving as a model which all others ought gradually to be made to resemble. He accepts to its fullest extent the principle of the separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, and claims that the first belongs exclusively to the people or their representatives. It is in this connection that the curious doctrine of the self-sufficiency of the citizen, to which I have already referred, becomes of importance, for, in Kant's opinion, all the citizens are not capable of taking part in legislation, but only those who are self-supporting and therefore independent; and in this category he does not mean to include all persons who are supported by their own exertions, but distinguishes between those who give their labor for hire and those who bestow their labor upon articles which they afterwards sell, — the former having no right to vote, while the latter are in the fullest sense citizens. The separation of powers does not afford, it appears, a sufficient security to the citizen, and we must never forget the fundamental axiom that it is only to himself that a man can do no wrong. Any per-

son, therefore, who is set to judge may do an injustice, and the people ought to judge themselves by a jury taken from among them, which decides all matters of fact and leaves to the court the questions of law. This is a strange application of Rousseau's fiction that every one in the state legislates only upon himself.

When Kant proceeds to discuss the criminal law, the characteristic yearning of the German mind seizes him with great violence, and rejecting indignantly all motives of expediency, he seeks an internal juristic necessity drawn from the nature of the crime itself. He finds it in the principle of equality that one ought to incline no more to one side than to another, and says, therefore, whatever wrong you have done to another, that you must do to yourself. It would take too long to explain here how, from this doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, he deduces the fact that imprisonment is the appropriate punishment for theft, but it is obvious that death is the proper retribution for murder. So severe is he in the application of this intrinsic justice that he considers it a crime to allow a murderer to live, and declares that if a community determines, with the consent of every member, to break up and disperse, the last murderer in prison must be executed before they do so, in order that the guilt of violating justice may not fall upon the people. A friend of mine has suggested that if this principle were so extended as to keep the community together until all the other criminals in jail had served out their sentences, it would probably have the desirable effect of preventing the community from breaking up at all.

The theory of the social compact appears to have had a peculiar fascination for the German mind, for it was taken up by Kant's successors, and it is only quite recently that it has been finally abandoned by them.

We have traced the history of this ex-

traordinary theory from the time of its first appearance at the end of the sixteenth century, and we have seen it used to support the most divergent doctrines and the most conflicting opinions; and in fact, like certain ingenious Yankee inventions, it was capable of being applied to almost any service, although really adapted to none. No better example, indeed, can be found of the fact so strongly urged by Lecky that men are chiefly persuaded, not by the logical force of arguments, but by the disposition with which they view them. We have seen the theory started by a zealous churchman to uphold his church. We have seen it wielded by Hobbes in favor of absolute monarchy in England. We have then seen it taken up by Locke as a shield to individual right and in defense of the limitation of the constitution; and later still by Rousseau, as an argument for an unbridled democracy. We have seen its working here on the constitution of Massachusetts; and after lighting the world for two centuries, we have seen it give a last despairing flicker in the courts of the United States, and fade away in the dim light of German metaphysics. It now remains for us to mark the causes of its rise and fall.

To the Greeks and to those of the Romans who looked at jurisprudence from a philosophic point of view, law was merely a department of morals; and this explains the absence among the ancients of any attempt to discover a special basis for the obligation of legal duties. When the Teutonic race, on the other hand, first appeared on the borders of the Roman Empire, it was still in that early stage of civilization in which the rightfulness of existing institutions is assumed without question; in which it is enough that no one remembers a time when things were otherwise, and custom undisputed has the force of law. Under these circumstances legislation is unknown, and the slow change which takes place in the laws is brought about

through the administration of justice and the exercise of those powers which we should class to-day among the executive functions of government. During the course of the Middle Ages, as the political needs of the day developed and were better understood, the idea of legislation as something distinct from administration, and as an intentional change in the existing law, begins to appear, but the form which it assumes is characteristic of the political views of the day. The lawyers, deriving their ideas from the writings of the Roman jurists, asserted at quite an early period that the king was the source of all legislative power; but underlying this doctrine and constantly cropping up we find the principle that any change in the law requires the consent of those whom it concerns. Such a claim was almost universal in the matter of taxation, and even on questions of general legislation it was constantly recurring where the change was clearly seen to affect anything more than the mere administration of the law. Now it must be remembered that in feudal times little or no distinction was made between public and private rights. All right, from that of the king to demand from his vassal an aid to ransom him from captivity, to that of the smallest land-owner to exact a heriot on the death of his tenant, was looked upon as private property. It was but natural, therefore, that an innovation in the law should be considered to require the consent of those whose property was to be affected by it, whether it were the grant of a "free aid," or a change in the established custom of the realm, and this idea cannot be better expressed than in the famous saying of Edward I.: "That which toucheth all shall be allowed of all." The conceptions of the Middle Ages upon this subject, therefore, were not of a character to excite political speculation, had that been an easy thing to arouse in those days, because the rightfulness of all prop-

erty was assumed without question, and of course there could be no doubt of the right of every man to dispose of his own. When, however, the Renaissance gave a new impulse to thought, and men began to distinguish more accurately between public authority and private right, it was unavoidable that they should investigate the rightfulness of that authority, and even inquire about the origin of property. The question, therefore, presented itself: Whence has a government a right to compel a man to act against his will, and what gives the binding force to law? There was one obvious way to answer the question, and that was to ascribe a divine origin to government; but this view of the matter, for reasons which I have already explained, became monopolized by one school of political thinkers, and consequently discredited among those who did not agree with their tenets. One other solution of the difficulty suggested itself, and that was the consent of the person interested; for clearly a man cannot be wronged by an act to which he has freely consented, and what easier than to suppose a universal compact made at some remote period, by which every one consented to the institution of a government, and agreed to be bound by the laws enacted by it? Such a contract appeared, therefore, to many men the only way of accounting for the rightfulness of government, and its existence was assumed without hesitation; for anarchists being few in those times, every one was constrained to allow the lawfulness of some government or other, and when belief is indispensable it is easy to believe.

In this way the theory of the social compact met with a very general acceptance, and yet it contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction, because if the theory were logically carried out, each man, when he came of age, ought to have a right, as Locke maintained, to sever his connection with the body politic and declare his freedom from its laws; but such

a doctrine, greatly impairing, as it must, the effect of the theory, and giving a constant encouragement to lawlessness, could not be admitted for a moment. The theory, moreover, rested on the assumption that a contract is binding in a state of nature when other rights do not exist, but such an assumption, although plausible, is clearly seen to be false by any one who will take pains to think about it. Spinoza and Leibnitz pointed this out in the earlier days of the discussion, but the tide was too strong to be stemmed at that time. As a matter of history, indeed, it is well known to students of the early forms of law that the right to compel the performance of a contract is not developed until long after the right to property is well established. But undoubtedly the chief causes of the decline of the theory were the change in the general tone of thought from speculative to positive, and the complete absurdity of such a compact from an historical point of view, — an absurdity which became more evident as a knowledge of semi-barbarous races became more extensive. It may well be doubted whether any one ever believed in the making of an actual compact of this kind by people in a state of nature. Just imagine a crowd of half-naked savages grouped around an ancient oak, while an old chief under its boughs explains to them that they have reached the point when it is advisable to form a civil body politic, and that it is proposed to agree, among other things, that when they become sufficiently civilized to understand the meaning of king, lords, and commons and to appreciate the benefits of taxation, then the king shall not have power to levy any tax without the consent of his faithful commons. Imagine the savages clashing their spears and shields in token of universal approval, and breaking up with a further understanding that the sacredness of the social compact shall instantly be made an article of the state religion.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

BALLAD OF PENTYRE TOWN.

(CORNISH.)

FOAM flies white over rocks of black,
Nights are dark when the boats go down,
But souls flit back in the wild wind's track,
And gray gulls gather in Pentyre Town.

Wild, gray gulls in the narrow street,
Wheeling, wavering, to and fro,
(Dear the echo of banished feet!)
Flocking in as the sun sinks low.

Pale she stands at her open door,
(Dark little streets to a fishing town;)
Shrill, thin voices from sea and shore
Fill the air as the sun goes down.

"Out and alas for my woe!" saith she,
(See how the gray gulls whirl and throng!)
"Love! Come back from the weary sea!"
(Sore is sorrow and hours are long.)

One comes sailing with outstretched beak,
White throat lifted in wailing cry,
Stoops his wing to a woman's cheek,
Swift and light, as he wavers by.

Foam flies white over rocks of black,
Nights are dark when the boats go down,
But souls flit back in the wild wind's track,
And gray gulls gather in Pentyre Town.

Still she stands at her open door,
(Flickering sun rays faint and far,)
"Woe is heavy and doubt is sore,"
(Sobbing waves on the dull Doom Bar.)

"Sleep flees far from mine eyes," saith she,
(Skies are wild with the rough wind's breath,)
"All for my love's voice calling me,"
(Robbed Love clings at the knees of Death.)

Now she strays on the wind-swept strand,
"Fair our wandering days shall be!"
Sets her foot on the wan, wet sand,
(Faint feet falter, but wings flash free.)

"Love, I come to your call at last."
 (Black boats lean on the low seashore.)
 "Fear and doubting are overpast,"
 (Set the tiller, and grasp the oar!)

No boat stirs on the sea's dark breast,
 (Long clouds writhe on a pallid sky,)
 Storm-winds wail to the lurid west,
 Sad and shrill as a seabird's cry.

Foam flies white over rocks of black,
 Daylight dies, and a boat goes down;
 But souls flit back in the wild wind's track,
 And gray gulls gather in Pentyre Town.

Graham R. Tomson.

PAUL PATOFF.

XI.

[Continued.]

"JOHN, dear, may I come in?" asked Mrs. Carvel, opening the door of her husband's library, and standing on the threshold.

"By all means," exclaimed John, looking up. "Anything wrong?" he inquired, observing the expression of his wife's face.

"John," said Mrs. Carvel, coming near to him and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, "tell me — do you think there is likely to be anything between Paul and Hermý?"

"Gracious goodness! what put that into your head?" asked Carvel.

"I have been with Chrysophrasia" — began Mary.

"Chrysophrasia! Oh! Is that it?" cried John in discontented tones. "I wish Chrysophrasia would mind her own business, and not talk nonsense!"

"It is nonsense, is it not?"

"Of course, — absolute rubbish! I would not hear of it, to begin with!" he exclaimed, as though that were sufficient evidence that the thing was impossible.

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"No, indeed," echoed Mrs. Carvel, but in more doubtful tones. "Of course, Paul is a very good fellow. But yet" — She hesitated. "After all, they are cousins," she added suddenly, "and that is a great objection."

"I hope you will not think seriously of any such marriage, Mary," said John Carvel, with great decision. "They are cousins, and there are twenty other reasons why they should not marry."

"Are there? I dare say you are right, and of course there is no probability of either of them thinking of such a thing. But after all, Paul is a very marriageable fellow, John."

"I would not consent to his marrying my daughter, though," returned Carvel. "I have no doubt it is all right about his brother, who disappeared on a dark night in Constantinople. But I would not let Hermý marry anybody who had such a story connected with his name."

"Surely, John, you are not so unkind as to give any weight to that spiteful accusation. It was very dreadful, but there never was the slightest ground for believing that Paul had a hand in it. Even Professor Cutter, who does not like

him, always said so. That was one of the principal proofs of poor Annie's madness."

"I know, my dear. But to the end of time people will go on asking where Paul's brother is, and will look suspicious when he is mentioned. Cutter, whom you quote, says the same thing, though he believes Paul perfectly innocent, as I do myself. Do you suppose I would have a man in the house whom I suspected of having murdered his brother?"

"What a dreadful idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Carvel. "But if you liked him very much, and wanted him to marry Hermy, would you let that silly bit of gossip stand in the way of the match?"

"I don't know what I should do. Perhaps not. But Hermy shall marry whom she pleases, provided she marries a gentleman. She has no more idea of marrying Paul than Chrysophrasia has, or than Paul has of marrying her. Besides, she is far too young to think of such things."

"Really, John, Hermy is nineteen. She is nearly twenty."

"My dear," retorted Carvel, "you will make me think you want them to marry."

"Nonsense, John!"

"Well, nonsense, if you like. But Chrysophrasia has been putting this ridiculous notion into your head. I believe she is in love with Paul herself."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Carvel, smiling at the idea.

But John rose from his chair, and indulged in a hearty laugh at the thought of Chrysophrasia's affection for Patoff. Then he stirred the fire vigorously, till the coals broke into a bright blaze.

"Annie is better," he said presently, without looking round. "You know she recognized Paul, and Griggs thought she knew him, too, when he went in with Cutter, the other night."

"Would you like me to go and see her to-day?" asked Mrs. Carvel. Her husband had already told her the news,

and seemed to be repeating it now out of sheer satisfaction.

"Perhaps she may know you," he answered. "Have you seen Mrs. North this morning?"

"Yes. She says Annie has not slept very well since that day."

"The meeting excited her. Better wait a day or two longer, before doing anything else. At any rate, we ought to ask Cutter before making another experiment."

"Why did you not go to the meet today?" asked Mrs. Carvel suddenly.

"I wanted to have a morning at my books," answered John. His wife took the answer as a hint to go away, and presently left the room, feeling that her mind had been unnecessarily troubled by her sister. But in her honest self-examination, when she had returned to her own room and to the perusal of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, she acknowledged to herself that she had a liking for Paul Patoff, and that she could not understand why both her sister and her husband should at the very beginning scout the idea of his marrying Hermione. Of course there was not the slightest reason for supposing that Hermione liked him at all, but there was nothing to show that she would not like him hereafter.

Late in the afternoon we three came back from our long day with the hounds, hungry and thirsty and tired. When I came down from my room to get some tea, I found that Patoff had been quicker than I; he was already comfortably installed by the fireside, with Fang at his feet, while Hermione sat beside him. Mrs. Carvel was at the tea-table, at some little distance, with her work in her hands, but neither John nor Chrysophrasia was in the room. As I sat down and began to drink my tea, I watched Paul's face, and it seemed to me that he had changed since I had seen him in Teheran, six months ago. I had not liked him much. I am not given to seeking acquaintance, and had

certainly not sought his, but in the Persian capital one necessarily knew every one in the little European colony, and I had met him frequently. I had then been struck by the stony coldness which appeared to underlie his courteous manner, and I had thought it was part of the strange temper he was said to possess. Treating his colleagues and all whom he met with the utmost affability, never sullenly silent and often even brilliant in conversation, he nevertheless had struck me as a man who hated and despised his fellow-creatures. There had been then a sort of scornful, defiant look on his large features, which inevitably repelled a stranger until he began to talk. But he understood eminently the science of making himself agreeable, and, when he chose, few could so well lead conversation without imposing themselves upon their hearers. I well remembered the disdainful coldness of his face when he was listening to some one else, and I recollected how oddly it contrasted with his courteous and forbearing speech. He would look at a man who made a remark with a cynical stare, and then in the very next moment would agree with him, and produce excellent arguments for doing so. One felt that the man's own nature was at war with itself, and that, while forcing himself to be sociable, he despised society. It was a thing so evident that I used to avoid looking at him, because his expression was so unpleasant.

But as I saw him seated by Hermione's side, playing with the great hound at his feet, and talking quietly with his companion, I was forcibly struck by the change. His face could not be said to have softened; but instead of the cold, defiant sneer which had formerly been peculiar to him, his look was now very grave, and from time to time a pleasant light passed quickly over his features. Watching him now, I could not fancy him either violent or eccentric in temper, as he was said to be. It was as

though the real nature of the man had got the better of some malady.

"This is like home," I heard him say. "How happy you must be!"

"Yes, I am very happy," answered Hermione. "I have only one unhappiness in my life."

"What is that?"

"Poor aunt Annie," said the girl. "I am so dreadfully sorry for her." The words were spoken in a low tone, and Mrs. Carvel said something to me just then, so that I could not hear Patoff's answer. But while talking with my hostess I noticed his earnest manner, and that he seemed to be telling some story which interested Hermione intensely. His voice dropped to a lower key, and I heard no more, though he talked for a long time, as I thought. Then Macaulay Carvel and Professor Cutter entered the room. I saw Cutter look at the pair by the fire, and, after exchanging a few words with Mrs. Carvel, he immediately joined them. Paul's face assumed suddenly the expression of stony indifference, once so familiar to me, and I did not hear his voice again. It struck me that his more gentle look might have been wholly due to the pleasure he took in Hermione's society; but I dismissed the idea as improbable.

Macaulay sat down by his mother, and began telling the incidents of the day's hunting in his smooth, unmodulated voice. He was altogether smooth and unmodulated in appearance, in conversation, and in manner, and he reminded me more of a model schoolboy, rather vain of his acquirements and of the favor he enjoyed in the eyes of his masters, than of a grown Englishman. It would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that which existed between the two cousins, and, little as I was inclined to like Patoff at first, I was bound to acknowledge that he was more manly, more dignified, and altogether more attractive than Macaulay Carvel. It was strange that the sturdy, active, intelli-

gent John should have such a son, although, on looking at the mother, one recognized the sweet smile and gentle features, the dutiful submission and quiet feminine forbearance, which, in her face, so well expressed her character.

But in spite of the vast difference between them in temperament, appearance, and education, Macaulay was destined to play a small part in Patoff's life. He had from the first taken a fancy to his big Russian cousin, and admired him with all his heart. Paul seemed to be his ideal, probably because he differed so much from himself; and though Macaulay felt it was impossible to imitate him, he was content to give him his earnest admiration. It was to be foreseen that if Paul fell in love with Hermione he would find a powerful ally in her brother, who was prepared to say everything good about him, and to extol his virtues to the skies. Indeed, it was likely that during their short acquaintance Macaulay had only seen the best points in his cousin's character; for the principal sins imputed to Patoff were his violence of temper and his selfishness, and it appeared to me that he had done much to overcome both since I had last seen him. It is probable that in the last analysis, if this reputation could have been traced to its source, it would have been found to have arisen from the gossip concerning his quarrel with his brother in Constantinople, and from his having once or twice boxed the ears of some lazy Persian servant in Teheran. None of the Carvel family knew much of Paul's antecedents. His mother never spoke, and before she was brought home in her present state, by Professor Cutter, there had been hardly any communication between her and her sisters since her marriage. Time had effaced the remembrance of what they had called her folly when she married Patoff, but the breach had never been healed. Mrs. Carvel had made one or two efforts at reconciliation, but they had been

coldly received; she was a timid woman, and soon gave up the attempt. It was not till poor Madame Patoff was brought home hopelessly insane, and Macaulay had conceived an unbounded admiration for his cousin, that the old affection was revived, and transferred in some degree to this son of the lost sister.

As I sat with Mrs. Carvel listening to Macaulay's nerveless, conscientious description of the day's doings, I thought over all these things, and wondered what would happen next.

The days passed much as usual at Carvel Place after the first excitement of Paul's arrival had worn off; but I regretted that I saw less of Hermione than formerly, though I found Cutter's society very interesting. Remembering my promise to see Madame Patoff again, I visited her once more, but, to my great disappointment, she seemed to have forgotten me; and though I again spoke to her in Russian, she gave no answer to my questions, and after a quarter of an hour I retired, much shaken in my theory that she was not really as mad as was supposed. It was reserved for some one else to break the spell, if it could be broken at all, and I felt the hopelessness of making any further attempt. Though I was not aware of it at the time, I afterwards learned that Paul visited her again within a week of his arrival. She behaved very much as on the first occasion, it appears, except that her manner was more violent than before, so that Cutter deemed it imprudent to repeat the experiment.

One morning, three weeks after the events last recorded, I was walking with Hermione in the garden. She was as fond of me as ever, though we now saw little of each other. But this morning she had seen me alone among the empty flower-beds, smoking a solitary cigar after breakfast, and, having nothing better to do, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and came out to join me.

For a few minutes we talked of the day, and of the prospect of an early spring, though we were still in January. People always talk of spring before the winter is half over. I said I wondered whether Paul would stay to the end of the hunting season.

"I hope so," said Hermione.

"By the bye," I remarked, "you seem to have overcome your antipathy for your cousin. You are very good friends."

"Yes, he is interesting," she answered. "I wonder" — She paused, and looked at me rather wistfully. "Have you known him long?" she asked, suddenly.

"Not very long."

"Do you know anything of his past life?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Nobody does, I fancy, unless it be Professor Cutter."

"He has been very unhappy, I should think," she said, presently.

"Has he? Has he told you so?" I resented the idea of Paul's confiding his woes, if he had any, to the lovely girl I had known from a child. It is too common a way of making love.

"No — that is — yes. He told me about his childhood; how his brother was the favorite, and he was always second best, and it made him very unhappy."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, indifferently enough. I knew nothing about his brother except that he was dead, or had disappeared and was thought to be dead. The story had never reached my ears, and I did not know anything about the circumstances.

"How did his brother die?" I asked.

"Oh, he is dead," answered Hermione gravely. "He died in the East eighteen months ago. Aunt Annie worshiped him; it was his death that affected her mind. At least, I believe so. Professor Cutter says it is something else, — something connected with cousin

Paul; but papa seems to think it was Alexander's death."

"What does the professor say?" I inquired.

"He will not tell me. He is a very odd person. He says it is something about Paul, and that it is not nice, and that papa would not like me to know it. And then papa tells me that it was only Alexander's death."

"That is very strange," I said. "If I were you, I would believe your father rather than the professor."

"Of course; how could I help believing papa?" Hermione turned her beautiful blue eyes full upon my face, as though wondering at the simplicity of my remark. Of course she believed her father.

"You would not think Paul capable of doing anything not nice, would you?" I asked.

Hermione blushed, and looked away towards the distant woods.

"I think he is very nice," she said.

I am Hermione's old friend, but I saw that I had no right to press her with questions. No friendship gives a man the right to ask the confidence of a young girl, and, moreover, it was evident from her few words and from the blush which accompanied them that this was a delicate subject. If any one were to speak to her, it must be her father. As far as I knew there was no reason why she should not love her cousin Paul, if she admired him half as much as her brother was inclined to do.

"There is only one thing about him which I cannot understand," she continued, after a short pause. "He seems not to care in the least for his mother; and yet," she added thoughtfully, "I cannot believe that he is heartless. I suppose it is because she did not treat him well when he was a child. I cannot think of any other reason."

"No," I echoed mechanically, "I cannot think of any other reason."

And indeed I could not. I had

known nothing of his unhappy childhood before Hermione had told me of it, and though that did not afford a sufficient explanation of his evident indifference in regard to his mother, it was better than nothing. The whole situation seemed to me to be wrapped in impenetrable mystery, and I was beginning to despair of ever understanding what was going on about me. John Carvel treated me most affectionately, and delighted in entrapping me into the library to talk about books; but he scarcely ever referred to Madame Patoff. Cutter would walk or ride with me for hours, talking over the extraordinary cases of insanity he had met with in his experience; but he never would give me the least information in regard to the events which had preceded the accident at Weissenstein. I was entirely in the dark.

A catastrophe was soon to occur, however, which led to my acquaintance with all the details of Alexander's disappearance in Stamboul. I will tell what happened as well as I can from what was afterwards told me by the persons most concerned.

A week after my conversation with Hermione, the train was fired which led to a very remarkable concatenation of circumstances. You have foreseen that Paul would fall in love with his beautiful young cousin. Chrysophrasia foresaw it from the first moment of his appearance at Carvel Place, with that keen scent for romance which sometimes characterizes romantic old maids. If I were telling you a love story, I could make a great deal out of Paul's courtship. But this is the history of the extraordinary things which befell Paul Patoff, and for the present it is sufficient to say that he was in love with Hermione, and that he had never before cared seriously for any woman. He was cold by nature, and his wandering life as a diplomatist, together with his fixed determination to excel in his career, had not been favorable to the development

of love in his heart. The repose of Carvel Place, the novelty of the life, and the comparative freedom from all responsibility had relaxed the hard shell of his sensibilities, and the beauty and grace of Hermione had easily fascinated him. She, on her part, had distinguished with a woman's natural instinct the curious duality of his character. The grave, powerful, dominating man attracted her very forcibly; the cold, impenetrable, apparently heartless soul, on the other hand, repelled her, and almost inspired her with horror when it showed itself.

One afternoon in the end of January, Paul and Hermione were walking in the park. The weather was raw and gusty, and the ground hard frozen. They had been merely strolling up and down before the house, as they often did, but, being in earnest conversation, had forgotten at last to turn back, and had gone on along the avenue, till they were far from the old mansion, and quite out of sight. They had been talking of Paul's approaching departure, and they were both in low spirits at the prospect.

"I am like those patches of snow," said Paul. "The clouds drop me in a beautiful place, and I feel very comfortable; and then I have to melt away again, and the clouds pick me up and carry me a thousand miles off, and drop me somewhere else. I wish they would leave me alone for a while."

"Yes," said Hermione. "I wish you could stay with us longer."

"It is of no use to wish," answered Paul bitterly. "I am always wishing for things I cannot possibly have. I would give anything to stay here. I have grown so fond of you all, and you have all been so kind to me—it is very hard to go, Hermione!"

He looked almost tenderly at the beautiful girl beside him, as he spoke. But she looked down, so that he could hardly see her face at all.

"I have never before felt as though I were at home," he continued. "I

never had much of a home at the best. Latterly I have had none at all. I had almost forgotten the idea when I came to England. It is hard to think how soon I must forget it again, and all the dear people I have known here."

"You must not quite forget us," said Hermione. Her voice trembled a little.

"I will never forget you — Hermione — for I love you with all my heart."

He took her little gloved hand in his, and held it tightly. They stood still in the midst of the lonely park. Hermione blushed like an Alp-rose in the snow, and turned her head away from him. But her lip quivered slightly, and she left her hand in his.

"I love you, my darling," he repeated, drawing her to him, till her head rested for a moment on his shoulder. "I cannot live without you, — I cannot leave you."

What could she do? When he spoke in that tone his voice was so very gentle; she loved him, and she was under the fascination of his love. She said nothing, but she looked up into his face, and her blue eyes saw themselves in his. Then she bent her head and hid her face against his coat, and her small hand tightened convulsively upon his fingers.

"Do you really love me?" he asked as he bent down and kissed her white forehead.

"You know I do," she answered in a low voice.

That was all they said, I suppose. But it was quite enough. When a man and a woman have told each other their love, there is little more to say. They probably say it again, and repeat it in different keys and with different modulations. I can imagine that a man in love might find many pretty expressions, but the gist of the thing is the same. Model conversation as follows, in fugue form, for two voices: —

He. I love you. Do you love me? (Theme.)

She. Very much. I love you more than you love me. (Answer.)

He. No. I love you most. (Sub-theme.)

She. Not more. That is impossible. (Sub-answer.)

He and She. Then we love each other very much. (*A due voci.*)

She. Yes. But I am not sure that you *can* love me as much as I do you. (*Stretto.*) Etc., etc., etc.

By using these simple themes you may easily write a series of conversations in at least twenty-four keys, on the principle of Bach's *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*, but your fugues must be composed for two voices only, unless you are very clever. A third voice increases the difficulty, a fourth causes a high degree of complication, five voices are distracting, and six impossible.

It is certain that when Paul and Hermione returned from their walk they had arranged matters to their own satisfaction, or had at least settled the preliminaries. I think every one noticed the change in their manner. Hermione was radiant, and talked better than I had ever heard her talk before. Paul was quiet, even taciturn, but his silence was evidently not due to bad temper. His expression was serene and happy, and the cold look seemed to have left his face forever. His peace of mind, however, was destined to be short-lived.

Chrysophrasia and Professor Cutter watched the couple with extreme interest when they appeared at tea, and each arrived at the same conclusion. They had probably expected for a long time what had now occurred, and, as they were eagerly looking for some evidence that their convictions were well founded, they did not overlook the sudden change of manner which succeeded the walk in the park. They did not communicate their suspicions to each other, however. Chrysophrasia had protested again and again to Mary Carvel and to John that things were going too far. But Paul

was a favorite with the Carvels, and they refused to see anything in his conduct which could be interpreted to mean love for Hermione. Chrysophrasia resolved at once to throw a bomb into the camp, and to enjoy the effect of the explosion.

Cutter's position was more delicate. He was very fond of John, and was, moreover, his guest. It was not his business to criticise what occurred in the house. He was profoundly interested in Madame Patoff, but he did not like Paul. Indeed, in his inmost heart he had never settled the question of Alexander's disappearance from the world, and in his opinion Paul Patoff was a man accused of murder, who had not sufficiently established his innocence. In his desire to be wholly unprejudiced in judging mankind and their mental aberrations, he did not allow that the social position of the individual was in itself a guarantee against committing any crime whatever. On the contrary, he had found reason to believe, from his own experience, that people belonging to the higher classes have generally a much keener appreciation of the construction which will be put upon their smallest actions, and are therefore far more ingenious in concealing their evil deeds than the common ruffian could possibly be. John Carvel would have said that it was impossible that a gentleman should murder his brother. Professor Cutter said it was not only possible, but, under certain circumstances, very probable. It must also be remembered that he had got most of his information concerning Paul from Madame Patoff and from Alexander, who both detested him, in the two summers when he had met the mother and son at Wiesbaden. His idea of Paul's character had therefore received a bias from the first, and was to a great extent unjust. Conceiving it possible that Patoff might be responsible for his brother's death, he therefore regarded the prospect of Paul's marriage with Hermione with the strongest aver-

sion, though he could not make up his mind to speak to John Carvel on the subject. He had told the whole story to him eighteen months earlier, when he had brought home Madame Patoff; and he had told it without ornament, leaving John to judge for himself. But at that time there had been no prospect whatever of Paul's coming to Carvel Place. Cutter might easily have turned his story in such a way as to make Paul look guilty, or at least so as to cast a slight upon his character. But he had given the plain facts as they occurred. John had said the thing was absurd, and a great injustice to the young man; and he had, moreover, told his wife and sister, as well as Cutter, that Hermione was never to know anything of the story. It was not right, he said, that the young girl should ever know that any member of the family had even been suspected of such a crime. She should grow up in ignorance of it, and it was not untruthful to say that Madame Patoff's insanity had been caused by Alexander's death.

But now Cutter regretted that he had not put the matter in a stronger light from the first, giving John to understand that Paul had never really cleared himself of the imputation. The professor did not know what to do, and would very likely have done nothing at all, had Miss Dabstreak not fired the mine. He had, indeed, endeavored to stop the progress of the attachment, but, in attempting always to intervene as a third person in their conversations, he had roused Paul's obstinacy instead of interrupting his love-making. And Paul was a very obstinate man.

As we sat at dinner that evening, the conversation turned upon general topics. Chrysophrasia sat opposite to Paul, as usual, and her green eyes watched him with interest for some time. As luck would have it, our talk approached the subject of crime in general, and John Carvel asked me some ques-

tion about the average number of murders in India, taking ten years together, as compared with the number committed in Europe. While I was hesitating and trying to recollect some figures I had once known, Chrysophrasia rushed into the conversation in her usual wild way.

"I think murders are so extremely interesting," said she to Patoff. "I always wonder what it must be like to commit one, don't you?"

"No," said Paul, quietly. "I confess that I do not generally devote much thought to the matter. Murder is not a particularly pleasant subject for contemplation."

"Oh, do you think so?" answered Chrysophrasia. "Of course not pleasant, no, but so very interesting. I read such a delightfully thrilling account this morning of a man who killed his own brother, — quite like Cain."

Paul made no answer, and continued to eat his dinner in silence. Though at that time I knew nothing of his story, I remember noticing how Professor Cutter slowly turned his face towards Patoff, and the peculiar expression of his gray eyes as I saw them through the gold-rimmed spectacles. Then he looked at John Carvel, who grew very red in the pause which followed. Mrs. Carvel looked down at her plate, and her features showed that her sister's remark had given her some pain; for she was quite incapable of concealing her slightest emotions, like many extremely truthful and sensitive people. But Chrysophrasia had launched herself, and was not to be silenced by an awkward pause. Not understanding the situation in the least, I nevertheless tried to relieve the unpleasantness by answering her.

"I think it is a great mistake that the newspapers should publish the horrible details of every crime committed," I said. "It is bad for the public morals, and worse for the public taste."

"Really, we must be allowed some emotion," answered Chrysophrasia. "It

is so very thrilling to read about such cases. Now I can quite well imagine what it must be like to kill somebody, and then to hear every one saying to me, 'Where is thy brother?' Poor Cain! He must have had the most deliciously complicated feelings!"

She fixed her green eyes on Paul so intently as she spoke that I looked at him, too, and was surprised to see that he was very pale. He said nothing, however, but he looked up and returned her gaze. His cold blue eyes glittered disagreeably. At that moment, John Carvel, who was redder than ever, addressed me in loud tones. I thought his voice had an artificial ring in it as he spoke.

"Well, Griggs," he cried, "without going into the question of Cain and Abel, can you tell me anything about the figures?"

I said something. I gave some approximate account, and, speaking loudly, I ran on readily with a long string of statistics, most of them, I grieve to say, manufactured on the spur of the moment. But I knew that Carvel was not listening, and did not care what I said. Hermione was watching Paul with evident concern; Mrs. Carvel and Macaulay at once affected the greatest interest in what I was saying, while Professor Cutter looked at Chrysophrasia, as though trying to attract her attention.

"What a wonderful memory you have, Mr. Griggs!" said Macaulay Carvel, in sincere admiration.

"Oh, not at all," I answered, with perfect truth. "Statistics of that kind are very easily got."

By this time the awkwardness had disappeared, and by dint of talking very loud and saying a great many things which meant very little, John and I succeeded in making the remainder of the dinner pass off very well. But every one seemed to be afraid of Chrysophrasia, and when, once or twice, she was on the point of making a remark there was

a general attempt made to prevent her from leading the conversation. As soon as dinner was over we scattered in all directions, like a flock of sheep. Chrysophrasia retired to her room. John Carvel went to the library, whither his wife followed him in a few minutes. Macaulay, Patoff, and I went to the smoking-room, contrary to all precedent; but as Macaulay led the way, we followed with delight. The result of this general separation was that Hermione and Professor Cutter were left alone in the drawing-room.

"I want to ask you a question," said the young girl, as they stood before the great fireplace.

"Yes," answered the scientist, anticipating trouble. "I am at your service."

"Why did Paul turn so pale when aunt Chrysophrasia talked about Cain at dinner, and why did everybody feel so uncomfortable?"

"It is not surprising. But I cannot tell you the story."

"You must," said Hermione, growing pale, and laying her hand upon his arm. "I must know. I insist that you shall tell me."

"If I tell you, will you promise not to blame me hereafter?" asked Cutter.

"Certainly, — of course. Please go on."

"Do not be shocked. There is no truth in the story, I fancy. When Alexander Patoff was lost on a dark night in Constantinople, the world said that Paul had made away with him. That is all."

Hermione did not scream nor faint, as Cutter had expected. The blood rushed to her face, and then sank again as suddenly. She steadied herself with one hand on the chimney-piece before she answered.

"What a horrible, infamous lie!" she exclaimed in low tones.

"You insisted upon knowing it, Miss Carvel," said the professor quietly. "You must not blame me for telling

you. After all, it was as well that you should know it."

"Yes — it was as well." She turned away, and with bent head left the room. So it came about that both Chrysophrasia and Cutter on the same evening struck a blow at the new-found happiness of the cousins, raising between them, as it were, the spectre of the lost man.

After what had occurred in the afternoon, Paul had intended to seek a formal interview with John Carvel. He had no intention of keeping his engagement a secret, and indeed he already felt that, according to his European notions, he had done wrong in declaring his love to Hermione before asking her father's consent. It had been an accident, and he regretted it. But after the scene at the dinner-table, he felt that he must see Hermione again before going to her father. Chrysophrasia's remarks had been so evidently directed against him that he had betrayed himself, and he knew that Hermione had noticed his expression, as well as the momentary stupefaction which had chilled the whole party. He had no idea whether Hermione had ever heard his story or not. She had of course never referred to it, and he thought it was now his duty to speak to her, to ascertain the extent of her information, and, if necessary, to tell her all the circumstances; honestly avowing that, although he had never been accused openly of his brother's death except by his mother, he knew that many persons had suspected him of having been voluntarily concerned in it. He would state the case plainly, and she might then decide upon her own course. But the question, "Where is your brother?" had been asked again, and he was deeply wounded, — far more deeply than he would acknowledge to himself. As we three sat together in the smoking-room, keeping up a dry, strained conversation, the old expression returned to his face, and I watched him with a kind of regret as I saw the cold, defiant look

harden again, where lately there had been nothing but gentleness.

Hermione left the drawing-room, and glided through the hall towards the passage which led to Madame Patoff's rooms. She had formed a desperate resolution, — one of those which must be carried out quickly, or not at all. Mrs. North, the nurse, opened the door at the end of the corridor, and admitted the young girl.

"Can I see my aunt?" asked Hermione, trying to control her voice.

"Has anything happened, Miss Carvel?" inquired Mrs. North, scrutinizing her features and noticing her paleness.

"No — yes, dear Mrs. North, something has happened. I want to see aunt Annie," answered Hermione. "Do let me go in!"

The nurse did not suppose that anything Hermione could say would rouse Madame Patoff from her habitual apathy. After a moment's hesitation, she nodded, and opened the door into the sitting-room. Hermione passed her in silence, and entered, closing the door behind her. Her aunt sat as usual in a deep chair near the fire, beneath the brilliant light, the rich folds of her sweeping gown gathered around her, her face pale and calm, holding a book upon her knee. She did not look up as the young girl came in, but an uneasy expression passed over her features. Hermione had never believed that Madame Patoff was mad, in spite of Professor Cutter's assurances to the contrary. On this occasion she resolved to speak as though her aunt were perfectly sane.

"Dear aunt Annie," she began, sitting down beside the deep chair, and laying her hand on Madame Patoff's apathetic fingers, — "dear aunt Annie, I have something to tell you, and I am sure you will listen to me."

"Yes," answered the lady, in her mechanical voice.

"Aunt Annie, Paul is still here. I

love him, and we are going to be married."

"No," said Madame Patoff, in the same tone as before. Hermione's heart sank, for her aunt did not seem to understand in the least. But before she could speak again, a curious change seemed to come over the invalid's face. The features were drawn into an expression of pain, such as Hermione had never seen there before, the lip trembled hysterically, the blood rushed to her face, and Madame Patoff suddenly broke into a fit of violent weeping. The tears streamed down her cheeks, bursting between her fingers as she covered her eyes. She sobbed as though her heart would break, rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair. Hermione was frightened, and rose to call Mrs. North; but to her extreme surprise her aunt put out her hand, all wet with tears, and held her back.

"No, no," she moaned, "let me cry."

For several minutes nothing was heard in the room but her passionate sobs. It seemed as though they would never stop, and again Hermione would have called the nurse, but again Madame Patoff prevented her.

"Aunt Annie, — dear aunt Annie!" said the young girl, trying to soothe her, and laying her hand upon the thick gray hair. "What is the matter? Can I do nothing? I cannot bear to see you cry like this!"

Gradually the hysteric emotion spent itself, and Madame Patoff grew more calm. Then she spoke, and, to Hermione's amazement, she spoke connectedly.

"Hermione, you must not betray my secret, — you will not betray me? Swear that you will not, my child!" She was evidently suffering some great emotion.

"Aunt Annie," said Hermione in the greatest excitement, "you are not mad! I always said you were not!"

Madame Patoff shook her head sorrowfully.

"No, child, I am not mad, — I never was. I am only unhappy. I let them think so, because I am so miserable, and I can live alone, and perhaps die very soon. But you have found me out."

Again it seemed as though she would burst into tears. Hermione hastened to reassure her, not knowing what she said, in the anxiety of the moment.

"You are safe with me, aunt Annie. I will not tell. But why, why have you deceived them all so long, a year and a half, — why?"

"I am the most wretched woman alive," moaned Madame Patoff. Then, looking suddenly into Hermione's eyes, she spoke in low, distinct tones. "You cannot marry Paul, Hermione. You must never think of it again. You must promise me never to think of it."

"I will not promise that," answered the young girl, summoning all her courage. "It is not true that he killed his brother. You never believed it, — nobody ever believed it!"

"It is true — true — truer than anything else can be!" exclaimed Madame Patoff, lowering her voice to a strong, clear whisper.

"No," said Hermione. "You are wrong, aunt Annie; it is an abominable lie."

"I tell you I know it is true," retorted her aunt, still whispering, but emphasizing every word with the greatest decision. "If you do not believe it, go to him and say, 'Paul, where is your brother?' and you will see how he will look."

"I will. I will ask him, and I will tell you what he says."

"He murdered him, Hermione," continued Madame Patoff, not heeding the interruption. "He murdered him in Constantinople, — he and a Turkish soldier whom he hired. And now he has come here to marry you. He thinks I am

mad — he is the worst man that ever lived. You must never see him again. There is blood on his hands, — blood, do you hear? Rather than that you should love him, I will tell them all that I am a sane woman. I will confess that I have imposed upon them in order to be alone, to die in peace, or, while I live to mourn for my poor murdered boy, — the boy I loved. Oh! how I loved him!"

This time her tears could not be controlled, and at the thought of Alexander she sobbed again, as she had sobbed before. Hermione was too much astonished and altogether thrown off her mental balance to know what to do. Her amazement at discovering that her aunt had for more than a year imposed upon Professor Cutter and upon the whole household was almost obliterated in the horror inspired by Madame Patoff's words. There was a conviction in her way of speaking which terrified Hermione, and for a moment she was completely unnerved.

Meanwhile, Madame Patoff's tears ceased again. In the strange deception she had practiced upon all around her for so long, she had acquired an extraordinary command of her features and voice. It was only Hermione's discovery which had thrown her off her guard, and once feeling that the girl knew her secret, she had perhaps enjoyed the luxury of tears and of expressed emotion. But this stage being past, she regained her self-control. She had meditated so long on the death of her eldest son that the mention of his name had ceased to affect her, and though she had been betrayed into recognizing Paul, she had cleverly resumed her play of apathetic indifference so soon as he had left her. Had Hermione known of the early stages which had led to her present state, she would have asked herself how Madame Patoff could have suddenly begun to act her part so well as to deceive even Professor Cutter from the first.

But Hermione knew nothing of all those details. She only realized that her aunt was a perfectly sane woman, and that she had fully confirmed the fearful accusation against Paul.

"Go now, my child," said Madame Patoff. "Remember your promise. Remember that I am a wretched old woman, come here to be left alone, to die. Remember what I have told you, and beware of being deceived. You love a murderer — a murderer — remember that."

Hermione stood a moment and gazed at her aunt's face, grown calm and almost beautiful again. Her tears had left no trace, her thick gray hair was as smooth as ever, her great dark eyes were deep and full of light. Then, without another word, the young girl turned away and left the room, closing the door behind her, and nodding a good-night to Mrs. North, who sat by her lamp in the outer room, gray and watchful as ever.

If her aunt was sane, was she human? The question suggested itself to Hermione's brain, as she walked along the passage; but she had not time to frame an answer. As she went out into the hall she saw Paul standing by the huge carved fireplace, his back turned towards her, his tall figure thrown into high relief by the leaping flames. She went up to him, and as he heard her step he started and faced her. He had finished his cigar with us, and was about to go quietly to his room in search of solitude, when he had paused by the hall fire. His face was very sad as he looked up.

"Paul," said the young girl, taking both his hands and looking into his eyes, "I believe in you, — you could not do anything wrong. People would never suspect you if you answered them, if you would only take the trouble to defend yourself."

"Defend myself?" repeated Paul. "Against what, Hermione?"

"When people say, 'Where is your brother?' — or mean to say it, as aunt

Chrysophrasia did this evening, — you ought to answer; you ought not to turn pale and be silent."

"You too!" groaned the unhappy man, looking into her eyes. "You too, my darling! Ah, no! It is too much." He dropped her hands, and turned again, leaning on the chimney-piece.

"How can you think I believe it? Oh, Paul! how unkind!" exclaimed Hermione, clasping her hands upon his shoulder, and trying to look at his averted face. "I never, never believed it, dear. But no one else must believe it either; you must make them not believe it."

"My dearest," said Paul, almost sternly, but not unkindly, "this thing has pursued me for a long time. I thought it was dead. It has come between you and me on the very day of our happiness. You say you believe in me. I say you shall not believe in me without proof. Good-by, love, — good-by!"

He drew her to him and kissed her once; then he tried to go.

"Paul," she cried, holding him, "where are you going?" She was terrified by his manner.

"I am going away," he said slowly. "I will find my brother, or his body, and I will not come back until then."

"But you must not go! I cannot bear to let you go!" she cried, in agonized tones.

"You must," he answered, and the color left his cheeks. "You cannot marry a man who is suspected. Good-by, my beloved!"

Once more he kissed her, and then he turned quickly away and left the hall. Hermione stood still one moment, staring at his retreating figure. Then she sank into the deep chair by the side of the great fire, and burst into tears. She had good cause for sorrow, for she had sent Paul Patoff away, she knew not whither. She had not even the satisfaction of feeling that she had been quite

right in speaking to him as she had spoken, and above all she feared lest he should believe, in spite of her words, that in her own mind there was some shadow of suspicion left. But he was gone. He would probably leave the house early in the morning, and she might never see him again. What could she do but let her tears flow down as freely as they could?

Late at night I sat in my room, reading by the light of the candles, and watching the fire as it gradually died away in the grate. It was very late, and I was beginning to think of going to bed, when some one knocked at the door. It was Paul Patoff. I was very much surprised to see him, and I suppose my face showed it, for he apologized for the intrusion.

"Excuse me," he said. "It is very late, but could you spare me half an hour before going to bed?"

"Certainly," I answered, noticing his pallor, and fancying that something had happened.

"Thank you," said he. "I believe I have heard you say that you know Constantinople very well?"

"Tolerably well — yes. I know many of the natives. I have been there very often."

"I am going back there," said Patoff. "They sent me to Persia for a year and more, and now I am to return to my old post. I want to ask your advice about a very delicate matter. You know — or perhaps you do not know — that my brother disappeared in Stamboul, a year ago last summer, under very strange circumstances. I did all I could to find him, and the ambassador did more. But we never discovered any trace of him. I have made up my mind that I will not be disappointed this time."

"Could you tell me any of the details?" I asked.

Paul looked at me once, and hesitated. Then he settled himself in his chair, and told me his story very much as I have

told it, from the afternoon of the day on which Alexander disappeared to the moment when Paul left his mother at Teinach in the Black Forest. He told me also how Professor Cutter had written to him his account of the accident at Weissenstein, when Madame Patoff, as he said, had attempted to commit suicide.

"Pardon me," I said, when he had reached this stage. "I do not believe she tried to kill herself."

"Why not?" asked Patoff, in some surprise.

"I was the man with the rope. Cutter has never realized that you did not know it."

Paul was very much astonished at the news, and looked at me as though hardly believing his senses.

"Yes," I continued. "I happened to be leaning out of the window immediately over the balcony, and I saw your mother fall. I do not believe she threw herself over; if she had done that, she would probably not have been caught on the tree. The parapet was very low, and she is very tall. I heard her say to Professor Cutter, 'I am coming;' then she stood up. Suddenly she grew red in the face, tottered, tried to save herself, but missed the parapet, and fell over with a loud scream of terror."

"I am very much surprised," said Paul, "very grateful to you, of course, for saving her life. I do not know how to thank you; but how strange that Cutter should never have told me!"

"He saw that we knew each other," I remarked. "He supposed that I had told you."

"So it was not an attempt at suicide, after all. It is amazing to think how one may be deceived in this world."

For some minutes he sat silent in his chair, evidently in deep thought. I did not disturb him, though I watched the melancholy expression of his face, thinking of the great misfortunes which had overtaken him, and pitying him, perhaps, more than he would have liked.

"Griggs," he said at last, "do you know of any one in Constantinople who would help me, — who could help me if he would?"

"To find your brother? It is a serious affair. Yes, I do know of one man; if he could be induced to take an interest in the matter, he might do a great deal."

"What is his name?"

"Balsamides Bey," I answered.

"I have seen him, but I do not know him," said Paul. "Could you give me a letter?"

"It would not be of the slightest use. You can easily make his acquaintance, but it will be a very different matter to get him to help you. He is one of the strangest men in the world. If he takes a fancy to you, he will do anything imaginable to oblige you."

"And if not?"

"If not, he will laugh at you. He is a queer fellow."

"Eccentric, I should think. I am not prepared to be laughed at, but I will risk it, if there is any chance."

"Look here, Patoff," I said. "I have nothing to do this spring, and the devil of unrest is on me again. I will go to Constantinople with you, and we will see what can be done. You are a Russian, and those people will not trust you; your nationality will be against you at every turn. Balsamides himself hates Russians, having fought against them ten years ago, in the last war."

Paul started up in his chair, and stretched out his hand. "Will you really go with me?" he cried, in great excitement. "That would be too good of you. Shall we start to-morrow?"

"Let me see, — we must have an excuse. Could you not telegraph to your chief to recall you at once? You must have something to show to Carvel. He will be startled at our leaving so suddenly."

"Will he?" said Paul, absently. "I suppose so. Perhaps I can manage it."

It was very late when he left my

room. I went to bed, but slept little, thinking over all he had told me, but knowing that he had not told me all. I guessed then what I knew later, — that he had asked Hermione to marry him, and that, in consequence of Chrysophrasia's remark at dinner, she had asked him about his brother. It was easy to understand that the question, coming from her, would produce a revival of his former energy in the search for Alexander. But it was long before I knew all the details of Hermione's visit to Madame Patoff.

The matter was arranged without much difficulty. Paul received a dispatch the next day from Count Ananoff, requesting him to return as soon as possible, and I announced my determination to accompany him. The news was received by the different members of the household in different ways, according to the views of each. Poor Hermione was pale and silent. Chrysophrasia's disagreeable eyes wore a greenish air of cat-like satisfaction. Mrs. Carvel herself was sincerely distressed, and John opened his eyes in astonishment. Professor Cutter looked about with an inquiring air, and Macaulay expressed a hope that he might be appointed to Constantinople very soon, adding that he should take pains to learn Turkish as quickly as possible. That fellow regards everything in life as a sort of lesson, and takes part in events as a highly moral and studious undergraduate would attend a course of lectures.

I think Paul and I both breathed more freely when we had announced our departure. He looked ill, and it was evident that he was sorry to go, but it was also quite clear that nothing could move him from his determination. Even at the last minute he kept himself calm, and though he was obliged to part from Hermione in the presence of all the rest, he did not wince. Every one joined in saying that they hoped he would pay them another visit, and even Chryso-

phrasia drawled out something to that effect, though I have no doubt she was inwardly rejoicing at his going away; and just as we were starting she ostentatiously kissed poor Hermione, as though to reassert her protectorate, and to show that Hermione's safety was due entirely to her aunt Chrysophrasia's exertions on her behalf.

Paul would have been willing to go to his mother once again before parting, but Cutter thought it better not to let him do so, as his presence irritated her beyond measure. Hermione looked as though she would have said something, but seemed to think better of it. At last we drove away from the old place in the chilly February afternoon, and I confess that for a moment I half repented of my sudden resolution to go to the East. But in a few minutes the old longing for some active occupation came back, and though I thought gratefully of John Carvel's friendly ways and pleasant conversation, I found myself looking forward to the sight of the crowded bazaars and the solemn Turks, smelling already the indescribable atmosphere of the Levant, and enjoying the prospect almost as keenly as when I first set my face eastwards, many years ago.

These were the circumstances which brought me back to Constantinople last year. If, in telling my story, I have dwelt long upon what happened in England, I must beg you to remember that it is one thing to construct a drama with all possible regard for the unities and no regard whatever for probability, whereas it is quite another to tell the story of a man's life, or even of those years which have been to him the most important part of it.

XII.

It was not an easy matter to make Balsamides Bey take a fancy to Paul, for he was, and still is, a man full of

prejudice, if also full of wit. In his well-shaped head resides an intelligence of no mean order, and the lines graven in his pale face express thought and study, while suggesting also an extreme love of sarcasm and a caustic, incredulous humor. His large and deep-set blue eyes seem to look at things only to criticise them, never to enjoy them, and his arched eyebrows bristle like defenses set up between the world with its interests on the one side and the inner man Balsamides on the other. Though he wears a heavy brown mustache, it is easy to see that underneath it his thin lips curl scornfully, and are drawn down at the extremities of his mouth. He is very scrupulous in his appearance, whether he wears the uniform of a Sultan's adjutant, or the morning dress of an ordinary man of the world, or the official evening coat of the Turks, made like that of an English clergyman, but ornamented by a string of tiny decorations attached to the button-hole on the left side. Gregorios Balsamides is of middle height, slender and well built, a matchless horseman, and long inured to every kind of hardship, though his pallor and his delicate white hands suggest a constitution anything but hardy.

He is the natural outcome of the present state of civilization in Turkey; and as it is not easy for the ordinary mind to understand the state of the Ottoman Empire without long study, so it is not by any means a simple matter to comprehend the characters produced by the modern condition of things in the East. Balsamides Bey is a man who seems to unite in himself as many contradictory qualities and characteristics as are to be found in any one living man. He is a thorough Turk in principle, but also a thorough Western Frank in education. He has read immensely in many languages, and speaks French and English with remarkable fluency. He has made an especial study of modern history, and

can give an important date, a short account of a great battle, or a brief notice of a living celebrity, with an ease and accuracy that many a student might envy. He reads French and English novels, and probably possesses a contraband copy of Byron, whose works are proscribed in Turkey and confiscated by the custom-house. He goes into European society as well as among Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. Although a Greek by descent, he loves the Turks and is profoundly attached to the reigning dynasty, under whom his father and grandfather lived and prospered. A Christian by birth and education, he has a profound respect for the Mussulman faith, as being the religion of the government he serves, and a profound hatred of the Armenian, whom he regards as the evil genius of the Osmanli. He is a man whom many trust, but whose chief desire seems to be to avoid all show of power. He is often consulted on important matters, but his discretion is proof against all attacks, and there is not a journalist nor correspondent in Pera who can boast of ever having extracted the smallest item of information from Balsamides Bey.

These are his good qualities, and they are solid ones, for he is a thoroughly well-informed man, exceedingly clever, and absolutely trustworthy. On the other hand, he is cold, sarcastic, and possibly cruel, and occasionally he is frank almost to brutality.

On the very evening of our arrival in Pera I went to see him, for he is an old friend of mine. I found him alone in his small lodgings in the Grande Rue, reading a yellow-covered French novel by the light of a German student-lamp. The room was simply furnished with a table, a divan, three or four stiff, straight-backed chairs, and a book-case. But on the matted floor and divan there were two or three fine *Siné* carpets; a couple of trophies of splendidly ornamented weapons adorned the wall; by his side,

upon a small eight-sided table inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, stood a silver salver with an empty coffee-cup of beautiful workmanship,—the stand of beaten gold, and the delicate shell of the most exquisite transparent china. He had evidently been on duty at the palace, for he was in uniform, and had removed only his long riding-boots, throwing himself down in his chair to read the book in which he was interested.

On seeing me, he rose suddenly and put out his hand.

"Is it you? Where have you come from?" he cried.

"From England, to see you," I answered.

"You must stay with me," he said at once. "The spare room is ready," he added, leading me to the door. Then he clapped his hands to call the servant, before I could prevent him.

"But I have already been to the hotel," I protested.

"Go to Missiri's with a *hamál*, and bring the Effendi's luggage," he said to the servant, who instantly disappeared.

"Caught," he exclaimed, laughing, as he opened the door and showed me my little room. I had slept there many a night in former times, and I loved his simple hospitality.

"You are the same as ever," I said. "A man cannot put his nose inside your door without being caught, as you call it."

"Many a man may," he answered. "But not you, my dear fellow. Now—you will have coffee and a cigarette. We will dine at home. There is *piláff* and *kebabi* and a bottle of champagne. How are you? I forgot to ask."

"Very well, thanks," said I, as we came back to the sitting-room. "I am always well, you know. You look pale, but that is nothing new. You have been on duty at the palace?"

"Friday," he answered laconically, which meant that he had been at the

Selamlek, attending the Sultan to the weekly service at the mosque.

"You used to get back early in the day. Have the hours changed?"

"Man of Belial," he replied, "with us nothing changes. I was detained at the palace. So you have come all the way from England to see me?"

"Yes, — and to ask you a question and a favor."

"You shall have the answer and my services."

"Do not promise before you have heard. 'Two acrobats cannot always dance on the same rope,' as your proverb says."

"And 'Every sheep hangs by its own heels,'" said he. "I will take my chance with you. First, the question, please."

"Did you ever hear of Alexander Patoff?"

Balsamides looked at me a moment, with the air of a man who is asked an exceedingly foolish question.

"Hear of him? I have heard of nothing else for the last eighteen months. I have an indigestion brought on by too much Alexander Patoff. Is that your errand, Griggs? How in the world did you come to take up that question?"

"You have been asked about him before?" I inquired.

"I tell you there is not a dog in Constantinople that has not been kicked for not knowing where that fellow is. I am sick of him, alive or dead. What do I care about your Patoffs? The fool could not take care of himself when he was alive, and now the universe is turned upside down to find his silly body. Where is he? At the bottom of the Bosphorus. How did he get there? By the kind exertions of his brother, who then played the comedy of tearing his hair so cleverly that his ambassador believed him. Very simple: if you want to find his body, I can tell you how to do it."

"How?" I asked eagerly.

"Drain the Bosphorus," he answered, with a sneer. "You will find plenty of skulls at the bottom of it. The smallest will be his, to a dead certainty."

"My dear fellow," I protested, "his brother did not kill him. The proof is that Paul Patoff has come back swearing that he will find some trace of Alexander. He came with me, and I believe his story."

"He is only renewing the comedy, — tearing his hair on the anniversary of the death, like a well-paid mourner. Of course, somebody has accused him again of the murder. He will have to tear his hair every time he is accused, in order to keep up appearances. He knows, and he alone knows, where the dead man is."

"But if he killed him the kaváss must have known it, — must have helped him. You remember the story?"

"I should think so. What does the kaváss prove? Nothing. He was probably told to go off for a moment, and now will not confess it. Money will do anything."

"There remains the driver of the carriage," I objected. "He saw Alexander go into Agia Sophia, but he never saw him come out."

"And is anything easier than that? A man might learn those few words in three minutes. That proves nothing."

"There is the probability," I argued. "Many persons have disappeared in Stamboul before now."

"Nonsense, Griggs," he answered. "You know that when anything of the kind has occurred it has generally turned out that the missing man was bankrupt. He disappeared to reappear somewhere else under another name. I do not believe a word of all those romances. To you Franks we are a nation of robbers, murderers, and thieves; we are the Turkey of Byron, always thirsting for blood, spilling it senselessly, and crying out for more. If that idiot allowed his

brother to kill him without attracting a crowd, — in Stamboul, in the last week of Ramazán, when everybody is out of doors, — he deserved his fate, that is all."

"I do not believe he is dead," I said, "and I have come here to ask you to make the acquaintance of Paul Patoff. If you still believe him to be a murderer when you have heard him tell his story, I shall be very much surprised."

"I should tear him to pieces if I met him," said Balsamides, with a laugh. "The mere sight of anybody called Patoff would bring on an attack of the nerves."

"Be serious," said I. "Do you think I would be so foolish as to interest myself in this business unless I believed that it could be cleared of all mystery and explained?"

"You have been in England," retorted Gregorios. "That will explain any kind of insanity. Do you want me to pester every office in the government with new inquiries? It will do no good. Everything has been tried. The man is gone without leaving a trace. No amount of money will produce information. Can I say more? Where money fails, a man need not be so foolish as to hope anything from his intelligence."

"I am foolish enough to hope something," I replied. "If you will not help me, I must go elsewhere. I will not give up the thing at the start."

"Well, if I say I will help you, what do you expect me to do? Can I do anything which has not been done already? If so, I will do it. But I will not harness myself to a rotten cart, as the proverb says. It is quite useless to expect anything more from the police."

"I expect nothing from them. I believe that Alexander is alive, and has been hidden by somebody rich enough and strong enough to baffle pursuit."

"What put that into your head?" asked my companion, looking at me with sudden curiosity.

"Nothing but the reduction of the thing to the last analysis. Either he is dead, or he is alive. As you say, he could hardly have been killed on such a night without attracting attention. Besides, the motives for Paul's killing him were wholly inadequate. No, let me go on. Therefore, I say that he was taken alive."

"Where?"

"In Santa Sophia."

"But then," argued Balsamides, "the driver would have seen him carried out."

"Yes," I admitted. "That is the difficulty. But he might perhaps have been taken through the porch; at all events, he must have gone down the stairs alone, taking the lantern."

"They found the lantern," said Gregorios. "You did not know that? A long time afterwards the man who opens the towers confessed that when he had gone up with the brothers and the kaváss he had found that his taper was burnt out. He picked up the kaváss's lantern and carried it down, meaning to return with the next party of foreigners. No other foreigners came, and when he went up to find the Patoffs they were gone and the carriage was gone. He kept the lantern, until the offers of reward induced him to give it up and tell his story."

"That proves nothing, except that Alexander went down-stairs in the dark."

"I have an idea, Griggs!" cried Balsamides, suddenly changing his tone. "It proves this, — that Alexander did not necessarily go down the steps at all."

"I do not understand."

"There is another way out of that gallery. Did you know that? At the other end, in exactly the same position, hidden in the deep arch, there is a second door. There is also a winding staircase, which leads to the street on the opposite side of the mosque. Foreigners

are never admitted by that side, but it is barely possible that the door may have been open. Alexander Patoff may have gone down that way, thinking it was the staircase by which he had come up."

"You see," I said, delighted at this information, "everything is not exhausted yet."

"No, I begin to think we are nearer to an explanation. If that door was open, — which, however, is very improbable, — he could have gone down and have got into the street without passing the carriage, which stood on the other side of the mosque. But, after all, we are no nearer to knowing what ultimately became of him."

"Would it be possible to find out whether the door was really open, and, if so, who passed that way?" I inquired.

"We shall see," said Gregorios. "I will change my mind. I will make the acquaintance of your Russian friend. I know him by sight, though I never spoke to him. When I have talked the mat-

ter over with him I will tell you what I think about it. Let us go to dinner."

I felt that I had overcome the first great difficulty in persuading Balsamides to take some interest in my errand. He is one of those men who are very hard to move, but who, when once they are disposed to act at all, are ready to do their best. Moreover, the existence of the second staircase, leading from the gallery to the street, at once explained how Alexander might have left the church unobserved by the coachman. I wondered why no one had thought of this. It had probably not suggested itself to any one, because strangers are never admitted from that side, and because the door is almost always closed.

Gregorios did not refer to the subject again that evening, but amused himself by asking me all manner of questions about the state of England. We fell to talking about European politics, and the hours passed very pleasantly until midnight.

F. Marion Crawford.

ENCELADUS.

ON Shrove Tuesday, February 22, 1887, the inmates of one of the smaller hotels in Bordighera were assembled around the dinner-table, and all discussing the Carnival. It was but the second time that Bordighera, in emulation of her larger and more fashionable neighbor on the Riviera, had had a Carnival, and opinion was deeply divided in the Hôtel Bien-Bâti as to the wisdom of the enterprise and the success which had attended it.

There were two parties in the house, each headed by a retired English officer. At one end of the table sat General Evans, and at the other Colonel Roberts. Each was surrounded by his own friends and partisans as by a staff, the

central seats being occupied by neutrals of various nationalities, our two selves among them. We were neutral; that is to say, with regard to the burning Carnival question, and some others of purely local interest. Mental reservations there must be, even among the most affable, where there are Americans, to whom all that is Europe must ever remain in some respects a "show," and where a buoyant captain in the German army and two highly bred and intensely patriotic French ladies from Strasbourg find themselves face to face.

The Bien-Bâti, however, prided itself above all things on being an English house, — on serving more "teas" than "coffees" in the morning, and no *en-*

trées at dinner; and the non-Anglican guests were in general somewhat overshadowed. On this occasion, while the thick-skinned and tasteless little oranges of the region were going round at the end of the banquet, the colonel and his party exchanged loud and hilarious reminiscences of the afternoon's Corso in the village street, and one buxom Berkshire lass, who always held her elbows as though she were sitting a horse, was so carried away by her emotions as rashly to demand of a member of the opposite camp if it had not been "awfully good fun."

They had but awaited the signal, — they at the other end of the table. The voices of the general and his followers rose in answer, and it was evident that their sentiment was unanimous. "*They* had not assisted at the Corso! *They* had seen the Carnival at Nice and at Rome, and were *blasés* therewith. They could not conceive of its being amusing in so small a place, and they fancied Miss Bangs herself must have found it very *dusty*."

Miss Bangs blushed a little at the blunder she had committed, but stoutly held her ground.

"Well, it was dusty, you know," she acknowledged, "and I got a lot of those nasty little things they throw about in my eyes; but all the same, it was awfully good fun."

Even Miss Bangs, however, was a little daunted by the pitying smiles and wagging heads of the general's party. She said no more, and presently, with the rest of the pleasure-seekers, adjourned from the dinner to the whist table.

The dignified and contemptuous immediately began exchanging comments upon the childish levity of the rest. On Miss Bangs, individually, they seemed, to the neutrals, unnecessarily hard: —

"Her mother appears a pleasant, ladylike little person. I wonder she allowed it."

"She has no control over this girl."

"They are immensely rich, you know, but the father manufactured — *pins*!"

"They say she sits a horse so well! Perhaps she is pinned on."

The parties were pretty well matched. The colonel was a tall, high-colored officer, with sweeping mustaches and grizzled hair; much more robust than the quiet general, though they appeared to be near the same age. The colonel had all the youth of the house on his side. His rather girlish second wife, with their twelve-year-old garrison and hotel bred daughter, and his own eldest son, a lieutenant on leave, made the nucleus about which had rallied the one newly married pair and the one English lady of title in the house, as also Miss Bangs and her mild little mother.

The general had enrolled under his banner the soft-voiced, lace-capped, High Church maiden ladies, and all the married pairs of middle age whom ill-health or *ennui* had led southwards. The dignity and *savoir faire* of the Bien-Bâti were certainly with him, yet he numbered in his well-disciplined ranks one barely willing follower. It was the masterful spirit of her Scotch mother — such a fine old lady from Edinboro' town — which held Miss Mac-Alpine to her allegiance, albeit the coquettish lassie's attraction was not so much to the hostile camp as to that neutral ground aforesaid, whence Captain von Geierstein ever eyed her languishingly, and, blushing high, flung often in her direction a few words in his native tongue. To these, since she could only divine their purport amid the confusion of tongues that reigned in the *salle à manger*, she answered by soft smiles. We two aliens, who had previously bestowed upon the captain's love the name of Heather-Bell, were well pleased to see her steal down into the common drawing-room for a few minutes that evening, whereas the general's party, as a rule, kept strictly to their private sitting-rooms. The captain im-

mediately seated himself at the tuneless piano, and selecting his key and improvising his accompaniment with some skill, he sang two of Schubert's tenderest songs, for which Miss MacAlpine murmured thanks in *quasi*-German, which he disclaimed in *quasi*-English, and they had an earnest little talk, during which each kept heroically to the other's language, while the all-accomplished Alsatian ladies, Madame la Comtesse and her niece, observed their transparent manœuvres with bright eyes of silent amusement.

The party in the general *salon* broke up early. The resolute revelers were tired. The dignified abstainers from the frolic, with the one exception mentioned, had not even looked in, as they sometimes did in passing, to scatter a few gracious words. The High Church ladies were preparing for the early Ash Wednesday service in the little English church, not without certain smothered yearnings in their guileless breasts for the veritable ashes which would be distributed in the old cathedral upon the hill. But nobody surely anticipated so startling a call to prayer and penitence as was reserved for the next day's dawn.

When the morning slumbers of all were at their deepest, there came a sound as of a hundred reverberating thunder-peals in one: the whole chain of the Maritime Alps, on a spur of which we birds of passage had alighted, began to heave and groan, and our jaunty little hotel reeled to and fro, as though some Titan fiend had it in his clutches, and were shaking it with an inconceivable intensity of murderous personal rage. We two lay wide awake and motionless under the dust of falling plaster and amid the toppling-over of all the small and lightly poised objects about us, and exchanged a single pair of remarks:—

"This is an earthquake."

"Yes, a bad one."

After a seemingly interminable thirty

or forty seconds, the groaning grew fainter in the mountains, and the reeling subsided to a slight shiver.

We rose then and looked out; never while life lasts shall I forget the serene and awful beauty of that Ash Wednesday morn. The sky was all suffused with the most delicate and luminous tint of pink; the wide sea lay beneath it like a sheet of bluish glass, and forth from the silvery billows of the olives that mantle all the hills the red roofs of certain villas on the lower slope peeped reassuringly. The naughty folk at Nice, who were running in night-gowns and mackintoshes for the Paris trains, aver that the sky was on fire, but I am in a position to say that it was no such thing. Whether the beauteous rose tint which I have described, and which certainly appeared exceptional, may have been due to the presence in the atmosphere of unusual exhalations, or to the reflection of the coming sunrise from some widely diffused and impalpable dust, I leave to the men of science to determine in the peace and *recueillement* of their own studies. The famous M. Pasteur was occupying a villa on the old Roman Road, within a stone's-throw of the Bien-Bâti, and a long list of questions was made out, during the next twenty-four hours, which a deputation of curious inquirers meant to have submitted to his consideration; but our zeal was damped by the tidings that he had taken the first practicable train for Marseilles, leaving us and the dogs of Bordighera to our fate.

But now the brief moments of respite, during which we had been able to take in the aspect of the sky, were over, and the convulsion came on again,—a very spasm of the solid globe, this time, horrible to witness and endure. It seemed mercifully brief, lasting only about twelve seconds, and the subterranean groans which accompanied it were fainter than before: but this, alas! was the shock which wrought the widest de-

struction, and carried death to hundreds, if not to thousands, in the ill-fated villages beyond us on the western Riviera.

When this, too, was over, and we found that we had still a roof above our heads, we made our toilette, simply, but, as it afterwards appeared by comparison, thoroughly, secured our modest letter of credit, and descended from our ever-memorable second-floor front to the *rez-de-chaussée*.

Before proceeding to relate how it fared with the garrisons of those two separate camps under the attack of the common enemy, I wish to say a word or two more concerning that sense of something like personal ferocity in the power which had laid hold of us, which I have confessed to receiving from the first and longest of the earthquake shocks. It afterwards appeared that everybody who was cool enough closely to observe his own sensations had experienced much the same thing. One Englishman, who arrived a few days later from stricken Mentone, and who seemed to cherish fresh and tender recollections of his school-days, compared his feelings to those of a boy whom his master seizes and shakes violently, by way of prelude to a flogging. To another occurred the kindred image of the terrier and the rat. A third, of more pastoral proclivities, thought of a slender tree, grasped by the mighty hand of one who would shake off all its fruit. One and all had the sensation of being laid hold of by some ruthless and monstrous *individuality*,—much like the feeling, I should say, which the insect must have which sees the giant foot descending that is to crush out its little spark of conscious life. Of this first unreasoning and excessively heathenish impression I never was quite able to rid myself. "Deliver us," I could have said, on the authority of the Revised Version, "from the Evil One who has done this thing!" All through the next three or four days,—days of the most serene and surpassing loveli-

ness, when we used to go out upon the dry hillside, and lie down for a little under the olives, in the hope of catching a few moments of thoroughly sweet and untormented slumber,—I had ever the notion that *It* was lying under me, with vast limbs gradually relaxing from their awful spasm, and I could have sworn at times that my mossy couch trembled a little, as with the long quiver of a subsiding sigh. It made no difference how high we climbed. Up even to the almost Alpine heights above the olive, where one could take in the whole sweep of that enchanting littoral, from the Estérel to far below Capo San Ampeglio, the same strange fancy pursued us,—that of an immense, unknowable, and malignant power which had made all those miles and miles of sweeping land to flutter like the fold of a banner. I remembered the earthquake which visited Elijah in the desert, in which, it is distinctly asserted, the *Lord was not*, and I wondered if the next religion preached in the parlors of Boston would be Manichean, and if I should be its prophet. The rumor reached us a few days later that Etna was in active eruption, and the news was thought reassuring. It led us, at all events, to speak of our monster henceforth by the name of Enceladus, and to feel a new sympathy with the pagan Greek.

But we are leaving our fellow-sufferers of the first morning too long in suspense, huddled upon the main stairway and in the entrance-hall. The only perfectly self-possessed *man* among us, was also, I am pleased to say, our only American. ("But then," as the High Church ladies murmured, "he must have lived a good deal with the English, for he has lost almost all his accent!") This gentleman pointed out to us that our house being built in a manner *against* the hillside,—there were three stories in front and only two behind,—it would inevitably, if dislodged by any succeeding shock, fall forward, and that, there-

fore, our readiest mode of exit would be by the great door at the back, which opened upon the first landing of the stairs. Here, then, we assembled, some seating themselves passively to wait, and others walking restlessly up and down. The door was thrown wide; the hands of the round-faced clock above it had stopped at 6.23 Roman time, the moment of the great shock, and the world outside was portentously still. I shall bless the twittering of birds forevermore as a sign of health in nature, for it is a fact that during several hours of that morning, in all the gardens and olive-orchards, ordinarily so vocal, not a note was heard.

Everybody was there, proprietor and servants and the two general officers, each at the head of his detachment. But how changed from the rubicund Hector of the night before was Colonel Roberts! His fine complexion had now the bluish tinge of a-faded peony. His costume, usually worn with military grace, was in the most woful disarray. He had strapped to his shoulder an important-looking black bag, and from that black bag we never saw him parted, until, after many fruitless starts for the disordered and encumbered trains, he finally effected his escape from the Riviera, three days later. I must say that the colonel and his party furnished a notable instance of the responsibility of a commander for the *morale* of his troops. His wife and daughter "wambled" about for hours (Mr. Hardy will forgive me for borrowing that delicious Dorsetshire word on so unusual an occasion), in long fur-lined traveling wraps, with a border of white cotton visible at the feet and wrists. The bride and bridegroom, and even the marchioness, received the contagion, flung their worldly goods wildly into their boxes, and proposed starting severally for Nice, Turin, Geneva, and Paris, — all within a few hours. The bridegroom even went to the station to make arrangements, and we met him coming back. He was usu-

ally rather pale; on this occasion he appeared anæmic. "I can't get tickets! They won't take luggage! The telegraph poles are down, and nobody knows how bad it may have been on both sides of us!" (Alas, nobody did then know.) "What *shall* I do?" he cried in culmination, and we were truly sorry for our inability to help him.

Now I am far from believing that all this party were constitutional cowards. The young marchioness, in particular, I take to have been a high-spirited creature, who needed only a decent example for acquitting herself bravely. When I first noticed her, among the group collected upon the stairway on Wednesday morning, I thought I had never seen her look so handsome. She had drawn the hood of her mackintosh half over her head, and it was lined with red silk, which wonderfully became her. Moreover, the light in her eyes was no longer languid, and she had to me the air of one who contends, out of deference to authority, with a secret relish for danger. Beyond this group the panic in the Bien-Bâti did not spread at all, and of these the young lieutenant was the first to pull himself together. He was an ingenuous youth, prompt to confide his emotions, and by the next morning he was heard openly and repeatedly to declare that, By Jove, you know, he meant to go up-stairs and wash his face; and that if there were only a plate of beef-steak and onions to be had in this beastly place, he thought it would quite set him up.

But between the Wednesday and Thursday mornings a strange day and a strange night were to intervene.

We all, I think, felt a decided preference for the *grand air*, over any shelter of man's contriving, during the hours of strong terrestrial agitation which followed that sharp awakening. Shocks of diminishing violence continued to occur at short intervals, and those of us who went down into the lower town saw upon

all sides, in fallen roofs, and leaning chimney-stacks, and streets encumbered with bricks, plaster, and other *débris*, both a measure of what we had ourselves escaped, and a heart-sickening hint of the far greater horrors of Castel Vittoria, Bajardo, and Diano Marina.

The lunch-table was laid that day upon the broad gravel walk behind the mansion; and the repast was a light one, for the cook and all the waiters, except one, were found to be deeply demoralized. Nobody had much appetite, however, not even those whose principles did not require them to *faire maigre*, and conversation kept strictly to the theme which was destined to absorb it for three entire weeks.

Only old Mrs. MacAlpine attempted a diversion. "I find it excessively draughty and uncomfortable here," she said. "I shall go, at all hazards, to my own room, where you" — to the one sane waiter — "may presently bring me an egg which has been boiled for three minutes and a half precisely." She then rose with real majesty, and, supported by her daughter and Captain von Geierstein, went in-doors, and did not reappear at dinner. She would scarcely have found that repast more cozy than our first *al fresco* meal; for not only were all the doors thrown wide to facilitate egress, but, by the special desire of one of the elder ladies, a window also was left ajar. "For," she explained, with much vivacity, to all who had ears to hear, "our room being on the ground floor, I have been practicing at getting out by the window, — with my husband's assistance, of course, — and I have acquired so much agility that now, in case of another, I should not dream of escaping in any other way."

"I observed her practicing," said gentle-voiced Miss Rivington to her neighbor. "She is more agile than graceful."

Miss Rivington was a sensitive little lady of fifty, who softly averred that her nerves were hopelessly upset, but who

had replied to a friend who knocked wildly at her door in the excitement of the morning, and adjured her to make haste, "My dear, I am not dressed."

On that Wednesday night, however, even Miss Rivington was persuaded to forego the privacy of her own room, nor was it thought wise for any one to sleep on the second and third floors. As the transparent shades of the beautiful spring-like evening began silently to fall, Captain von Geierstein busied himself about organizing a sort of bivouac in the salon and lower corridors. It was droll to see how clearly he recognized his theoretic responsibilities as a squire of dames, and how naively he sought to reconcile these with a careful provision for his own personal safety. "We shall keep what you call *wacht* in turn — each two hour — I and the other *messieurs*. You, ladies, will couch yourself — on mattress, *fauteuil*, *canapé* — where you will. You sleep, all, so sweet! Then when comes the first *leetle*, *leetle*" — he illustrated by an expressive movement of both hands — "we call you quick, and we all go together out — *nicht wahr?*" He was a good creature, with honest, light blue eyes and elaborate manners. All were not as deeply prepossessed in his favor as Miss MacAlpine, whose masterful mamma required her close attendance in their first-floor salon, but who looked in from time to time, eyeing our simple arrangements for the night a little wistfully. But all were well disposed toward the chivalrous captain, and even the two Alsatian ladies struggled conscientiously against their deep-seated sense of national antagonism.

"Also — you are all right," the captain said, finding us all installed after a fashion, when he began his round at about eleven. "Have no fear, ladies! I have no fear! My room was very bad hurt — *wissen sie?* — a what you call *spring* all round the wall. Perhaps I have more fear as any one then," he ob-

served meditatively, "but now, nothing! Only we will be *precautious*." And with a click of his heels and a rectangular bow, he disappeared.

"He means well," murmured Miss Rivington, "but he appears to me nervous."

"It is only the English who are truly brave at such times," whispered an invalid Yorkshire girl, rising feebly, and slowly gathering her shawl about her. "I am so tired that I must go and lie down on my own bed;" and, supported by Miss Rivington, she left the room. Nobody was base enough to remind her of the antics of Colonel Roberts and his party. We all, I think, pitied and loved her for this pathetic little ebullition of curiously inappropriate patriotism. There was no disputing her own high courage, poor girl,—the gentle serenity with which she sat and coughed, and waited. We were moved almost to tears, some of us, by the thought that the worst possibilities of life were beginning to look indifferent to her, and remote.

The colonel and his staff having early ensconced themselves in the best chairs and in the fore-front of the entrance hall, the salon was abandoned, for the time being, to the French and American ladies, and it presently appeared, by their soft and regular breathing, that the former had fallen quietly asleep.

When we had all been fully awakened, about an hour later, by one of the heaviest of the small shocks experienced that night, we took occasion to congratulate them on their *sang froid*.

"Oh," said Madame la Comtesse, with her steadfast smile, "*nous y sommes tellement habitués*. We spent so many nights like this in Strasbourg, fifteen years ago! In the salon, if the bombardment were light; in the cellars, if it were heavy." Then she and *mademoiselle* began to confide in their measured and polished tones, resolutely subdued, moreover, that the captain might not overhear, a whole world of poignant

memories of the war and the siege and the German occupation. They spoke of Alsace, as it was, and as it is, with a thrilling intensity of patriotic passion and grief; of the arch-usurper and tyrant at Berlin in words that were like coals of fire; and their curt prophecies concerning the result of the elections then going on were curiously verified on the morrow.

"*Ah, voila!*" said madame, cutting her tale suddenly short, and drawing a somewhat deeper breath as another prolonged shiver ran through the house, making glass rattle and plaster fall; and the next moment there arose a great hubbub in the hall, the huge outer door opened and then shut violently, and the American and the German reappeared among us.

"They're all gone out to sleep under the olives," observed our countryman laconically.

"Whom do you mean?" inquired his pretty little wife, who had just soothed off to sleep again two babies, lying side by side on a mattress in the smoking-room.

"Colonel Roberts and family, the honeymooners, the marchioness, and Miss Bangs."

"*Eh bien*," observed Madame la Comtesse archly, "*pour des gens qui n'ont jamais peur*"—and she completed her sentence by an expressive little *moue*.

"It strikes me," pursued the American, "that it takes a lot more courage to go out than to stay in. I have n't any particular *use* for these earthquakes, if you'll excuse the slang; but there's no doubt whatever about the rheumatism that awaits one out there."

So we chatted or dozed the time away, till the stars faded, and the great dawn came again rosy and clear.

The party who had taken refuge under the olives looked cold when they came in, and were undeniably sulky. They took their coffee—welcome cof-

fee! — in a corner by themselves, and discussed in undertones the feasibility of various routes to widely distant points of probable safety.

Very soon the particulars began to come in of the stampede from Nice and the heart-rending disasters along the lower coast. Captain von Geierstein scouted untiringly for information, which he retailed with much gusto in his own distinctly precious polyglot.

"At Nizza it was panic! *Toll!* mad! They rush from their beds and from the *bal masqué*. Likewise many red devils. But harm? Notting, notting! Only two wives of the good people killed, and a countess *blessed*."

Happily, even this brief list of casualties was afterwards reduced one half, one poor schoolmistress remaining the only victim, while the "blessed" countess enjoyed an almost solitary distinction.

That night Colonel Roberts ordered mattresses laid in the corridor for himself and his party, as soon as dinner was over. The rest of us went, with what confidence we could command, to our beds, and on the Friday morning descended, to find the hall heaped high with luggage, and the colonel and the bridegroom paying their bills.

The former approached us with a rather unsuccessful resumption of his old stately bow. "We're going, you see! I should not have minded for myself, but I have to be careful of my wife, who has lately had brain fever." He held out his hand in farewell, and as he turned away the bridegroom joined us. "We are leaving to-day," he murmured. "We don't yet know quite where we shall go, but I must be off, for I can't allow my wife to get over-excited. She had a brain fever last year." And he too made his adieux.

Miss Bangs and her mother next appeared. "And do you go also?" we asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the Amazon cheer-

fully. "What would be the use of staying? Mamma thinks I ought to sleep in the room with her, and I can't do that, you know. I get such an awful funk directly I go up-stairs."

We watched the seceders drive away, and when they were hidden from view by one of the sharp turns of the avenue an Englishwoman spoke: —

"I am glad to see the last of them! I was never so humiliated in my life."

"The colonel has certainly shown the white feather," some one admitted.

"From first to last! When," said Miss Rivington, her refined and slightly tremulous tones making themselves well heard, "I went up to my room last night, I gave one look down the corridor, and the men were all installed on the *outside*, I mean nearest the exit. I said to myself then that if any fresh alarm occurred, I would certainly wait until the colonel was out of the house."

"But now," said the sprightly lady who had made herself so proficient in gymnastic exercises, "now that Etna is in eruption, we may surely consider ourselves safe, — don't you think so?"

She had appealed to our compatriot, who answered slowly, in his mildest voice, "I don't know much about it, madam, — hardly more than the *savans*. But my impression would be, to judge by the force liberated, that it would require an Etna every ten miles along the coast, like a line of chimneys, to afford any sensible relief."

On the Friday morning, also, there arrived among us a young Englishman who had come through direct from London, undeterred by the first wild telegrams. He gave a dramatic account of the distracted flock of fugitives from Nice, whom he had met at the Paris station.

"And is it true," inquired the sprightly lady, "that they escaped — some of them — just as they were, you know, without *hats* or *bonnets*?"

"I would not undertake to describe

the costumes I saw," replied the newcomer, unable to repress a chuckle at the remembrance, "but, in a general way, you may believe everything you hear. The officials," he added, "appeared to respect me immensely for my pluck in coming this way. They told me how next to impossible it had been to provide places for all that rabble. 'And Paris does not content them, monsieur,' they said, 'ces gens effarés; ils soupirent après Londres!'"

By this time, too, the High Church ladies were beginning to busy themselves about deeds of mercy among the sufferers, many of whom, for all we were held to have gotten off so easily at Bordighera, were found in our immediate neighborhood. All honor to these prompt and practical zealots, and a tender indulgence for their lightest fad henceforth! "The root of the matter," in the terse old Bible phrase, is assuredly "in them." They are instantly at home in scenes of danger and calamity; the first to devise relief for suffering, the last to quit the scene of it; acknowledging and obeying without hesitation some very special and imperious call to the succor of the distressed. They gave their money freely, — those who had it. They gave themselves without any stint. Food and shelter were, of course, the first requisites for the affrighted remnant of the population, in the gray little mountain towns beyond San Remo, four or five of which had been virtually destroyed. But it soon appeared that they needed clothing also, and who so cold and skeptical as not to lend a hand and a needle, when our ladies came in, laden with unsewn garments of every shape and size and hue?

We were all glad of this new occupation. It helped to divert our minds and steady our nerves, still kept uncomfortably ajar by the slight supplementary *seosse* that gambled along the earth's crust at brief intervals for many succeeding days. Our charity, if it deserve

the name, was emphatically of the kind which begins at home, and is at least an incontestable benefit to the would-be charitable.

A word in passing concerning those after-shocks which are, I believe, an un-failing consequence or concomitant of such an upheaval as that of February 23d. They were insignificant enough, individually, but they ended, as I have said, by becoming very wearing to the nerves, — particularly the nocturnal ones. To lie awake and wait for them was weariful in the extreme; to be roused from slumber by them was even worse, reviving, as they did, for one moment, all the emotions of the first frightful onset. There is a comfortable theory abroad that these light supplementary shocks are altogether salutary; indicating a sort of settlement into place of rudely disturbed particles, and showing that the agitated earth is recovering her equilibrium. Possibly it is so, but the immediate effect of these terrestrial *ague-fits* is to undermine yet further one's already shaken faith in the *rerum natura*.

Moreover, these gentle shocks are of many different kinds, and there were some of us who quite became *connoisseurs* therein, and learned to draw very nice distinctions. Often the effect was as if the rocky foundations of our dwelling had received one sharp blow from a sort of Thor's hammer, which set the window-panes rattling for an instant, and then was over. At other times we could distinctly hear something like a faint echo of the first ferocious subterranean growl, and we experienced a peculiarly sickening sensation of circular motion, as if some liquid mass, leagues under our feet, were being slowly stirred.

But to return to our philanthropic dress-making. However busy our fingers might be, no power, it appeared, was competent to divert conversation from the one inevitably harrowing theme. Some lady proposed that every

one who pronounced the word "shock" should be fined a big sou, — she probably called it a penny, — for the benefit of the sufferers. Another suggested that one of the gentlemen might read aloud to us while we stitched, and she ventured to add a plea for something light and entertaining.

"Ah," said another, whose nationality I will not name, "what a pity that I threw away the book I was reading in the train the day I came! It was very amusing, — very amusing indeed, you know. It was by one of those droll Americans whom everybody reads just now. It was about two ladies who were cast away upon an island: Mrs. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde, I think, were their names."

The Alsatienues were not so ready with their needles as even the high-born dames of Anglo-Saxon descent; but they were lavish of a peculiarly warm and tactful personal sympathy for the sufferers. With them — for they were brave walkers — we visited, during the week, almost all the little hillside villages within a radius of five or six miles. We saw with our own eyes the mischief which one mysterious minute had wrought, and we talked much with the country people. They are a lovable folk, these Ligurians, — honest and simple, and often extremely intelligent, with mild and affable manners. They were very glad to see us, and to compare experiences with the *forestiere*.

That the scourge which had visited us all was no new thing, in these parts, was abundantly proved by the very structure of the villages. The dark stone houses were braced one against another, as every traveler has seen them across the narrow streets of San Remo, by constructions like the arches of a flying buttress. The ways corresponding to streets were often entirely overarched with stone. Only the little piazza where the church held the heart of the town was fully open to the sky.

All the people were still camping out-of-doors, and smilingly pointed out their tents and mattresses and bright-hued bed-coverings under the olives, and their more or less ingenious contrivances for protection against the night air. They were invariably collected and cheerful. Nobody begged of us, on the score of the disaster, like some few of the professionals in the lower town. Happily, there were none dead and few seriously wounded in the little hill-hamlets nearest Bordighera, and the greater number even of the rent and damaged houses were believed to be capable of repair. But it seemed, the people said, better to run no risk, until the commissioners had come and inspected them. It had been terrible indeed, but ah, how much more terrible elsewhere! (God rest the souls of the dead!) And it was *incommodo*, doubtless, to be sleeping out-of-doors. "Ma — ci vuol pazienza!"

The everlasting old Italian refrain had a certain sublimity, as we heard it here from the lips of these brave peasants, and thought of the scenes which had been enacted by their so-called betters elsewhere. It seemed as though these hill-folk, in their simplicity and isolation, had laid hold of the one sound and satisfying philosophy of life; accepting their earthly lot humbly, yet in no wise mournfully, as a school of suffering where each must learn his lesson and bear his part, and where the temporary ease of one must needs be purchased by the redoubled anguish of another.

We found the same fine temper and unaffected resignation among the people upon the saddest of all our roving days, when we ascended a valley half-way between Bordighera and San Remo. Many an opulent and lazy traveler by the old Corniche road must, I think, remember La Colla, to which a cardinal who loved his obscure birthplace once bequeathed a gallery of valuable paintings; a peculiarly hoary old village, encircling one

of the steepest heights above Ospedaletti like a sort of mural crown. The gorge commanded by La Colla possesses a climate of its own, far softer than that of Bordighera; and we mounted by an easy mule-path, between lemon-plantations laden with fruit and peach-orchards in the full perfection of their blushing bloom. A clear little mountain stream dashed down, from ledge to ledge, to meet us, and from the ancient single-arched bridges that spanned it, from turn to turn, we discerned ever broader and broader plains of the peerless Mediterranean. No way could have been fairer or more flattering to the foot, — and it led us to the dead body of a village, violently slain!

Not the inhabitants, thank God! Those dwellers in tents, within sight of their desolated homes, came forth to tell us of the miracle by which their lives had been spared; and indeed it seemed no less; for within the town proper *not a single house* was habitable, and hardly one, we were told on the authority of the commission, was even reparable. A terrible fascination drew us in, and led us on through the entire length of the strange old town. Here we saw, for the first time, the connecting arches above the narrow streets rent asunder, and hanging in rags of masonry from the leaning, bulging walls. The ways were heaped with bricks, mortar, and other rubbish, and we were anxiously admonished to tread softly and speak low. Ten seconds had done the work of ten centuries in La Colla, where, we were afterward informed, the commission shrank even from beginning the work of demolition, lest the whole interlaced mass of ruined and toppling dwellings should come crashing down together.

Of the fate of the cardinal's pictures we heard nothing. The man who had undertaken to guide us about the crumbling town observed quietly that he was ruined. He had had five hundred francs' worth of oil stored in his cellar, for the

olive-harvest of last year was exceptionally rich, and of course it was all gone. "Ma — c'e una Provvidenza!"

"Speriamo!" we answered, and for the moment we could say no more. Our hearts were terribly full. Mine, I know, was crying out wildly and almost angrily to know *why* this had been, and the glorious vision of waters far beneath our feet had but recalled to my memory a fragment of one of Fitzgerald's most despairing quatrains: —

"Earth cannot answer, nor the seas that mourn

In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn."

Equally strong, but far less painful, was the impression which we received upon another day from an old peasant who met us in the very loneliest portion of our long mountain walk. We were well out of the olive-belt on this occasion, and had come where the rough and strangely tilted strata of the rock thrust themselves sharply out above our narrow footway, and the long slopes were beautiful with the warm and velvety green of the Italian pine. He came hurrying down to meet us from the stony little patch of ground that he was tilling, this eager, bright old man. He wished us good-day, and then respectfully signified his strong desire to have a few words with us about the *terremoto*.

He had seen so few human beings in these strange days, and had had so many thoughts! Did we think it was over? But that, he knew, was a foolish question. Only God could tell. Undoubtedly, he thought, it was God who had done it, and we must not tease him to know if it were *finito*. He knew best. Those poor, poor folk who were crushed at Bajardo! Ah, yes; but they had been in the church, which would make all right. He, too, had been at church, he said, at the moment we all remembered so well. It was Mercoledì di Cenere, and he had confessed himself like those others, and they had been taken, and he left. It was very strange, but

God had evidently wished it. So, did we not think, with him, that the thing most needed was *pazienza*? Certainly, he added, there was a man in the town who did not believe that God had done it at all, but simply that something had burst underground. Ah, well, he had not himself been to school, like "*quel Protestante*," but he thought he knew. He did not quite like, perhaps, to see a roof above him, and think of the Bajardo church, but out here, upon the hillside, who could have fear?

He had bared his head, — out of reverence for *us*, — the fresh breeze lifted his whitening hair; he turned his eyes confidingly upward to the unfathomable blue, and we, I think, let ours fall for a moment, and were rather ashamed of our Manicheism.

After all, there had once been a way, in the world, of regarding the dread phenomena of nature (and our poor friends had somehow caught the spirit of it), — a broader and profounder way, it might seem to some, even than that of the Greek; no less keenly cognizant of fact than the Hellenic scheme, but how much richer in transcendent and mystical suggestion!

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

"Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

"Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

"There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of God."

Our friend seemed rather loath to let us go, and waylaid us with benedictions when we came down the mountain. We turned, after our last *addio*, and saw the hale old figure relieved against the luminous azure, and some one spoke of its looking, in the large landscape, so profoundly solitary.

"No, no," said Madame la Comtesse, quickly, "we do not leave him alone. We leave him with God and his thoughts. Il n'est pas trop à plaindre."

Our compatriot met us on our return, and imparted, with a whimsical smile, the baffling intelligence that Etna and Vesuvius were alike quiescent, so that we were forced to think of Enceladus, at least, as tossing unrelieved in the furnace of his pain.

P.

RECALL.

"LOVE me, or I am slain!" I cried, and meant
Bitterly true each word. Nights, morns, slipped by,
Moons, circling suns, yet still alive am I;
But shame to me, if my best time be spent

On this perverse, blind passion! Are we sent
Upon a planet just to mate and die,
A man no more than some pale butterfly
That yields his day to nature's sole intent?

Or is my life but Marguerite's ox-eyed flower,
That I should stand and pluck and fling away,
One after one, the petal of each hour,

Like a love-dreamy girl, and only say,
"Loves me," and "loves me not," and "loves me"? Nay!
Let the man's mind awake to manhood's power.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

NURSERY CLASSICS IN SCHOOL.

THERE is, in many of our cities, a form of charity which touches one by its beauty and by its pathetic suggestion. A Day Nursery provides for those little children who need and want a mother's care. While the mother is absent from home, earning her day's living, her small folk are deposited in the friendly house, where, with their neighbors in poverty, they have warmth, sunshine, food, and the care which make the nursery in all well to-do homes the most sheltered spot in creation. Meanwhile, the pity of it is that harsh necessity separates the mother and child when each needs the other most, and that the companionship which braids spiritual cords stronger than the natural ligament just severed, is brief, hurried, and inadequate. A stranger takes the mother's place, and orphanage becomes a half-normal condition.

A like misfortune, with somewhat fuller compensation, befalls the children not of the poor alone when the toddling age has passed. By means of the kindergarten the period of school life has been pushed back of its old limits, and the forces of our society conspire in a hundred ways to place children early in school, and to keep them there; the poor go scarcely sooner than the rich, but they leave earlier. The organization of education goes on, and, if one dares to say so, the disorganization of the family goes on also. Every year more is exacted of the school. It must teach the hands as well as the head; it must teach the domestic arts, the rudiments of trade, the latter half of the

ten commandments, the sermon on the mount, but not the life behind it. Character must there be formed as well as mental habits; and as for religion, there is the Sunday-school. The notion of what constitutes education has not so much expanded as the notion of the place of education. The school-house is becoming the American temple; it borrows from the church and the family, leaving one dry and the other weakened.

So far has this gone that the school has even begun to assert its authority over the family, and by so doing has conferred an unexpected blessing. After being used to sending the child to school to learn whatever is needed, the parent discovers the school sending the child home to learn extra lessons. It is a question whether the possible injury of overwork is not counterbalanced by the necessity laid on the parent of helping the child, learning its lessons with it, and so once more getting entrance into a domain from which he had voluntarily shut himself out. It is not the worst thing that can happen to a father or mother to be forced into intellectual companionship with their child.

In this increasing monopoly of the child by the school there is a loss also of tradition. In games, to be sure, it still holds. In spite of all the Boys' Own Books and American Girls' Books, and the like, children still learn from each other, and know marble time and kite time without reference to the almanac. But books supersede tradition in literature, and from the brothers Grimm to the present industry of folk-

lore societies the constant cry is to save the stories of the people before they have died out of memory. Thus the only tradition which children have, for the most part, is that which concerns the family. They learn from the lips of their parents and grandparents what adventures fell within the narrow range of their personal experience, but for all else they are sent to books. It would be a curious inquiry, but no commission for the purpose is likely to be appointed, how few children to-day know the story of Cinderella as told to them, and how many know it from hearing it read or from reading it themselves.

Since, then, it is to books that we must go for the stories which have grown smooth from being rolled down the ages of Indo-European peoples, and since the school so largely controls the child's mental growth, it follows that if these stories are to remain as a substantial possession of childhood of all sorts in America, they must be conserved by school methods. The Bill of Rights for children has never been formally drawn, but one of its articles is unquestionably the right to enjoy these tales. Not all children have an equal aptitude for appropriating them, but the instances known of those who are absolutely indifferent to the charm of nursery classics at the proper age are so few that they may be pronounced abnormal, or referred to some extremely perverse conditions of nurture. But the right is one which children cannot well assert for themselves, though there have been many instances where the joy has been snatched covertly and in a spirit of independence. It is the business of their guardians, therefore, to see that children are not deprived of this right; and, as already intimated, the present guardians of children in America are teachers, superintendents, school-committees, boards of education, publishing-houses, agents, makers of school-books, and occasionally parents. The teachers have the full-

est control, and the influence diminishes along the line of the remaining forces. It will probably be said, and by none more earnestly than the teachers themselves, that they are bound and hampered by all the other powers, but my observation leads me to think that pretty much all the genuine improvement in educational methods has sprung from the brains and practical work of teachers.

A prime reason for introducing these nursery classics into the early years of school life is in the economy of resources. At present the child passes from the primer to what are known as graded readers. These readers continue through the school course in most cases, and form the body of literature to which children are introduced in school. In the higher grades of these readers there are often classic poems and passages from the works of masters of prose; the proportion of lasting work to ephemeral is small; still it exists, and many children have known bits of real literature only from their readers. But in the lower grades, that is in the first, second, third, and even fourth readers, there is scarcely a piece of genuine literature; the proportion of ephemeral to lasting work is enormous. Yet it is in the years when these grades are read that the great majority of children pass their school life. After the fourth or fifth year of school the number of attendants rapidly diminishes. For the most part, children close their school life with absolutely no introduction to literature. They have learned to read, but they have had nothing to read.

There is a great waste, then, in the present system of reading. Hours, days, and weeks are spent in the dreary droning over books which are as much left behind as the boy's jacket or the girl's pinafore, when outgrown. What child ever remembers the matter-of-fact, trivial, and commonplace incidents and shadowy personages that occupy the pages of its early school readers? Yet merely for

the purpose of training the child in the art of reading, good literature is as serviceable as lean; and since good literature sticks in the memory when lean has faded away, the child that has been given something notable to read, when learning the art, has practiced a true economy, for it has stored a force as well as acquired an art.

What, then, is at the disposal of the teacher and the child, when the primer and the blackboard have done their work? What constitutes the child's natural introduction into that great world of literature, for the sake of which all these labors in mastering twenty-six characters and their combinations have been undertaken? All great literature represents a continual process of selection; the sifting goes on unceasingly, and in the higher grades of school work the principle is unhesitatingly accepted of placing before the pupil the works which are first in rank in their respective classes. The rank has been determined by the accordance of the best minds in all ages, acting upon their generation. Thus Homer, Herodotus, the Tragedians, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Cæsar, Cicero, hold indisputable command, and, whatever excursions may be allowed, these are fixed stations. Precisely in the same way there are certain classics for children which have stood the test of generations of use, and are accepted not as candidates for favor, but as established favorites. The testing still goes on, and in the gradual softening of manners certain rude, not to say brutal features in these classics are either causing the stories containing them to fall into disuse, or are sloughed off in modern versions. The wolf in Little Red Riding Hood has been the mark for the arrows of the maiden's brothers, and Jack the Giant-Killer falls behind in nursery popularity.

These distinctions are to be noted between nursery classics and the major classics, that the former have no inviola-

ble form and no individual authorship. Probably the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey had no fixed form till Homer, or "another man of the same name," determined it; but the stories of the nursery are still in the traditional, fluent period, and probably never will secure a permanent literary shape. Perrault largely determined the specific structure of some of them, and the Grimms came as near as any to fixing others; but later raconteurs have felt under no obligation to preserve the form of words of Perrault and Grimm, or the nameless writers of chap-books, though they have rarely departed widely from the traditional structure of the stories, with the exception of Cruikshank, who had the whim to turn the tales into use as temperance tracts.

The absence of personal authorship is a happy argument in favor of using these stories in the early education of children. It is during the very period when the nursery classics fit into its life that the child is oblivious to the fact of authorship in any story. To it a story is a story, and it is absolutely incurious as to who wrote the story. Only when its interest has begun to take note of some personal relation of author to work does the child need to pass from the realm of the great unknown stories to that of the known, and the transition is fortunately made by a familiarity with Hans Andersen, whose stories belong in general kind to those of unknown authorship, while his own personality steals out to attract and even fascinate the young reader.

The drawback to the use of these nursery classics in the school-room has undoubtedly been in the absence of versions which are intelligible to children of the proper age, reading by themselves. The makers of the graded reading-books have expended all their ingenuity in *grading* the ascent. They have been so concerned about the gradual enlargement of their vocabularies that they

have paid slight attention to the ideas which the words were intended to convey. But just this gradation may be secured through the use of these stories, and it only needs that they should be written out in a form as simple, especially as regards the order of words, as that which obtains in the reading-books of equivalent grade. At present we are met by this difficulty: that these stories in their customary form, while not too hard for a child to understand who hears them read, are too hard for the child to read at the age when they are most enjoyable and fix themselves most securely in the imagination. They ought, we will say, to be read by a child who is in the second and third readers; by the time the child is in the fourth and fifth readers he is ready for more mature forms of literature. Thus they are liable to be lost out of life altogether; they are too difficult when the child could best read them; their attractiveness is lost when the child becomes able to read them.

It must not be forgotten that the school is to many children a harbor of refuge during their early years. From their teachers they hear commands unenforced by blows and unaccompanied by foul words. They get glimpses of a world of order and neatness. For a few hours each day squalor and noise and cruelty are remote and forgotten. To such children the school may also be an admission into a world of beauty, and like Cinderella, in the tale, they may until twelve o'clock strikes, be dancing with the Prince in the palace. But without separation of social states, it may be said of all children in the tender age that their lives need to be enriched and en-

larged, and that it is the gracious office of the imagination to do this. In this plea for the introduction of nursery classics into the school-room, I have assumed that the finest use to which the power of reading can be put is in the enlightenment of the mind, not in its information; and I hold that this use must be steadily kept in view from the first day of school life to the last. There will be many ways by which reading may serve the end of imparting knowledge, but unless the definite end of ennobling the mind through familiarity with the literature of the spirit is recognized in our school curriculum, the finest results of education will be lost. The use of reading is not exhausted when the child has been enabled to read the daily newspaper or the Constitution of the United States. The preparation for citizenship which regards only the education of the understanding will be as inadequate as the resulting conception of national life will be. The education of the spirit through religion has been left with the church and what remains of the higher family life; the education through literature must be taken up by the schools, else a great and irremediable defect will appear in the development of character and spiritual force, and this education must begin at the earliest period with the properest material. The child that has spent the hours devoted to reading, in its primary course, over fables, fairy-tales, folk-tales, and the best of such stories as go to make up the *Gesta Romanorum* and Christian mythology has had a foundation laid for steady progress into the higher air of poetry and all imaginative, creative, and inspiring literature.

H. E. Scudder.

THE SECOND SON.

XIX.

[Continued.]

LILY had gone on towards the lodge, and Roger walked by her in a curious fascination, like that of a dream. He had never expected nor planned to have this interview. He was not even prepared for anything it might lead to. He had never talked to her before in the freedom of complete solitude, with no one near them to interrupt. If he had ever seen her alone, it had been but for a few minutes, with Mrs. Ford always ready to come in. But the effect of finding himself thus with her bewildered rather than encouraged him. He had let the first overflowings of his heart have vent, which might be mere vague compliment, and no more. But her presence in the midst of this stillness, the sensation as if they two were all alone in the world, no one near them, was for the present as much as his mind could take in. He was prepared for nothing more. The silence was so long that at last Lily herself spoke.

"It's very sweet," she said, "to have the park to walk in. It's beautiful in the evenings. There has been a moon, but now it is on the wane, and does not rise till late."

"Is this where you walk always, — not down to the village?"

"The village! — oh, no! What should I do in the village? I have no friends there. It is hard upon a girl when she has got a better education, and cannot move in the class she belongs to, Mr. Roger. They don't like me for that; and they're so different, I don't care for them."

"You can have nothing in common, with them," he said.

"No," assented Lily. "I should like to be with the ladies and gentlemen:

but they would have nothing to say to me."

"You are mistaken, Lily. That is not the case, at least so far as — some are concerned. Women, people say, are jealous. But on the other hand" —

"Oh, yes, Mr. Roger," said Lily, "I know there are gentlemen who are pleased to come and talk. They think it amusing to see me in my father's cottage. But I hope you don't suppose that's what I care for. I think more of myself than that."

"I beg your pardon," he cried, "with all my heart. I hope you don't imagine I could ever mean — Lily, you don't know with what reverence I think of you. I have been among women who are not fit to tie your shoes; and to think of you has kept me from despising my fellow-creatures and growing bitter and hard. You don't know what it does for a man to remember a girl so spotless and sweet as you."

Lily was frightened by the meaning in his voice, the earnestness with which he spoke, and the fine words, finer than anything that had ever been said to her before. And she reflected that to have two brothers making love to her would be very strange, that it would scarcely be right. She hastened her steps a little over the soft undulations of the turf.

"You are too kind, Mr. Roger," she said. "If you knew me better, you would not perhaps think so well of me. I am well enough, but I am not so good as that."

"It is not a question of thinking well or ill," exclaimed Roger, with the strange sensation going through all his being that fate had got hold of him; that the current against which he had been struggling, sometimes so feebly, had at last got the better of him, had swept him off

his feet, and was carrying him away. "I have long ceased to think so far as you are concerned. I can only feel that you have been a new life to me since ever I first saw you. I have fought against it — I will not conceal that from you — and tried hard. Lily, I wonder if you ever thought of me?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Roger," she said tremulously, walking on faster; though in her agitation she kept stumbling as she went. "We all thought you very kind. It has been very good of you, coming to the lodge. It is getting late, and I must hurry home. Perhaps father has got in the other way."

"Lily, stop a moment: kind was not what I meant. Kind! — it is you who must be kind to me, Lily. Don't you really know what I mean?" he asked, touching her arm with his hand. "I want you to be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Roger!" cried Lily, moving suddenly away from him with a voice and gesture of horror. She said to herself in her fright, her heart almost standing still for a moment, then leaping up again in a very frenzy of excitement, that it was like being courted by a brother. Should she tell him? How could she answer him? And she engaged to Stephen! She had never felt so terrified — so overwhelmed, in her life.

"You are frightened," Roger said. "Why are you frightened? Don't think of anything but ourselves, Lily. Be selfish for a moment, if you can be selfish. Everything will come right afterwards for the others, if it is right between you and me."

"For the others?" she repeated, faltering, gazing at him with large and tearful eyes through the dimness of the night.

"Yes, yes," he cried impatiently. "You are thinking of your father and of my father. All that will come right. Lily, you must have known: I have not taken you by surprise. Will you? will

you? My Lily! Words cannot say what is in my heart for you."

"Oh, Mr. Roger," she exclaimed, again putting up her hands between them, "don't, please don't talk so! I must n't listen to you. It makes me feel as if I were — not a proper girl. Mr. Roger, oh, for everybody's sake, go away, go away."

"For everybody's sake?" he said, the moisture coming to his eyes. "Is that what they have put into your dear mind, that you must not listen to me, for everybody's sake? But, my dearest, if I answer for it that nobody shall come to harm, if I tell you that all shall be well? Surely you may trust me that nobody shall come to harm."

She made no reply, but hurried along, stumbling over the inequalities in her path, with her head averted a little and horror in her heart. "Stephen! Stephen!" she said to herself; but she dared not utter his name. What would Stephen think if he heard his brother thus offering her himself and all he had? In the shock of fancied guilt, Lily could not realize what was the offer that was being made. The heir of Melcombe and all that he had! Her brain was not even touched by the magnificence of the conquest. Perhaps she had not yet had time to realize it. She was eager for the shelter of the cottage, eager to get away from him, terrified to betray herself, still more terrified lest he should do or say something that would make Stephen angry: his brother, which was the same as her own brother, — something too horrible to think of! He went on speaking, she scarcely heard what, as he hurried on beside her; begging her to pause, to think; telling her he would wait for his answer, that he saw she was beside herself with fear. "But why? why?" Roger cried. "My sweet Lily, do you think I would risk your father's living? Do you think I would do him harm? If my father even should stand in our way, do you think I would n't

keep *him* from suffering? Hear reason, dearest, hear reason!" He was out of breath, and so was Lily. She only cried, "Oh, Mr. Roger!" as she hastened on.

Mrs. Ford stood at her garden gate looking out for Lily, and saw with wonder and a shock at her heart the figure which accompanied her child, clearly a gentleman, with his white shirt front, otherwise indistinguishable in the night. Her first thought was that some one was insulting Lily.

"I'm here, dear, I'm here; you're all right, you're close at home!" she cried.

"Oh, mother, it's Mr. Roger!" cried Lily in reply; but she did not pause as if her mother's presence reassured her. "Good-night, sir," she said, and ran in. And in the stillness of the place the lover and the mother, facing each other in the dark, could hear her footsteps climbing hurriedly up the narrow, steep staircase till she reached her room, in which sanctuary both sight and sound of her disappeared.

Mrs. Ford and Roger were left standing, confronting one another, and the position was not without its disagreeable side. Mrs. Ford looked at Roger, and her fingers began to fumble with her apron. Fear for her daughter, uneasiness in the presence of her master's son, whom she was so unwilling to offend, took all assurance from her tone. And yet, if any wrong had been done to her child—"Mr. Roger," she said, trembling, "you have given my Lily a fright."

"It appears so. Mrs. Ford, I hope you will stand my friend and bring her to hear reason. It must be Ford and my father she is thinking of. No harm shall come to Ford. I have asked her to be my wife!"

Mrs. Ford gave a shriek which echoed out into the stillness among the trees. "Oh! good Lord!—Mr. Roger!" she cried.

XX.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

There is at once something very exciting and strangely calming in having at last carried out an intention long brooding in the mind. The thrill of the real and actual through all the veins is suddenly met and hushed in the awe of the accomplished. And all the hundred questions which had been distracting the mind,—shall I? shall I not? shall it be now? soon? a lifetime hence? will it be for good? will it be for evil?—all these doubts, uncertainties, peradventures, cease and disappear, leaving a curious vacancy and awe of silence in the soul. No need for them any longer; no room for further debate. Whether it ought to have been now or never, whether it was for good or evil, it is done, done, and never can be undone. Perhaps to the most happy such a crisis is something of a shock, and in the midst of rapture even a regret may breathe, for the time when everything was still wrapped in the mists of uncertainty, everything possible, nothing accomplished. Probably, even in such a matter as a declaration of love, the fact is always less delightful than the imagination. Fancy alone is high fantastical; the imagination which gives us so many of our highest pleasures is exigent. A look, a touch, the inflection of a tone, may offend its overwrought expectations, and reality can never be so wholly sweet as the pictures it has drawn.

Far more than in ordinary cases was this the case with Roger. The melting of modest half-reluctance of which he had dreamed; the shy, sweet wonder of the girl to whom he was opening (how could he help knowing that?) gates as of heaven; the pause of delicate hesitation, doubt, alarm, all of which his love would have so amply cleared away,—these were not what he had encountered. His

suit had been received with an appearance of terror very different from that veiled and tremulous happiness which he had imagined to himself. She had been not shy, not trembling only, but afraid, in a panic of real terror, anxious to escape from him; too much terrified to hear what he had to say. To be sure, he felt himself able to account for this, in a way which exalted and ennobled Lily, since it was her utter unselfishness, her preference of her father's interests and of his, Roger's interests, to her own, her determination to allow no quarrel on her account, no family break-up, no endangerment of others, which had made her receive him so strangely. But yet it had been a disappointment. He had not, indeed, allowed his imagination to dwell on that scene; other questions, far more dark and tragic, had kept him from such lover's dreams; but yet by turns, in the pauses of his anxious thoughts, there had gleamed upon him a sudden picture of how that gentle heart would understand his, of the struggle in Lily's transparent countenance, the spring of delight, the pause of soft alarm. He had seen these things by a side glance. But the picture had not been realized.

This was the first sensation. Then followed others more personal. He had done this thing over which he had hesitated for months, which he had recognized as a revolution in his life, full of terrible, perhaps tragical, consequences. He had foreseen all these, both great and little, from his own banishment from his father's house (which did not seem a very real danger) to the more horrible certainty of the close ties which would be established between him and the Fords, the place they would have a right to in his household, the gamekeeper father, the homely drudge of a woman, who would be brought so near him. All this he put behind his back now with disdain. What he had done he had done, and nothing could undo it. He raised his hand unconsciously as he

hurried across the park, waving all these spectres away. He had accepted them, and their power was gone. He thought of them no more.

A kind of exaltation came into his mind as he went home. To have done it after all was much, to have got out of the region of conflict and doubt. Strange to think that he had been wasting his strength in futile conflicts only this morning; that yesterday he had been struggling in those nets of society which he loathed, and had almost believed of himself that he never would have done this thing, which now it was as certain he must have done as if it had been planned amid all the counsels of the spheres. And who should say it had not been so planned? When the great crises of our life arrive, we are seldom unwilling to recognize that there is something providential in the way they come about; or at least, if we are very advanced and superior, to smile upon the weaker sweet imagination which seems to have some fanciful justification for thinking that Heaven itself might have taken that trouble. For how can there be a greater thing than the bringing together of two human creatures, from whom a greater and a greater life may spring, until the race touches again the spheres? Marriages, the simple say, are made in heaven. They are fit things to be made in heaven: not the marriages "arranged" in society, with so much blood and beauty on the one side, and so much money on the other, or between two great estates which would naturally come together, or for any other horrible devil's reason, not Heaven's; but between two genuine human creatures, man and maid, between the primeval Two, the pair on whom all life is founded and all society. Roger was not, perhaps, a man of poetical thought in general, but the mind which usually thinks in prose will sometimes strike a higher note of poetry in exceptional elevation and excitement than the more

poetically disposed. Then he thought of the fast women, the girls like Geraldine and Amy, and of the contrast between the noisy racket of that unlovely life and the beautiful tranquil existence of the true woman, working all day under a humble, quiet roof, walking in her sweetness among all other sweet and tender influences in the soft May evening, amid the dews and balmy odors of the park. How different, he thought with a certain glorying in his own apparent unsuccess (which he did not believe, would not believe, was real), how still more different would have been the reception of his suit in that other world, the great world, where he was known as an excellent *parti*, the heir to a good estate! There would have been no hesitation about the girl he had chosen; the parents would have accepted him with open arms. Lily's panic was sweet in comparison, — how sweet! To her it was the obstacle that he should be the heir of Melcombe. How different! This thought carried his soul away, floating upon waves of immeasurable content.

He had reached the house before he was aware, going quickly in the abstraction of his mind. It stood solid in the summer dark, a big shadow softly rounded off by the surrounding trees; the great cedar on the lawn like a tower, more substantial even in its blackness of shadow than the human house with its flickers of light at the windows. He came to it upon the garden side, where were the long row of projecting windows. In Nina's, which formed one of the drawing-room bays, there was a light, and he saw her little face appear, suddenly pressed against the glass, peering out at the sound of his footstep on the gravel. A more subdued light, that of his father's shaded lamp, shone from the corresponding window of the library. Did his father rise too at the sound of his step, or was it only his imagination that suggested a stir within? He had passed these lights, and was

making his way round to the door which he could see was open, showing the colored lamp in the hall and a glow of variegated light upon the black oak carvings, when he heard himself sharply called from a little distance beyond. It was the Squire's voice. Roger felt in a moment that all that had gone before was as child's play, and that now the great crisis of his life had come. He went forward slowly, and I will not say that his heart did not beat louder. He was a man fully matured, not one to tremble before a father; and yet there went through him a thrill of something like alarm, — a thrill which did not mean fear, nor any disposition to yield to his father the arbitration of his fate, yet which was a summoning of all his energies to meet a danger which he had foreseen without ever expecting it, and which far sooner than he had supposed was to settle and decide the future tenor of his life.

"Roger, is it you? I might have known. What do you mean, bursting in at the windows and scaring poor little Nina? Nobody shall do that in my house."

"Has Nina said so?" asked Roger sharply. "I came in at no window, sir. When you called me I was making my way to the door."

The Squire paused, and looked at his son as a bull might look, with his head down before charging. "It does n't matter," he said, "door or window. Where have you been, sir? — that's the question. Only a few hours at home, and here's somebody who must receive a visit, who can't be put off, — the first night! Where have you been?"

"Where have I been? Surely I am not a child, sir, to be questioned in that way" —

"No, you're not a child, more's the pity. A child can do no harm but to himself. You — can disgrace your family and everybody belonging to you. Where have you been, sir, to-night?"

"I have been," said Roger, with a strong effort at self-control, "in the park. When you think of it, you will see that a man of my age cannot be asked such questions. Let the night pass, father. If you have anything to ask that I can answer, let it be to-morrow."

"It shall be to-night!" cried the Squire, with foam flying from his lips. "And you shall answer what questions I choose to ask, or else I will know the reason why. In the park? I know where you have been, you poor fool. You have been at the West Lodge!"

"Well, sir: and what then?" said Roger, the blood coursing back upon his heart, all his forces rallying to meet the attack. It subdued his excitement and made him calm. He stood firmly looking in his father's face, which he could scarcely see, except that it was infuriated and red. And there was a moment of silence, — dead silence, — into which the stirrings of the night outside and the movements of the house came strangely.

For a moment Mr. Mitford was speechless with rage and consternation. Then he turned and walked quickly into the house, waving to his son to follow him. "We can't talk here. Come into my room."

The library was a large room lined with books, a miscellaneous collection, abundant but not valuable, in dingy old bindings, which made the walls dark. One lamp, and that a shaded one, stood in a corner on the table where Mr. Mitford read his newspapers. This was the only light visible. The Squire went up to it, and threw himself into his arm-chair. Roger did not sit down. He stood with his hand upon the table, which was in the light, but his face was in shadow. This gave him a slight advantage over his father, who was full in the light.

"You say 'What then?'" said Mr. Mitford, "and you say it mighty coolly, as if it did n't matter. Let's understand each other once for all. It's some

time now since you have set yourself to thwart my plans. I was ready to settle everything for you, to make it easy, — and you had the best of everything waiting for you to pick up. By Jove, you were too well off, — that's all about it. Well, what's come between you and all this? Your mind's changed, and your ways. Once you were all straight, doing very well, though you were always a stubborn one. Now" —

"I am still a stubborn one, I fear," Roger assented, with an attempt at a smile.

"None of your smiling!" cried the Squire. "It's no smiling matter, I can tell you. What's the reason? Confound you, sir," exclaimed the angry father, the foam flying from his lips again, "do you think I don't know what it is? A dressed-up, mincing milliner's girl — a doll with a pretty face — a — a creature! I've seen her, sir, — I've seen her. Ford's daughter, — the keeper! That's what takes you every night from home. And you come back from low company like that to your sister's — and look me in the face" —

"I hope," said Roger, pale and trembling with passion, "I can look any man in the face. And as for my sisters, any one of them, if they were half as good as she of whom you speak" —

The Squire was purple: it was not much wonder, perhaps. And he knew that was a bad thing for a man of a full habit, like himself, and with one big word to relieve his mind he forced himself into a sort of calmness, resuming his seat from which he had started. Losing one's temper does nobody any good. He puffed forth a hot blast of angry breath, which relieved him, and then he assumed what was intended for a polished air of composure.

"Good! I see you have made up your mind. May I ask what course you intend to adopt in respect to this paragon? I suppose you've settled that too?"

"Sir," said Roger, "when a man loves a woman, and she is free to marry him, there can be but one course to adopt, so far as I am aware."

"Oh! so that is it: 'there can be but one course'!" repeated the Squire, with that highly offensive attempt to mimic his son's tone which was habitual to him. Then thundering, "You mean to *marry* the baggage, sir, and bring her to this house, to your mother's place!"

"She was my mother's favorite; she has been trained upon my mother's plan," said Roger, with white lips.

"Your mother's favorite — for a waiting-maid! Trained upon your mother's plan — to cut out aprons and sew them! Is that what you want her for? But let me tell you, sir, that girl shall never sit in your mother's place, — never, if there was not a woman but herself in the world; never, if — What is the use of wasting words? If you mean to make such a disgraceful match, you had better count the cost first, which is — Melcombe in the first place, and your supposed position here. The land shall go to your brother; I withdraw your allowance. Love is a fine thing, isn't it? Go and live upon it, and see how you like it then."

"Father," gasped Roger; he felt it necessary to control his own passion, and caught at the word to remind himself of a bond that could not be ignored.

"It is of no use appealing to me. You think I have been uttering vain threats and have meant nothing; but by Jove, you shall find out the difference. I've not been a pedant," cried the Squire, "nor a prude," — they were the first words that occurred to him. "I've paid your debts, and put up with — many things no father approves of."

"You must think, sir, that you are speaking to Stephen, and not to me."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" thundered the Squire. "I know what I'm saying and who I am speaking to. Stephen may be a fool, but not so great a fool as

you are. He would not throw away his living and his place in the world for any woman. Look here! either you give up this business at once, this very night (I'll pack the whole brood away to-morrow, out of your road), and settle down and marry as you ought, and do your duty by your family, or — good-by!" cried the Squire, angrily, kissing the tips of his fingers, — "good-by! Take your own way; it's to be hoped you'll find it a wise one. As for me, I've nothing more to say."

"Father," exclaimed Roger again. The shock, for it was a shock, calmed him once more. There had been no very cordial relations in the family, perhaps, but never a breach. And his home exercised that charm upon him which an ancestral home does upon most Englishmen. The disinheritor did not strike him as anything real, but the severance had a horrible sound; it daunted him in spite of himself.

"I will listen to no appeal," said the Squire. "You think you can touch my heart by that 'father' of yours. Pshaw! you're not a baby; you know what you're about as well as I do. We're both men, no such wonderful difference. I'll have no false sentiment. Do what I require, or if you take your own way, understand that Melcombe will never be yours. I may settle some trifle on you for charity, but Melcombe" —

"In that case, sir," said Roger, slowly and stiffly, "words are useless, as you say. I can't take your way in what's life or death to me. Melcombe — can — have nothing to do with it so far as I am concerned. It is yours, not mine, to dispose of. And as for charity" — His hand clenched upon the table, showing all the veins; but his face, which was white to the lips, was in the shadow, out of which his voice came tuneless and hard, with pauses to moisten his throat. It stopped at last from that cause, his mouth being parched with agitation and passion, on the word "charity," which,

had he retained the power of expression, would have been full of scathing scorn, but he had lost the power.

The door opened behind them at this crisis, and Edmund came into the room. Edmund had been uneasy all the evening, but his mind went no further than uneasiness. He feared vaguely a quarrel between his father and brother. He feared that Roger, in his excited and uncertain state, would bear no interference, but this was all. He came into the room anxious, but scarcely alarmed, and took no fright from the words he heard. "Charity," — it had ended thus, he thought, amicably, on some mild matter of benevolence on which father and son were agreeing. But this delusion lasted a moment, and no longer.

"Here, Ned," cried the Squire, "you're just in time. Your brother thinks more of your interests than his own. Your name goes down in the will tomorrow in the place of his. Shake hands, old fellow; it's you that are to have Melcombe. You are a bit of a milksop, Ned, but never mind. Shake hands on it, my boy."

"What does this mean?" cried Edmund, hurrying forward into the light. But Roger did not wait for the explanation. He caught his brother's hand as he passed him, and wrung it in his own; then hurried out of the room, leaving the two others, the one at the height of excitement, the other disturbed and wondering, looking strangely into each other's eyes.

XXI.

SUBSTITUTION.

EDMUND and his father stood looking at each other, as Roger's steps died away. They listened with a curious unanimity, though the one was at the height of unreasoning anger, and the other anxious and alarmed, — as people listen to steps that are going away for-

ever. There seemed some spell in the sound. Mr. Mitford was the first to break free from it. He threw himself down in his chair, making it creak and swing. "Well!" he cried, "there's heroics! And now to business. You were surprised, I don't doubt, at what I said just now, Ned. You thought I did n't mean it. You thought, perhaps, I had said it before. There you're wrong. If I said it before, it was but a threat, a crack of the whip, don't you know, over his head. I am in serious earnest now."

"About what, sir?" asked Edmund. "Pardon me if I don't understand."

"You mean you won't understand," retorted the Squire, who spoke with a puff of angry breath between each phrase, panting with anger. "It is too late for that sort of thing now. You had better give me your attention seriously, without any quixotical nonsense. I don't say it is wrong to consider your brother. You've done so as much — more than he or any one had a right to expect; but you're doing no good, and that is a sort of thing that can't go on forever. You had better accept the position, and think a little of yourself now."

"What is it, father? You would not, I am sure, do anything hasty. Roger's not a prudent fellow, and he has a hot temper. If he has done or said anything that offends you, it was in inadvertence, or carelessness, or" —

"I know very well what it was, without any of your glosses. If you mean to say that it was not with any intention of being cut out of my will in consequence, I grant you that. Most likely he does not believe I shall ever be aggravated to the point of cutting him out of my will. What he wants is his own way and my property too. Yes," said Mr. Mitford, with a snort of hot breath, "that is what he intends, — it's simple. But there's a limit to that as to everything else, and I've reached that limit."

I've been coming to it for some time, and he's clenched it to-night. I want to speak of yourself, not Roger. So far as he's concerned, there's not another word to say."

"He can't have *done* anything since he came home — if it's only something foolish he has said" —

"Hold your tongue, Ned! There's not to be another word on that subject, please!" with fierce politeness. Then the Squire added with a snarl, "He's asked Lily Ford to marry him, — or means to do so, — and tells me she was his mother's favorite, and therefore is fit to be put in his mother's place. By Jove!" cried Mr. Mitford, puffing out once more from his nostrils a hot blast, "and the fellow thinks I'm to stand that! It's all quite settled; we may take it quietly; there's nothing more to say. Now comes your turn, Ned. You won't disgrace me in that sort of way, I know. You may sink into a corner and do nothing at all, — that's likely enough, — but you won't disgrace your family. Try and be something more than negative, now you're at the head of it. You're not the man your brother is, though, thank Heaven, you're not the fool he is, either. Why, if you put your best foot foremost — there is no telling — Lizzie Travers might like you as well as Roger. You could but try."

The Squire exhaled a part of his excitement in a harsh laugh. It sounded coarse and unfeeling, but in reality it was neither. It was anger, pain, emotion, the lower elements heightened by something of that irritation of natural affection which makes wrath itself more wrathful. Edmund did not do justice to his father. He was horrified and revolted by the supposed jest, and had he given vent to his feelings he would have made an indignant and angry reply; but the thought that he was Roger's sole helper restrained him. He must neither quarrel with his father, nor even refuse these propositions, however hor-

rible they were to him, for Roger's sake.

"It would be very painful to me," he said gravely, "to be put in my brother's place."

"What, with Lizzie Travers?" cried the Squire, with another laugh. "Take heart, man. Women, as often as not, prefer domestic fellows like you."

Edmund had a hard struggle with himself. He had the sensitiveness of a man whose mind was touched with the preliminaries of love, and in a semi-reverential state to all women; and to hear one name thus tossed about was almost more than he could bear. But there was a great deal at stake, and he mastered himself.

"You might leave me your heir, sir," he said, "but you could not make me the head of the family. After you, Roger is that, though he had not a penny. I am very strong on primogeniture so far as that goes."

"Primogeniture is all humbug," said the Squire. "If it were not that those Radical fellows are so hot against it, — as if it could do anything to them! — I should say myself it was a mistake. Let the father choose the son that suits him to come after him. That's what I say, and that's my case. As for the head of the family, don't you trouble your mind, Ned. The head of the family is the one who has the money. You may take my word for that."

"And yet, sir," said Edmund quietly, "if I were owner of Melcombe to-morrow, and had everything you could give me, I should still be obliged to bear the Mitford arms with a difference, to show I was not the first in descent."

This statement made the Squire turn pale. It will probably not impress the reader very profoundly, unless, indeed, he belongs to an old county family, and knows what such a misfortune is. For a moment it took away Mr. Mitford's breath. He had not thought of that. Roger landless, with full right to the

ancient coat; and Edmund rich and the proprietor of everything, yet bearing a mark of cadency, his younger son's difference! That was a bitter pill. He had not thought of it, and therefore received the blow full on his breast. The first effect it had was to make him more and more angry with his eldest son.

"Confound the fellow!" he cried, with an earnestness of objurcation which was more than wrath. Roger was not only making his father angry, but giving him occasion for serious thought. A mark of cadency! It was an idea for which the Squire was not prepared.

"And if what you foresee should happen," said Edmund, with grave persistency, following out his line of argument without raising his eyes, "if we should marry and leave children behind us, there would be the Mitfords who are the elder branch poor, and the Mitfords who are" —

"Stop that!" cried the Squire; "if it is so, it can't be helped. Do you think I'm going to let myself be balked and all my plans frustrated by a trifle like that? Let them be the elder branch, and much good may it do them! — the children of Lily Ford, my gamekeeper's grandsons! By Jove!" Mr. Mitford felt himself grow purple again, and saw sparks flying before his eyes: and he stopped, for he knew it was not good for him to let excitement go so far. To decide which of his sons should succeed him was one thing; to open the way for him to receive his inheritance at once was very different. He had not the least intention of doing that. "It's quite enough," he said, "for this time that you understand and accept my settlement. I have had enough of it for one night. To-morrow we'll have Pounceford over and settle everything. You can leave me now. Why the deuce did you let the fellow come here?" he exclaimed, with a sudden outburst, as Edmund turned to leave the room.

"You may ask that, sir. It is my

fault. I told him I was coming, which I had no need to do."

"Need! I should as soon have told him to hang himself. And what did *you* want here? Could n't you have stayed in town and kept him straight? What is the good of you, if you can't do a thing like that?" The foam began to fly from the Squire's mouth as the gust of irritation rose. "A younger brother, sir, should have some feeling for the family. He ought to be able to sacrifice a little to keep his brother straight. Good Lord, what is the use of him if it is n't that? And here you come vaporizing to the country for no reason, and tell him you are coming! Tell him! For goodness' sake, why?"

"It was the act of a fool," said Edmund, with bowed head.

"It was worse," cried the Squire. "It was the act of Jacob, he that was the supplanter, don't you know, that took his brother by the heel — it's all in the Bible. It's your fault, and it will be to your advantage: that's the way of the world. Oh, I don't suppose you thought of that, — you're not clever enough; but I should, in your position. I should have seen what people would say. You'll get the land and the lady, while Roger, my poor Roger" — And here the Squire broke down. Who could doubt that to cast off his eldest son was a misery even to this high-tempered and imperious man? Roger was lost to him, — there was no going back upon the decision; but still a man might rage at the things and chances which had turned his son aside from the right way.

"Father, for God's sake, let things be as they are!" cried Edmund. "Do you suppose I would take Roger's inheritance from him? When you think of it you will relent; and I, for my part, could only accept as his trustee, as his representative, to frighten him, since you think proper to do so, but to restore" —

The Squire looked up, suddenly

brought to himself by this unguarded speech. His momentary emotion had blown off, and the watchfulness of the man determined to have his own way, and to permit no one to interfere, started up in full force. "Oh!" he said, "so that's it. Your compliance seemed a little too gracious. You're not so ready to humor me in a usual way. So that's it! I might have known there was something underhand."

Anger flamed up on Edmund's cheek; but he restrained himself once more. If he let himself go and joined Roger in his banishment, who would there be to make any stand for the disinherited? Stephen? He did not trust Stephen. He said gravely, "I do not suppose you mean, in this respect at least, what you say. I have never, that I know of, done anything underhand."

"Well, perhaps that was strong," said the Squire. "I don't know that you have, Ned; but I'll have nothing of the kind here. I hope Pounceford knows his business. If you're to be my heir, you shall be so, not merely a screen for Roger. Go away now. I'm excited, which, if I had any sense, I should n't be. One lets one's self get excited over one's children, who don't care two straws what happens to one. That is the truth. You are interested about your brother, but as for me, who have brought you up and cared for you all your life" —

The Squire's voice took a pathetic tone. He really felt a little emotion, and he was not in the way of using histrionic methods: but yet everybody does this at one time or another, and he was not unwilling to make his son believe that he felt it a great deal.

And Edmund was aware of both phases. He knew that his father was not without heart. He was even sorry for him in the present complication of affairs: but it went against him to fall into the pathos which was suggested, and make any pretty speech about Mr. Mit-

ford's devotion to his children and the manner in which they repaid it. He stood still for a moment, silent, making no response, feeling to himself like an impersonation of the undutiful and ungrateful. What could he say? Nothing that would not be at least partially fictitious, as had been the appeal.

"I think I will take myself off, sir," he said, "as you tell me. To-morrow we shall all know better, perhaps, what we are about. I am very much taken by surprise. I never for a moment supposed that, in earnest, you meant to disinherit your eldest son."

"You thought I meant it in jest, then?" said the Squire. "It's a nice thing to joke about, is n't it, a man's eldest son? Well, go. I have had about enough of this confounded business for one night."

He felt that his effort had failed, and he was vexed to think that his voice had trembled, and that he had really been touched by his own fatherly devotion, and in vain; but that soon went out of his head when his son had left him, and he sat alone surveying all the circumstances at his leisure in the quiet which solitude gives. He leaned his head upon his hands, and stared at the light, which came with so much additional force from under the shade of the lamp. He was not a happy father, it was true. His children had gone against him, — Roger violently, Edmund with a silent disapproval which was very trying to bear, Stephen with the careless insolence of a young man who knows the world much better than his father does. Even the girls paid no attention to his wishes. The elder ones were fast young women about town, which was a thing he detested; and Nina was a little gossip, no better than a waiting-maid at home. These things all came to the Squire's mind in this moment which he passed alone. He had done a great deal for them all, especially for the boys, and this was how they repaid him. He pro-

tested in his own mind against it all, — against their indifference, their carelessness, their superiority to his opinion. That was what a man got for taking a little trouble, for trying to make a home for his family, for giving up all pleasure outside of his own house. It was rather a fine, disinterested, noble-minded picture he made of himself. It looked very well, he thought unconsciously. He might have married again; he might have spent his time at race meetings, or gone into society, or amused himself in a great many ways; but instead he had lived at home, and brought up his children, and devoted himself to them. It was a fine thing to have done. He had been comparatively young when their mother died, and she, poor thing, had gone early. But he had never given her a successor, as he might have done; he had never abandoned her children: and this was how they rewarded him, — to propose to put Lily Ford in their mother's place; to pretend to accept his favor in order to give it back to Roger, whom it was his intention to disinherit; to go against him, cross him, show how little they cared for him in every way!

Mr. Mitford was not softened by his reflections; after that touch of pathos and admiring self-pity, he worked himself up into anger again. They might think to get the better of him, but they should not. They were all in his power, whatever they might think. He was not bound to give them a farthing, any one of them. He might marry again, for that matter, and have heirs who would be perfectly docile, who would never set up their will against his. By Jove! and that was what he would do, if they did not mind. Who could say that even Lizzie Travers herself might not think a man of sixty-five, hale and hearty, a man who knew the world, as good as any one of the young fellows that did not know a fine woman when

they saw her? She was not in her first youth, after all, — not what you could call a girl. She was twenty-five. The Squire said to himself that he might do a great deal worse, and that she might do a great deal worse. This gleamed across his mind for a moment with a triumphant sense of the universal discomfiture which he might thus create all around. But, to do him justice, it was not such a suggestion as found natural root in his mind; and presently he returned to the practical question. To disinherit Roger, yet leave the next heir free to reinstate him, was, of course, out of the question. The Squire drew his blotting-book towards him, and began to write out his instructions to Pounceford. He was not at any time a bad man of business, and the excitement in his mind seemed to clear every faculty. He who had prided himself so on his freedom from all bonds of entail or other restrictions upon his testamentary rights began, with a grim smile upon his face, to invent restrictions for his successor. He tore up several copies of the document before he satisfied himself at last; and as he went on, getting more and more determined that his son should have no will in the matter, the Squire finally decided upon conditions by which Edmund was to be tied up harder than any tenant for life had ever been before him, with the most minute stipulations as to who was to succeed him, — his own children first, then Stephen and his children, then the girls, — not a loophole left for Roger, nor for any arrangement with Roger. The Squire perhaps saw the humor of this, when he read the paper over and shut it into his drawer before going to bed; for there was a smile upon his face. Nevertheless, he breathed out a long breath as he lighted his candle, and said to himself, "He'll never be such a confounded fool," as he went upstairs to his own room through the silence of the sleeping house.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

A CAGED BIRD.

HIGH at the window in her cage
The old canary flits and sings,
Nor sees across the curtain pass
The shadow of a swallow's wings.

A poor deceit and copy, this,
Of larger lives that mark their span,
Unreckoning of wider worlds
Or gifts that Heaven keeps for man.

She gathers piteous bits and shreds,
This solitary, mateless thing,
To patient build again the nest
So rudely scattered spring by spring ;

And sings her brief, unlistened songs,
Her dreams of bird life wild and free,
Yet never beats her prison bars
At sound of song from bush or tree.

But in my busiest hours I pause,
Held by a sense of urgent speech,
Bewildered by that spark-like soul,
Able my very soul to reach.

She will be heard ; she chirps me loud,
When I forget those gravest cares,
Her small provision to supply,
Clear water or her seedsman's wares.

She begs me now for that chief joy
The round great world is made to grow, —
Her wisp of greenness. Hear her chide,
Because my answering thought is slow !

What can my life seem like to her ?
A dull, unpunctual service mine ;
Stupid before her eager call,
Her flitting steps, her insight fine.

To open wide thy prison door,
Poor friend, would give thee to thy foes ;
And yet a plaintive note I hear,
As if to tell how slowly goes

The time of thy long prisoning.
Bird ! does some promise keep thee sane ?

Will there be better days for thee?
Will thy soul too know life again?

Ah, none of us have more than this:
If one true friend green leaves can reach
From out some fairer, wider place,
And understand our wistful speech!

Sarah Orne Jewett.

COMPLETED WORK OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

IN the grants to the federal government of powers hitherto reserved to the several States, the diversity of opinion among the members of the convention was but slight compared to the profound antagonism which had been allayed by the three initial compromises. It was admitted, as a matter of course, that the federal government alone could coin money, fix the standard of weights and measures, establish post-offices and post-roads, and grant patents and copyrights. To it alone was naturally entrusted the whole business of war and of international relations. It could define and punish felonies committed on the high seas; it could maintain a navy and issue letters of marque and reprisal; it could support an army and provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrections, and to repel invasions. But in relation to this question of the army and the militia there was some characteristic discussion. It was at first proposed that Congress should have the power "to subdue a rebellion in any State on the application of its legislature." The Shays Rebellion was then fresh in the memory of all the delegates, and their arguments simply reflected the impression which that unfortunate affair had left upon them. Charles Pinckney, Gouverneur Morris, and John Langdon wished to have the power given to Congress unconditionally, without waiting for an application from

the legislature. But Gerry, who had been on the ground, spoke sturdily against such a needless infraction of state rights. He was utterly opposed, he said, to "letting loose the myrmidons of the United States on a State without its own consent. The States will be the best judges in such cases. More blood would have been spilt in Massachusetts in the late insurrection if the general authority had intermeddled." Ellsworth suggested that Congress should use its discretion only in cases where the legislature of the State could not meet; but Randolph forcibly replied that if Congress is to judge whether a state legislature can or cannot meet, the difficulty is in no wise surmounted. Gerry's view at last prevailed, and in accordance therewith it was decided that the federal power should guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and should protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (if the legislature could not be convened), it should protect them against domestic violence. This arrangement did not fully provide against such an emergency as that of rival and hostile executives in the same State, as under the so-called "carpet-bag" governments which followed after the War of Secession, but it was doubtless as sound a provision as any general constitution could make.

The federal government was further

empowered to borrow money on the credit of the United States; and it was declared that all debts contracted and engagements entered into before the adoption of this constitution should be as valid against the United States under this constitution as under the confederation. There was to be no repudiation or readjustment of debts on the ground of inability to pay. Congress was further empowered to establish a uniform rule of naturalization and a uniform law of bankruptcy. But it was prohibited from passing bills of attainder or *ex post facto* laws, or suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, except under the stress of rebellion or invasion. It was provided that all duties, imposts, or excises should be uniform throughout the United States. The federal government could not give preference to one State over another in its commercial regulations. It could not tax exports. It could not draw money from the treasury save by due process of appropriation, and all bills relating to the raising of revenue must originate in the lower house, which directly represented the people. Congress was empowered to admit new States into the Union, but it was not allowed to interfere with the territorial areas of States already existing without the express consent of the local legislatures. To insure the independence of the federal government, it was provided that Senators and Representatives should be paid out of the federal treasury, and not by their respective States, as had been the case under the confederation. Except for such offenses as treason, felony, or breach of the peace, they should be "privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to or returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house" they were not to be "questioned in any other place." It was further provided that a territory not exceeding ten miles square should be ceded to the United States, and set apart as the site of a fed-

eral city, in which the general government should ever after hold its meetings, erect its buildings, and exercise exclusive jurisdiction. During the past four years the Continental Congress had skipped about from Philadelphia to Princeton, to Annapolis, to Trenton, to New York, until it had become a laughing-stock, and the newspapers were full of squibs about it. Verily, said one facetious editor, the Lord shall make this government like unto a wheel, and keep it rolling back and forth betwixt Dan and Beersheba, and grant it no rest this side of Jordan. This inconvenience was now to be remedied. Congress was hereafter to have a federal police force at its disposal, and was never more to be reduced to the humiliation of a fruitless appeal to the protecting arm of a state government, as at Philadelphia in the summer of 1783. Furthermore, the Continental Congress had of late years commanded so little respect, and had offered so few temptations to able men in quest of political distinction, that its meetings were often attended by no more than eight or ten members. It was actually on the point of dying a natural death through sheer lack of public interest in it. To prevent any possible continuance of such a disgraceful state of things, it was agreed that the Federal Congress should be "authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each house may provide." Had the political life of the country continued to go on as under the confederation, it is very doubtful whether such a provision as this would have remedied the evil. But the new Federal Congress, drawing its life directly from the people, was destined to afford far greater opportunities for a political career than were afforded by the feeble body of delegates which preceded it; and a penal clause, compelling members to attend its meetings, was hardly needed under the new circumstances which arose.

While the powers of the federal government were thus carefully defined, at the same time several powers were expressly denied to the States. No State was allowed, without explicit authority from Congress, to lay any tonnage or custom-house duties, "keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delays." The following clause provided against a recurrence of some of the worst evils which had been felt under the "league of friendship:" "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility." Henceforth there was to be no repetition of such disgraceful scenes as had lately been witnessed in Rhode Island. So far as the state legislatures were concerned, paper money was to be ruled out forever. But how was it with the federal government? By the articles of confederation the United States were allowed to issue bills of credit, and make them a tender in payment of debts. In the Federal Convention the committee of detail suggested that this permission might remain under the new constitution; but the suggestion was almost unanimously condemned. All the ablest men in the convention spoke emphatically against it. Gouverneur Morris urged that the federal government, no less than the state governments, should be expressly prohibited from issuing bills of credit, or in any wise making its promissory notes a legal tender. He went over the history of the past ten years; he called attention to the obstinacy with which the wretched device had been resorted to again and again, after its evils

had been thrust before everybody's eyes; and he proved himself a true prophet when he said that if the United States should ever again have a great war to conduct, people would have forgotten all about these things, and would call for fresh issues of inconvertible paper, with similar disastrous results. Now was the time to stop it once for all. "Yes," echoed Roger Sherman, "this is the favorable crisis for crushing paper money." "This is the time," said his colleague, Ellsworth, "to shut and bar the door against paper money, which can in no case be necessary. Give the government credit, and other resources will offer. The power may do harm, never good." There was no way, he added, in which powerful friends could so soon be gained for the new constitution as by withholding this power from the government. James Wilson took the same view. "It will have the most salutary influence on the credit of the United States," said he, "to remove the possibility of paper money." "Rather than grant the power to Congress," said John Langdon, "I would reject the whole plan." "The words which grant this power," said George Read, of Delaware, "if not struck out, will be as alarming as the mark of the Beast, in the Apocalypse." On none of the subjects that came up for discussion during that summer was the convention more nearly unanimous than in its condemnation of paper money. The only delegate who ventured to speak in its favor was Mercer, of Maryland. What Hamilton would have said, if he had been present that day, we may judge from his vigorous words published some time before. The power to emit an inconvertible paper as a sign of value ought never hereafter to be used; for in its very nature, said he, it is "pregnant with abuses, and liable to be made the engine of imposition and fraud, holding out temptations equally pernicious to the integrity of government and to the morals of the

people." Paterson called it "sanctifying iniquity by law." The same views were entertained by Washington and Madison. There were a few delegates, however, who thought it unsafe to fetter Congress absolutely. To use Luther Martin's expression, they did not set themselves up to be "wise beyond every event." George Mason said he "had a mortal hatred to paper money, yet, as he could not foresee all emergencies, he was unwilling to tie the hands of the legislature. The late war," he thought, "could not have been carried on had such a prohibition existed." Randolph spoke to the same effect. It was finally decided, by the vote of nine States against New Jersey and Maryland, that the power to issue inconvertible paper should not be granted to the federal government. An express prohibition, such as had been adopted for the separate States, was thought unnecessary. It was supposed that it was enough to withhold the power, since the federal government would not venture to exercise it unless expressly permitted in the Constitution. "Thus," says Madison, in his narrative of the proceedings, "the pretext for a paper currency, and particularly for making the bills a tender, either for public or private debts, was cut off." Nothing could be more clearly expressed than this. As Mr. Justice Field observes, in his able dissenting opinion in the recent case of *Juilliard vs. Greenman*, "if there be anything in the history of the Constitution which can be established with moral certainty, it is that the framers of that instrument intended to prohibit the issue of legal-tender notes both by the general government and by the States, and thus prevent interference with the contracts of private parties." Such has been the opinion of our ablest constitutional jurists, Marshall, Webster, Story, Curtis, and Nelson. There can be little doubt that, according to all sound principles of interpretation, the Legal Tender Act of 1862 was

passed in flagrant violation of the Constitution. Could Ellsworth and Morris, Langdon and Madison, have foreseen the possibility of such extraordinary judgments as have lately emanated from the Supreme Court of the United States, they would doubtless have insisted upon the express prohibition, instead of leaving it to posterity to root out the plague, as it will apparently some time have to do, by the cumbrous process of an amendment to the Constitution.

The work of the convention, as thus far considered, related to the legislative department of the new government. While these discussions were going on, much attention had been paid, from time to time, to the characteristics of the proposed federal executive. The debates on this question, though long kept up, were far less acrimonious than the debates on representation and the power of Congress over trade, because here there was no obvious clashing of local interests. But for this very reason the convention had no longer so clear a chart to steer by. On the question of the slave-trade, the Pinckneys knew accurately just what South Carolina wanted, how much it would do to claim, and how far it would be necessary to yield. As to the regulation of commerce by a bare majority of votes in Congress, King and Sherman on the one hand, Mason and Randolph on the other, were able to pursue a thoroughly definite course of action in behalf of what were supposed to be the special interests of New England or of Virginia. Consequently, the debates kept close to the point; the controversy was keen, and sometimes, as we have seen, angry. It was very different with the question as to the federal executive. Upon this point the discussions were guided rather by general speculations as to what would be most likely to work well, and accordingly they wandered far and wide. Some of the delegates seemed to think we should sooner or later come to adopt

a hereditary monarchy, and that the chief thing to be done was to postpone the event as long as possible. Many wild ideas were broached: such, for example, as a triple-headed executive, to represent the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, somewhat as associated Roman emperors at times administered affairs in the different portions of an undivided empire. The Virginia plan had not stated whether its proposed executive was to be single or plural, because the Virginia delegates could not agree. Madison wished it to be single, to insure greater efficiency, but to Randolph and Mason a tyranny seemed to lurk in such an arrangement. When James Wilson and Charles Pinckney suggested that the executive power should be entrusted into the hands of one man, a profound silence fell upon the convention. No one spoke for several minutes, until Washington, from the chair, asked if he should put the question. Franklin then got up, and said it was an interesting subject, and he should like to hear what the members had to say; and so the ball was set rolling. Rutledge said there was no need of their being so shy. A man might frankly express his opinions, and afterwards change them if he saw good reason for so doing. For his part, he was in favor of vesting the executive power in a single person, to secure efficiency of administration and concentration of responsibility; but he would not give him the power to declare war and make peace. Sherman then made the far-reaching suggestion that the executive magistracy was really "nothing more than an institution for carrying the will of the legislature into effect; that the person or persons ought to be appointed by and accountable to the legislature only, which was the depository of the supreme will of the society. As they were the best judges of the business which ought to be done by the executive department, . . . he wished the number might not be fixed, but that the legislature should be at liberty to

appoint one or more, as experience might dictate." It would greatly have astonished the convention had they been told that this suggestion of Sherman's was a move in the very same line of development which the British government had been following for more than half a century; yet such, as we shall presently see, was the case. Had this point been understood then as we understand it now, the proceedings of the convention could not have failed to be profoundly affected by it. As it was, the suggestion did not receive due attention, and the stream of discussion was turned into a very different channel. Wilson argued powerfully in favor of a single chief magistrate, and this view finally prevailed. After it had been decided that there should be one man set in so high a position, there was endless discussion as to whether he should be elected by the people or by Congress, and whether he should serve for one, or two, or three, or four, or ten, or fifteen years. "Better call it twenty," said Rufus King, sarcastically; "it is the average reign of princes." Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris would have had him chosen for life, subject to removal for misbehavior; but a short term of service was not long in finding favor. As to the method of election, opinions oscillated back and forth for several weeks. Wilson said "he was almost unwilling to declare the mode which he wished to take place, being apprehensive that it might appear chimerical. He would say, however, at least, that in theory he was for an election by the people. Experience, particularly in New York and Massachusetts, showed that an election of the first magistrate by the people at large was both a convenient and a successful mode. The objects of choice in such cases must be persons whose merits have general notoriety." Mason, Rutledge, and Strong agreed with Sherman that the executive should be chosen by the legislature; but Washington, Madison, Gerry, and Gouverneur Morris

strongly disapproved of this. Morris argued that an election by the national legislature would be the work of intrigue and corruption, like the election of the king of Poland by a diet of nobles; but Mason declared, on the other hand, that "to refer the choice of a proper character for a chief magistrate to the people would be as unnatural as to refer a trial of colors to a blind man." A decision was first reached against an election by Congress, because it was thought that if the chief magistrate should prove himself thoroughly competent he ought to be reëligible; but if reëligible he would be exposed to the temptation of truckling to the most powerful party or cabal in Congress, in order to secure his reelection. It did not occur to any one to suggest that under ordinary circumstances the executive ought to follow the policy of the most powerful party in Congress, and that he might at the same time preserve all needful independence by being clothed with the power of dissolving Congress and making an appeal to the people in a new election. It is interesting to consider what might have come of such a suggestion, following upon the heels of that made by Roger Sherman. As we shall presently see, it would have immeasurably simplified the machinery of our government, besides making the executive what it ought to be, the arm of the legislature, instead of a separate and coördinate power. Upon this point the minds of nearly all the members were so far under the sway of an incorrect theory that such an idea occurred to none of them. It was decided that the chief magistrate ought to be reëligible, and therefore should not be elected by Congress.

An immediate choice by the people, however, did not meet with general favor. To obviate the difficulty, Ellsworth and King suggested the device of an electoral college, in which the electors should be chosen by the state legislatures, and should hold a meeting at the

federal city for the sole purpose of deciding upon a chief magistrate. It was then objected that it would be difficult to find competent men who would be willing to undertake a long journey simply for such a purpose. The objection was felt to be a very grave one, and so the convention returned to the plan of an election by Congress, and again confronted the difficulty of the chief magistrate's intriguing to secure his reelection. Wilson thought to do away with this difficulty by introducing the element of blind chance, as in some of the states of ancient Greece, and choosing the executive by a board of electors taken from Congress by lot; but the suggestion found little support. Dickinson thought it would be well if the people of each State were to choose its best citizen, — in modern parlance, its "favorite son;" then out of these thirteen names a chief magistrate might be chosen, either by Congress or by a special board of electors. At length, on the 26th of July, at the motion of Mason, the convention resolved that there should be a national executive, to consist of a single person, to be chosen by the national legislature for the term of seven years, and to be ineligible for a second term. He was to be styled President of the United States of America.

This decision remained until the very end of August, when the whole question was reopened by a motion of Rutledge that the two houses of Congress, in electing the President, should proceed by "joint ballot." The object of this motion was to prevent either house from exerting a negative on the choice of the other. It was carried in spite of the opposition of some of the smaller States, which might hope to exercise a greater relative influence upon the choice of Presidents, if the Senate were to vote separately. At this point the fears of Gouverneur Morris, that an election by Congress would result in boundless intrigue, were revived; and

in a powerful speech he persuaded the convention to return to the device of the electoral college, which might be made equal in number and similar in composition to the two houses of Congress sitting together. It need not be required of the electors, after all, that they should make a long journey to the seat of the federal government. They might meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for two persons, one of whom must be an inhabitant of a different State. By this provision it was hoped to diminish the chances for extreme sectional partiality. A list of these votes might be sent under seal to the presiding officer of the Senate, to be counted. Should no candidate turn out to have a majority of the votes, the Senate might choose a President from the five highest candidates on the list. The candidate having the next highest number of votes might be declared Vice-President, and preserve the visible continuity of the government in case of the death of the President during his term of office. By these changes the method of electing the President, as finally decided upon, was nearly completed. But Mason, Randolph, Gerry, King, and Wilson were not satisfied with the provision that the Senate might choose the President in case of a failure of choice on the part of the electoral college: they preferred to give this power to the House of Representatives. It was thought that the Senate would be likely to prove an aristocratic body, somewhat removed from the people in its sympathies, and there was a dread of entrusting to it too many important functions. Mason thought that the sway of an aristocracy would be worse than an absolute monarchy; and if the Senate might every now and then elect the President, there would be a risk that the dignity of his office might degenerate, until he should become a mere creature of the Senate. On the other hand, the small States, in order to have an equal voice with the

large ones, in such an emergency as the failure of choice by the electoral college, wished to keep the eventual choice in the hands of the Senate. Among the delegates from the small States, only Langdon and Dickinson at first supported the change, and only New Hampshire voted for it. At length Sherman proposed a compromise, which was carried. It was agreed that the eventual choice should be given to the House of Representatives, and not to the Senate, but that in exercising this function the vote in the House of Representatives should be taken by States. Thus the humors of the delegates from the small States, and of those who dreaded the accumulation of powers into the hands of an oligarchy, were alike gratified. This arrangement was finally adopted by the votes of ten States against Delaware.

But in spite of all the minute and anxious care that was taken in guarding this point, the contingency of an election being thus thrown into the hands of the national legislature was not regarded as likely often to occur. In point of fact, it has hitherto happened only twice in the century, in the elections of 1800 and of 1824. It was recognized that the work would ordinarily be done through the machinery of the electoral college, and that thus the fear of intrigue between the President and Congress, as it had originally been felt by the convention, might be set aside. To make assurance doubly sure, it was provided that "no person shall be appointed an elector who is a member of the legislature of the United States, or who holds any office of profit or trust under the United States." It then appeared that the arguments which had been alleged against the eligibility of the President for a second term had lost their force; and he was accordingly made reëligible while his term of service was reduced from seven years to four.

The scheme had thus arrived substantially at its present shape, except that

the counting of the electoral vote still remained in the hands of the Senate. On the 6th of September this provision was altered, and it was decided that "the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and the House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." The object of this provision was to take the office of counting away from the Senate alone, and give it to Congress as a whole; and while doing so, to guard against the failure of an election through the disagreement of the two houses. The method of counting was not prescribed, for it was thought that it might safely be left to joint rules established by the two houses of Congress themselves, after analogies supplied by the experience of the several state legislatures. The case of double returns, sent in by rival governments in the same State, was not contemplated by the convention; and thus the door was left open for a danger considerably greater than many of those over which the delegates were agitated. It may safely be said, however, that not even the wildest license of interpretation can find any support for the ridiculous doctrine suggested by some persons blinded by political passion in 1877, that the business of counting the votes and deciding upon the validity of returns belongs to the president of the Senate. No such idea was for a moment entertained by the convention. Any such idea is completely negated by their action of the 6th of September. The express purpose of the final arrangement made on that day was to admit the House of Representatives to active participation in the office of determining who should have been elected President. It was expressly declared that this work was too important to be left to the Senate alone. What, then, would the convention have said to the preposterous notion that this work might safely be left to the presiding officer of the Senate? The convention

were keenly alive to any imaginable grant of authority that might enable the Senate to grow into an oligarchy. What would they have said to the proposal to create a monocrat *ad hoc*, an official permanently endowed by virtue of his office with the function of king-maker?

In this connection it is worth our while to observe that in no respect has the actual working of the Constitution departed so far from the intentions of its framers as in the case of their provisions concerning the executive. Against a host of possible dangers they guarded most elaborately, but the dangers and inconveniences against which we have actually had to contend they did not foresee. It will be observed that Wilson's proposal for a direct election of the President by the people found little favor in the convention. The schemes that were seriously considered oscillated back and forth between an election by the national legislature and an election by a special college of electors. The electors might be chosen by a popular vote, or by the state legislatures, or in any such wise as each State might see fit to determine for itself. In point of fact, electors were chosen by the legislature in New Jersey till 1816; in Connecticut till 1820; in New York, Delaware, and Vermont, and with one exception in Georgia, till 1824; in South Carolina till 1868. Massachusetts adopted various plans, and did not finally settle down to an election by the people until 1828. Now there were several reasons why the Federal Convention was afraid to trust the choice of the President directly to the people. One was that very old objection, the fear of the machinations of demagogues, since people were supposed to be so easily fooled. As already observed, the democratic sentiment in the convention was such as we should now call weak. Another reason shows vividly how wide the world seemed in those days of slow coaches and mail-bags carried on horseback. It was feared that

people would not have sufficient data wherewith to judge of the merits of public men in States remote from their own. The electors, as eminent men exceptionally well informed, and screened from the sophisms of demagogues, might hold little conventions and select the best possible candidates, using in every case their own unfettered judgment. In this connection the words of Hamilton are worth quoting. In the sixty-eighth number of the *Federalist* he says: "The mode of appointment of the chief magistrate of the United States is almost the only part of the system which has escaped without severe censure, or which has received the slightest mark of approbation from its opponents. The most plausible of these who has appeared in print has even deigned to admit that the election of the President is well guarded. . . . It was desirable that the sense of the people should operate in the choice of the person to whom so important a trust was to be confided. . . . It was equally desirable that the immediate election should be made by men capable of analyzing the qualities adapted to the station, and acting under circumstances favorable to deliberation and to a judicious combination of all the reasons and inducements that were proper to govern their choice. A small number of persons, selected by their fellow-citizens from the general mass, will be most likely to possess the information and discernment requisite to so complicated an investigation. . . . It was also peculiarly desirable to afford as little opportunity as possible to tumult and disorder. This evil was not least to be dreaded in the election of a magistrate who was to have so important an agency in the administration of the government." Such was the theory as set forth by a thinker endowed with rare ability to follow out in imagination the results of any course of political action. It is needless to say that the actual working of the scheme has been very different from what was expected. In our

very first great struggle of parties, in 1800, the electors divided upon party lines, with little heed to the "complicated investigation" for which they were supposed to be chosen. Quite naturally, for the work of electing a candidate presupposes a state of mind very different from that of serene deliberation. In 1800 the electors acted simply as automata recording the victory of their party, and so it has been ever since. In our own time Presidents and Vice-Presidents are nominated, not without elaborate intrigue, by special conventions quite unknown to the Constitution; the people cast their votes for the two or three pairs of candidates thus presented, and the electoral college simply registers the results. The system is thus fully exposed to all the dangers which our forefathers dreaded from the frequent election of a chief magistrate by the people. Owing to the great good-sense and good-nature of the American people, the system does not work so badly as might be expected. It has, indeed, worked immeasurably better than any one would have ventured to predict. It is nevertheless open to grave objections. It compels a change of administration at stated astronomical periods, whether any change of policy is called for or not; it stirs up the whole country every fourth year with a furious excitement that is often largely factitious; and twice within the century, in 1801 and again in 1877, it has brought us to the verge of the most foolish and hopeless species of civil war, in view of that thoroughly monarchical kind of accident, a disputed succession.

The most curious and instructive point concerning the peculiar executive devised for the United States by the Federal Convention is the fact that the delegates proceeded upon a thoroughly false theory of what they were doing. As already observed, in this part of its discussions the convention had not the clearly outlined chart of local interests to steer by.

It indulged in general speculations and looked about for precedents; and there was one precedent which American statesmen then always had before their eyes, whether they were distinctly aware of it or not. In creating an executive department, the members of the convention were really trying to copy the only constitution of which they had any direct experience, and which most of them agreed in thinking the most efficient working constitution in existence, — as indeed it was. They were trying to copy the British Constitution, modifying it to suit their republican ideas: but curiously enough, what they copied in creating the office of President was not the real English executive or Prime Minister, but the fictitious English executive, the sovereign. And this was associated in their minds with another profound misconception, which influenced all this part of their work. They thought that to keep the legislative and executive offices distinct and separate was the very palladium of liberty; and they all took it for granted, without a moment's question, that the British Constitution did this thing. England, they thought, is governed by King, Lords, and Commons, and the supreme power is nicely divided between the three, so that neither one can get the whole of it, and that is the safeguard of English liberty. So they arranged President, Senate, and Representatives to correspond, and sedulously sought to divide supreme power between the three, so that they might operate as checks upon each other. If either one should ever succeed in acquiring the whole sovereignty, then they thought there would be an end of American liberty. Now in the earlier part of the work of the Federal Convention, in dealing with the legislative department, the delegates were on firm ground, because they were dealing with things of which they knew something by experience; but in all this careful separation of the executive power from the legisla-

tive they went wide of the mark, because they were following a theory which did not truly describe things as they really existed. And that was because the English Constitution was, and still is, covered up with a thick husk of legal fictions which long ago ceased to have any vitality. Blackstone, the great authority of the eighteenth century, set forth this theory of the division of power between King, Lords, and Commons with clearness and force, and nobody then understood English history minutely or thoroughly enough to see its fallaciousness. Montesquieu also, the ablest and most elegant political writer of the age, with whose works most of the statesmen in the Federal Convention were familiar, gave a similar description of the English Constitution, and generalized from it as the ideal constitution for a free people. But Montesquieu and Blackstone, in their treatment of this point, had their eyes upon the legal fictions, and were blind to the real machinery which was working under them. They gave elegant expression to what the late Mr. Bagehot called the "literary theory" of the English Constitution. But the real thing differed essentially from the "literary theory" even in their day. In our own time the divergence has become so conspicuous that it would not now be possible for well-informed writers to make the mistake of Montesquieu and Blackstone. In our time it has come to be perfectly obvious that so far from the English Constitution separating the executive power from the legislative, this is precisely what it does not do. In Great Britain the supreme power is all lodged in a single body, the House of Commons. The sovereign has come to be purely a legal fiction, and the House of Lords maintains itself only by submitting to the Commons. The House of Commons is absolutely supreme, and, as we shall presently see, it really both appoints and dismisses the executive. The English executive, or

chief magistrate, is ordinarily the First Lord of the Treasury, and is commonly styled the Prime Minister. He is chairman of the most important committee of the House of Commons, and his cabinet consists of the chairmen of other committees. To make this perfectly clear, let us see what our machinery of government would be, if it were really like the English. The presence or absence of the crowned head makes no essential difference; it is only a kind of ornamental cupola. Suppose for a moment the presidency abolished, or reduced to the political nullity of the crown in England; and postpone for a moment the consideration of the Senate. Suppose that in our House of Representatives the committee of ways and means had two chairmen, — an upper chairman who looks after all sorts of business, and a lower chairman who attends especially to the finances. This upper chairman, we will say, corresponds to the First Lord of the Treasury, while the lower one corresponds to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sometimes, when the upper chairman is a great financier, and capable of enormous labor, he will fill both places at once, as Mr. Gladstone was lately First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chairmen of the other committees on foreign, military, and naval affairs will answer to the English secretaries of state for foreign affairs and for war, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and so on. This group of chairmen, headed by the upper chairman of the ways and means, will then answer to the English cabinet, with its Prime Minister. To complete the parallel, let us suppose that, after a new House of Representatives is elected, it chooses this Prime Minister, and he appoints the other chairmen who are to make up his cabinet. Suppose, too, that he initiates all legislation, and executes all laws, and stays in office three weeks or thirty years, or as long as he can get a majority of the House to vote for his

measures. If he loses his majority, he can either resign or dissolve the House, and order a new election, thus appealing directly to the people. If the new House gives him a majority, he stays in office; if it shows a majority against him, he steps down into the House, and becomes, perhaps, the leader of the opposition. Now if this were the form of our government, it would correspond in all essential features to that of England. The likeness is liable to be obscured by the fact that in England it is the Queen who is supposed to appoint the Prime Minister; but that is simply a part of the antiquated "literary theory" of the English Constitution. In reality the Queen only acts as mistress of the ceremonies. Whatever she may wish, the Prime Minister must be the man who can command the best working majority in the House. This is not only tested by the first vote that is taken, but it is almost invariably known beforehand so well that if the Queen offers the place to the wrong man he refuses to take it. Should he be so foolish as to take it, he is sure to be overthrown at the first test vote, and then the right man comes in. Thus in 1880 the Queen's manifest preference for Lord Granville or Lord Hartington made no sort of difference. Mr. Gladstone was as much chosen by the House of Commons as if the members had sat in their seats and balloted for him. If the crown were to be abolished to-morrow, and the House were henceforth, on the resignation of a Prime Minister, to elect a new one to serve as long as he could command a majority, it would not be doing essentially otherwise than it does now. The House then dismisses its minister when it rejects one of his important measures. But while thus appointed and dismissed by the House, he is in no wise its slave; for by the power of dissolution he has the right to appeal to the country, and let the general election decide the issue. The obvious advantages of this system are that it

makes anything like a deadlock between the legislature and the executive impossible; and it insures a concentration of responsibility. The Prime Minister's bills cannot be disregarded, like the President's messages; and thus, too, the House is kept in hand, and cannot degenerate into a debating club.

A system so delicate and subtle, yet so strong and efficient, as this could no more have been invented by the wisest of statesmen than a chemist could make albumen by taking its elements and mixing them together. In its practical working it is a much simpler system than ours, and still its principal features are not such as would be likely to occur to men who had not had some actual experience of them. It is the peculiar outgrowth of English history. As we can now see, its chief characteristic is its not separating the executive power from the legislative. As a member of Parliament, the Prime Minister introduces the legislation which he is himself expected to carry into effect. Nor does the English system even keep the judiciary entirely separate, for the Lord Chancellor not only presides over the House of Lords, but sits in the cabinet as the Prime Minister's legal adviser. It is somewhat as if the Chief Justice of the United States were *ex officio* president of the Senate and attorney-general; though here the resemblance is somewhat superficial. Our Senate, although it does not represent landed aristocracy or the church, but the federal character of our government, has still a superficial resemblance to the House of Lords. It passes on all bills that come up from the lower house, and can originate bills on most matters, but not for raising revenue. Its function as a high court of impeachment, with the Chief Justice for its presiding officer, was directly copied from the House of Lords. But here the resemblance ends. The House of Lords has no such veto upon the House of Commons as our Senate

has upon the House of Representatives. Between our upper and lower houses a serious deadlock is possible; but the House of Lords can only reject a bill until it sees that the House of Commons is determined to have it carried. It can only enter a protest. If it is obstinate and tries to do more, the House of Commons, through its Prime Minister, can create enough new peers to change the vote,—a power so formidable in its effects upon the social position of the peerage that it does not need to be used. The knowledge that it exists is enough to bring the House of Lords to terms.

These features of the English Constitution are so prominent since the reform of Parliament in 1832 as to be generally recognized. They have been gradually becoming its essential features ever since the Revolution of 1688. Before that time the crown had really been the executive, and there had really been a separation between the executive and legislative branches of the government, which on several occasions, and notably in the middle of the seventeenth century, had led to armed strife. What the Revolution of 1688 really decided was that henceforth in England the executive was to be the mighty arm of the legislature, and not a separate and rival power. It ended whatever of reality there was in the old system of King, Lords, and Commons, and by the time of Sir Robert Walpole the system of cabinet government had become fairly established; but men still continued to use the phrases and formulas bequeathed from former ages, so that the meaning of the changes going on under their very eyes was obscured. There was also a great historical incident, after Walpole's time, which served further to obscure the meaning of these changes, especially to Americans. From 1760 to 1784, by means of the rotten borough system of elections and the peculiar attitude of political parties, the King contrived to make his will felt

in the House of Commons to such an extent that it became possible to speak of the personal government of George III. The work of the Revolution of 1688 was not really completed till the election of 1784 which made Pitt the ruler of England, and its fruits cannot be said to have been fully secured till 1832. Now as our Revolutionary War was brought on by the attempts of George III. to establish his personal government, and as it was actually he rather than Lord North who ruled England during that war, it was not strange that Americans, even of the highest education, should have failed to discover the transformation which the past century had wrought in the framework of the English government. Nay, more, during this century the King had seemed even more of a real institution to the Americans than to the British. He had seemed to them the only link which bound the different parts of the empire together. Throughout the struggles which culminated in the War of Independence, it had been the favorite American theory that while the colonial assemblies and the British Parliament were sovereign each in its own sphere, all alike owed allegiance to the King as visible head of the empire. To people who had been in the habit of setting forth and defending such a theory, it was impossible that the crown should seem so much a legal fiction as it had really come to be in England. It is very instructive to note that while the members of the Federal Convention thoroughly understood the antiquated theory of the English Constitution as set forth by Blackstone, they drew very few illustrations from the modern working of Parliament, with which they had not had sufficient opportunities of becoming familiar. In particular they seemed quite unconscious of the vast significance of a dissolution of Parliament, although a dissolution had occurred only three years before under such circumstances as to work a revolu-

tion in British politics without a breath of disturbance. The only sort of dissolution with which they were familiar was that in which Dunmore or Bernard used to send the colonial assemblies home about their business whenever they grew too refractory. Had the significance of a dissolution, in the British sense, been understood by the convention, the pregnant suggestion of Roger Sherman, above mentioned, could not have failed to give a different turn to the whole series of debates on the executive branch of the government. Had our Constitution been framed a few years later, this point would have had a better chance of being understood. As it was, in trying to modify the English system so as to adapt it to our own uses, it was the archaic monarchical feature, and not the modern ministerial feature, upon which we seized. The President, in our system, irremovable by the national legislature, does not answer to the modern Prime Minister, but to the old-fashioned King, with powers for mischief curtailed by election for short terms.

The close parallelism between the office of President and that of King in the minds of the framers of the Constitution was instructively shown in the debates on the advisableness of restraining the President's action by a privy council. Gerry and Sherman urged that there was need of such a council, in order to keep watch over the President. It was suggested that the privy council should consist of "the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House of Representatives, the chief justice of the Supreme Court, and the principal officer in each of five departments as they shall from time to time be established; their duty shall be to advise him in matters which he shall lay before them, but their advice shall not conclude him, or affect his responsibility." The plan for such a council found favor with Franklin, Madison, Wilson, Dickinson, and Mason, but did not satisfy the convention.

When it was voted down Mason used strong language. "In rejecting a council to the President," said he, "we are about to try an experiment on which the most despotic government has never ventured; the Grand Seigneur himself has his Divan." It was this failure to provide a council which led the convention to give to the Senate a share in some of the executive functions of the President, such as the making of treaties, the appointment of ambassadors, consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and other officers of the United States whose appointment was not otherwise provided for. As it was objected to the office of Vice-President that he seemed to have nothing provided for him to do, he was disposed of by making him president of the Senate. No cabinet was created by the Constitution, but since then the heads of various executive departments, appointed by the President, have come to constitute what is called his cabinet. Since, however, the members of it do not belong to Congress, and can neither initiate nor guide legislation, they really constitute a privy council rather than a cabinet in the modern sense, thus furnishing another illustration of the analogy between the President and the archaic sovereign. We shall hereafter find it extremely interesting and instructive to trace some of the consequences of this analogy in the history of our federal executive.

Concerning the structure of the federal judiciary little need be said here. It was framed with very little disagreement among the delegates. The work was chiefly done in committee by Ellsworth, Wilson, Randolph, and Rutledge, and the result did not differ essentially from the scheme laid down in the Virginia plan. It was indeed the indispensable completion of the work which was begun by the creation of a national House of Representatives. To make a federal government immediately operative upon individual citizens, it must of course be armed with federal courts to

try and federal officers to execute judgment in all cases in which individual citizens were amenable to the national law. Thus, at length, was fully realized the sublime conception of a nation in which every citizen lives under two complete and well-rounded systems of laws, — the state law and the federal law, — each with its legislature, its executive, and its judiciary moving one within the other, noiselessly and without friction. It was one of the longest reaches of constructive statesmanship ever known in the world. There never was anything quite like it before, and in Europe it needs much explanation to-day even for educated statesmen who have never seen its workings. Yet to Americans it has become so much a matter of course that they, too, sometimes need to be told how much it signifies. In 1787 it was the substitution of law for violence between States that were partly sovereign. In some future still grander convention we trust the same thing will be done between States that have been wholly sovereign, whereby peace may gain and violence be diminished over other lands than this which has set the example.

Great as was the work which the Federal Convention had now accomplished, none of the members supposed it to be complete. After some discussion, it was decided that Congress might at any time, by a two-thirds vote in both houses, propose amendments to the Constitution, or on the application of the legislatures of two thirds of the States might call a convention for proposing amendments; and such amendments should become part of the Constitution as soon as ratified by three fourths of the States, either through their legislatures or through special conventions summoned for the purpose. The purpose of this elaborate arrangement was to guard against hasty or ill-considered changes in the fundamental instrument of government; and its effectiveness has been such that an amendment has come to be impossible

save as the result of intense conviction on the part of a vast majority of the whole American people.

Finally it was decided that the Federal Constitution, as now completed, should be presented to the Continental Congress, and then referred to special conventions in all the States for ratification; and that when nine States, or two thirds of the whole number, should have ratified, it should at once go into operation as between such ratifying States.

When the great document was at last drafted by Gouverneur Morris, and was all ready for the signatures, the aged Franklin produced a paper, which was read for him, as his voice was weak. Some parts of this Constitution, he said, he did not approve, but he was astonished to find it so nearly perfect. Whatever opinion he had of its errors he would sacrifice to the public good, and he hoped that every member of the convention who still had objections would on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and for the sake of unanimity put his name to this instrument. Hamilton added his plea. A few members, he said, by refusing to sign, might do infinite mischief. No man's ideas could be more remote from the plan than his were known to be; but was it possible for a true patriot to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion, on the one side, and the chance of good to be expected from this plan, on the other? From these appeals, as well as from Washington's solemn warning at the outset, we see how distinctly it was realized that the country was on the verge of civil war. Most of the members felt so, but to some the new government seemed far too strong, and there were three who dreaded despotism even more than anarchy. Mason, Randolph, and Gerry refused to sign, though Randolph sought to qualify his refusal by explaining that he could not yet make up his mind whether to oppose or defend the Constitution, when it should be laid be-

fore the people of Virginia.* He wished to reserve to himself full liberty of action in the matter. That Mason and Gerry, valuable as their services had been in the making of the Constitution, would now go home and vigorously oppose it, there was no doubt. Of the delegates who were present on the last day of the convention, all but these three signed the Constitution. In the signatures the twelve States which had taken part in the work were all represented, Hamilton signing alone for New York.

Thus after four months of anxious toil, through the whole of a scorching Philadelphia summer, after earnest but sometimes bitter discussion, in which more than once the meeting had seemed on the point of breaking up, a colossal work had at last been accomplished, the results of which were most powerfully to affect the whole future career of the human race so long as it shall dwell upon the earth. In spite of the high-wrought intensity of feeling which had been now and then displayed, grave decorum had ruled the proceedings; and now, though few were really satisfied, the approach to unanimity was remarkable. When all was over, it is said that many of the members seemed awe-struck. Washington sat with head bowed in solemn meditation. The scene was ended by a characteristic bit of homely pleasantry from Franklin. Thirty-three years ago, in the days of George II., before the first mutterings of the Revolution had been heard, and when the French dominion in America was still untouched, before the banishment of the Acadians or the rout of Braddock, while Washington was still surveying lands in the wilderness, while Madison was playing in the nursery and Hamilton was not yet born, Franklin had endeavored to bring together the thirteen colonies in a federal union. Of the famous Albany plan of 1754, the first outline of a federal constitution for America that ever was made, he was the principal if not the

sole author. When he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence in this very room, his years had rounded the full period of threescore and ten. Eleven years more had passed, and he had been spared to see the noble aim of his life accomplished. There was still, no doubt, a chance of failure, but hope now reigned in the old man's breast. On the back of the President's quaint

black armchair there was emblazoned a half-sun, brilliant with its gilded rays. As the meeting was breaking up and Washington arose, Franklin pointed to the chair, and made it the text for prophecy. "As I have been sitting here all these weeks," said he, "I have often wondered whether yonder sun is rising or setting. But now I know that it is a rising sun!"

John Fiske.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

IV.

On the 2d of July, at one o'clock, we left the hospitable establishment of the Vice-Chancellor, and went to the Randolph Hotel to meet our Brighton friends, Mr. and Mrs. Willett. It had been the intention of Mr. Willett to go with us to visit Mr. Ruskin, with whom he is in the most friendly relations. But a letter from Mr. Ruskin's sister spoke of his illness as being too serious for him to see company, and we reluctantly gave up this part of our plan.

My first wish was to revisit Stratford-on-Avon, and as our travelling host was guided in everything by our inclinations we took the cars for Stratford, where we arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. It had been arranged beforehand that we should be the guests of Mr. Charles E. Flower, one of the chief citizens of Stratford, who welcomed us to his beautiful mansion in the most cordial way, and made us once more at home under an English roof.

I well remembered my visit to Stratford in 1834. The condition of the old house in which Shakespeare was born was very different from that in which we see it to-day. A series of photographs taken

in different years shows its gradual transformation since the time when the old projecting angular sign-board told all who approached "The immortal Shakespeare was born in this House." How near the old house came to sharing the fortunes of Jumbo under the management of our enterprising countryman, Mr. Barnum, I am not sure; but that he would have "traded" for it, if the proprietors had been willing, I do not doubt, any more than I doubt that he would make an offer for the Tower of London, if that venerable structure were in the market. The house in which Shakespeare was born is the Santa Casa of England. What with my recollections and the photographs with which I was familiarly acquainted, it had nothing very new for me. Its outside had undergone great changes, but its bare interior was little altered.

My previous visit was a hurried one, — I took but a glimpse, and then went on my way. Now, for nearly a week I was a resident of Stratford-on-Avon. How shall I describe the perfectly ideal beauty of the new home in which I found myself! It is a fine house, surrounded by delightful grounds, which skirt the banks of the Avon for a consid-

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erable distance, and come close up to the enclosure of the Church of the Holy Trinity, beneath the floor of which lie the mortal remains of Shakespeare. The Avon is one of those narrow English rivers in which half a dozen boats might lie side by side, but hardly wide enough for a race between two rowing abreast of each other. Just here the Avon is comparatively broad and quiet, there being a dam a little lower down the stream. The waters were a perfect mirror, as I saw them on one of the still days we had at Stratford. I do not remember ever before seeing cows walking with their legs in the air, as I saw them reflected in the stream. Along the banks the young people were straying. I wondered if the youthful swains quoted Shakespeare to their lady-loves. Could they help recalling *Romeo and Juliet*? It is quite impossible to think of any human being growing up in this place which claims Shakespeare as its child, about the streets of which he ran as a boy, on the waters of which he must have often floated, without having his image ever present. Is it so? There are some boys, from eight to ten or a dozen years old, fishing in the Avon, close by the grounds of "Avonbank," the place at which we are staying. I call to the little group. "I say, boys, who was this man Shakespeare people talk so much about?" Boys turn round and look up with a plentiful lack of intelligence in their countenances. "Don't you know who he was nor what he was?" Boys look at each other, but confess ignorance. — Let us try the universal stimulant of human faculties. "Here are some pennies for the boy that will tell me what that Mr. Shakespeare was." The biggest boy finds his tongue at last. "He was a writer, — he wrote plays." That was as much as I could get out of the youngling. I remember meeting some boys under the monument upon Bunker Hill, and testing their knowledge as I did that of the Stratford boys. "What is this great stone pillar

here for?" I asked. "Battle fought here, — great battle." "Who fought?" "Americans and British." (I never hear the expression *Britishers*.) "Who was the general on the American side?" "Don' know, — General Washington or somebody." — What is an old battle, though it may have settled the destinies of a nation, to the game of base-ball between the Boston and Chicago Nines which is to come off to-morrow, or to the game of marbles which Tom and Dick are just going to play together under the shadow of the great obelisk which commemorates the conflict?

The room more especially assigned to me looked out, at a distance of not more than a stone's-throw, on the northern aspect of the church where Shakespeare lies buried. Workmen were busy on the roof of the transept. I could not conveniently climb up to have a talk with the roofers, but I have my doubts whether they were thinking all the time of the dust over which they were working. How small a matter literature is to the great seething, toiling, struggling, love-making, bread-winning, child-rearing, death-awaiting men and women who fill this huge, palpitating world of ours! It would be worth while to pass a week or a month among the plain, average people of Stratford. What is the relative importance in human well-being of the emendations of the text of *Hamlet* and the patching of the old trousers and the darning of the old stockings which task the needles of the hard-working households that fight the battle of life in these narrow streets and alleys? I ask the question; the reader may answer it.

Our host, Mr. Flower, is more deeply interested, perhaps, than any other individual in the "Shakespeare Memorial" buildings which have been erected on the banks of the Avon, a short distance above the Church of the Holy Trinity. Under Mr. Flower's guidance we got into one of his boats, and were rowed

up the stream to the Memorial edifice. There is a theatre, in a round tower which has borrowed some traits from the octagon "Globe" theatre of Shakespeare's day; a Shakespeare library and portrait gallery are forming; and in due time these buildings, of stately dimensions and built solidly of brick, will constitute a Shakespearean centre which will attract to itself many mementos now scattered about in various parts of the country.

On the 4th of July we remembered our native land with all the affectionate pride of temporary exiles, and did not forget to drink at lunch to the prosperity and continued happiness of the United States of America. In the afternoon we took to the boat again, and were rowed up the river to the residence of Mr. Edgar Flower, where we found another characteristic English family, with its nine children, one of whom was the typical English boy, most pleasing and attractive in look, voice, and manner.

I attempt no description of the church, the birthplace, or the other constantly visited and often described localities. The noble bridge, built in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir Hugh Clopton, and afterwards widened, excited my admiration. It was a much finer piece of work than the one built long afterwards. I have hardly seen anything which gave me a more striking proof of the thoroughness of the old English workmen. They built not for an age, but for all time, and the New Zealander will have to wait a long while before he will find that broken arch from which he is to survey the ruins of London.

It is very pleasant to pick up a new epithet to apply to the poet upon whose genius our language has nearly exhausted itself. It delights me to speak of him in the words which I have just found in a memoir not yet a century old, as "the Warwickshire bard," "the inestimable Shakespeare."

Ever since Miss Bacon made her insane attempt to unearth what is left of Shakespeare's bodily frame, the thought of doing reverently and openly what she would have done by stealth has been entertained by psychologists, artists, and others who would like to know what were his cranial developments, and to judge from the conformation of the skull and face which of the various portraits is probably the true one. There is little doubt that but for the curse invoked upon the person who should disturb his bones, in the well-known lines on the slab which covers him, he would rest, like Napoleon, like Washington, in a fitting receptacle of marble or porphyry. In the transfer of his remains the curiosity of men of science and artists would have been gratified, if decay had spared the solid portions of his material structure. It was probably not against such a transfer that the lines were written, — whoever was their author, — but in the fear that they would be carried to the charnel-house.

"In this charnel-house was contained a vast collection of human bones. How long they had been deposited there is not easily to be determined; but it is evident, from the immense quantity contained in the vault, it could have been used for no other purpose for many ages." "It is probable that from an early contemplation of this dreary spot Shakespeare imbibed that horror of a violation of sepulture which is observable in many parts of his writings."

The body of Raphael was disinterred in 1833 to settle a question of identity of the remains, and placed in a new coffin of lead, which was deposited in a marble sarcophagus presented by the Pope. The sarcophagus, with its contents, was replaced in the same spot from which the remains had been taken. But for the inscription such a transfer of the bones of Shakespeare would have been proposed, and possibly carried out. Kings and emperors have commonly been

treated in this way after death, and the proposition is no more an indignity than was that of the exhumation of the remains of Napoleon, or of André, or of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." But sentiment, a tender regard for the supposed wishes of the dead poet, and a natural dread of the consequences of violating a dying wish, coupled with the execration of its contemner, are too powerful for the arguments of science and the pleadings of art. If Shakespeare's body had been embalmed, — which there is no reason that I know of to suppose, — the desire to compare his features with the bust and the portraits would have been much more imperative. When the body of Charles the First was examined, under the direction of Sir Henry Hallford, in the presence of the Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, the face would have been recognized at once by all who were acquainted with Vandyke's portrait of the monarch, if the lithograph which comes attached to Sir Henry's memoir is an accurate representation of what they found. Even the bony framework of the face, as I have had occasion to know, has sometimes a striking likeness to what it was when clothed in its natural features. As between the first engraved portrait and the bust in the church, the form of the bones of the head and face would probably be decisive. But the world can afford to live without solving this doubt, and leave his perishing vesture of decay to its repose.

After seeing the Shakespeare shrines, we drove over to Shottery, and visited the Anne Hathaway cottage. I am not sure whether I ever saw it before, but it was as familiar to me as if I had lived in it. The two old ladies who showed it were agreeably communicative, and in perfect keeping with the place.

A delightful excursion of ten or a dozen miles carried our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs.

Willett, with A—— and myself, to Compton Wynyate, a most interesting old mansion, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, who, with his daughter-in-law, Lady William Compton, welcomed us and showed us all the wonders of the place. It was a fine morning, but hot enough for one of our American July days. The drive was through English rural scenery; that is to say, it was lovely. The old house is a great curiosity. It was built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and has passed through many vicissitudes. The place, as well as the edifice, is a study for the antiquarian. Remains of the old moat which surrounded it are still distinguishable. The twisted and variously figured chimneys are of singular variety and exceptional forms. Compton *Wynyate* is thought to get its name from the vineyards formerly under cultivation on the hillsides, which show the signs of having been laid out in terraces. The great hall, with its gallery, and its hangings, and the long table made from the trunk of a single tree, carries one back into the past centuries. There are strange nooks and corners and passages in the old building, and one place, a queer little "cubby-hole," has the appearance of having been a Roman Catholic chapel. I asked the master of the house, who pointed out the curiosities of the place most courteously, about the ghosts who of course were tenants in common with the living proprietors. I was surprised when he told me there were none. It was incredible, for here was every accommodation for a spiritual visitant. I should have expected at least one haunted chamber, to say nothing of blood-stains that could never be got rid of; but there were no legends of the supernatural or the terrible.

After we had been over the house we went out on the lawn, and there had some refreshments served us, among which were some hot-house peaches, ethereally delicate as if they had grown in the Ely-

sian Fields and been stolen from a banquet of angels.

It seems as if Compton Wynyate must have been written about in some novel or romance,—perhaps in more than one of both. It is the place of all others to be the scene of a romantic story. It lies so hidden away among the hills that its vulgar name, according to old Camden, was “Compton in the Hole.” I am not sure that it was the scene of any actual conflict, but it narrowly escaped demolition in the great civil war, and in 1646 it was garrisoned by the Parliament army.

On the afternoon of July 6th, our hosts had a large garden-party. If nothing is more trying than one of these out-of-door meetings on a cold, windy, damp day, nothing can be more delightful than such a social gathering if the place and the weather are just what we could wish them. The garden-party of this afternoon was as near perfection as such a meeting could well be. The day was bright and warm, but not uncomfortably so, to me, at least. The company strolled about the grounds, or rested on the piazzas, or watched the birds in the aviary, or studied rudimentary humanity in the monkey, or, better still, in a charming baby, for the first time on exhibition since he made the acquaintance of sunshine. Every one could dispose of himself or herself as fancy might suggest. I broke away at one time, and wandered alone by the side of the Avon, under the shadow of the tall trees upon its bank. The whole scene was as poetical, as inspiring, as any that I remember. It would be easy to write verses about it, but unwritten poems are so much better!

One reminiscence of that afternoon claims precedence over all the rest. The reader must not forget that I have been a medical practitioner, and for thirty-five years a professor in a medical school. Among the guests whom I met in the grounds was a gentleman of the medical profession, whose name I had often

heard, and whom I was very glad to see and talk with. This was Mr. Lawson Tait, F. R. C. S., M. D., of Birmingham. Mr., or more properly Dr., Tait has had the most extraordinary success in a class of cases long considered beyond the reach of surgery. If I refer to it as a scientific *hari kari*, not for the taking but for the saving of life, I shall come near enough to its description. This operation is said to have been first performed by an American surgeon in Danville, Kentucky, in the year 1809. So rash and dangerous did it seem to most of the profession that it was sometimes spoken of as if to attempt it were a crime. Gradually, however, by improved methods, and especially by the most assiduous care in nursing the patient after the operation, the mortality grew less and less, until it was recognized as a legitimate and indeed an invaluable addition to the resources of surgery. Mr. Lawson Tait has had, so far as I have been able to learn, the most wonderful series of successful cases on record: namely, one hundred and thirty-nine consecutive operations without a single death.

As I sat by the side of this great surgeon, a question suggested itself to my mind which I leave the reader to think over. Which would give the most satisfaction to a thoroughly humane and unselfish being, of cultivated intelligence and lively sensibilities: to have written all the plays which Shakespeare has left as an inheritance for mankind, or to have snatched from the jaws of death more than a hundred fellow-creatures,—almost seven scores of suffering women,—and restored them to sound and comfortable existence? It would be curious to get the answers of a hundred men and a hundred women, of a hundred young people and a hundred old ones, of a hundred scholars and a hundred operatives. My own specialty is asking questions, not answering them, and I trust I shall not receive a peck or two of letters inquiring of me how I should

choose if such a question were asked me. It may prove as fertile a source of dispute as "The Lady or the Tiger."

It would have been a great thing to pass a single night close to the church where Shakespeare's dust lies buried. A single visit by daylight leaves a comparatively slight impression. But when, after a night's sleep, one wakes up and sees the spire and the old walls full before him, that impression is very greatly deepened, and the whole scene becomes far more a reality. Now I was nearly a whole week at Stratford-on-Avon. The church, its exterior, its interior, the birthplace, the river, had time to make themselves permanent images in my mind. To effect this requires a certain amount of exposure, as much as in the case of a photographic negative.

And so we bade good-by to Stratford-on-Avon and its hospitalities, with grateful remembrances of our kind entertainers and all they did for our comfort and enjoyment.

Where should we go next? Our travelling host proposed Great Malvern, a famous watering-place, where we should find peace, rest, and good accommodations. So there we went, and soon found ourselves installed at the "Foley Arms" hotel. The room I was shown to looked out upon an apothecary's shop, and from the window of that shop stared out upon me a plaster bust which I recognized as that of Samuel Hahnemann. I was glad to change to another apartment, but it may be a comfort to some of his American followers to know that traces of homœopathy—or what still continues to call itself so—survive in the Old World, which we have understood was pretty well tired of it.

We spent several days very pleasantly at Great Malvern. It lies at the foot of a range of hills, the loftiest of which is over a thousand feet in height. A—— and I thought we would go to the top of one of these, known as the Beacon. We

hired a "four-wheeler," dragged by a much-enduring horse and in charge of a civil young man. We turned out of one of the streets not far from the hotel, and found ourselves facing an ascent covered with asphalt, and looking like what I should suppose would be a pretty steep toboggan slide. We both drew back. "*Facilis ascensus,*" I said to myself, "*sed revocare gradum.*" It is easy enough to get up, if you are dragged up, but how will it be to come down such a declivity? When we reached it on our return, the semi-precipice had lost all its terrors. We had seen and travelled over so much worse places that this little bit of slanting road seemed as nothing. The road which wound up to the summit of the Beacon was narrow and uneven. It ran close to the edge of the steep hillside, — so close that there were times when every one of our forty digits curled up like a bird's claw. If we went over, it would not be a fall down a good honest precipice, — a swish through the air and a smash at the bottom, — but a tumbling, and a rolling over and over, and a bouncing and bumping, ever accelerating until we bounded into the level below, all ready for the coroner. At one sudden turn of the road A—— declared that very nearly half the horse's body projected beyond the edge of the road, and that if the beast had been a few inches longer he would have toppled over. When we got close to the summit we found the wind blowing almost a gale. A—— says in her diary that I (meaning her honored parent) "nearly blew off the top of the mountain." It is true that the force of the wind was something fearful, and seeing that two young men near me were exposed to its fury, I offered an arm to each of them, which they were not too proud to accept; A—— was equally attentive to another young person; and having seen as much of the prospect as we cared to, we were glad to get back to our four-wheeler, after a perilous journey almost

comparable to Mark Twain's ascent of the Riffelberg.

At Great Malvern we were deliciously idle. We walked about the place, rested quietly, drove into the neighboring country, and made a single excursion, — to Tewkesbury. There are few places better worth seeing than this fine old town, full of historical associations and monumental relics. The magnificent old abbey church is the central object of interest. The noble Norman tower, one hundred and thirty-two feet in height, was once surmounted by a spire, which fell during divine service on Easter Day of the year 1559. The arch of the west entrance is sixteen feet high and thirty-four feet wide. The fourteen columns of the nave are each six feet and three inches in diameter and thirty feet in height. I did not take these measurements from the fabric itself, but from the guide-book, and I give them here instead of saying that the columns were huge, enormous, colossal, as they did most assuredly seem to me. The old houses of Tewkesbury compare well with the finest of those in Chester. I have a photograph before me of one of them, in which each of the three upper floors overhangs the one beneath it, and the windows in the pointed gable above project over those of the fourth floor.

I ought to have visited the site of Holme Castle, the name of which reminds me of my own origin. "The meaning of the Saxon word 'Holme' is a meadow surrounded with brooks, and here it is not only called Holme Castle, but the meadow is described as the 'Holme, — where the castle was.'" The final *s* in the name as we spell it is a frequent addition to old English names, as Camden mentions, giving the name Holmes among the examples. As there is no castle at the Holme now, I need not pursue my inquiries any further. It was by accident that I stumbled on this bit of archæology, and as I have a good many namesakes, it may perhaps please

some of them to be told about it. Few of us hold any castles, I think, in these days, except our *châteaux en Espagne*, of which, I doubt not, many of us are lords and masters.

In another of our excursions we visited a venerable church, where our attention was called to a particular monument. It was erected to the memory of one of the best of husbands by his "wretched widow," who records upon the marble that there never was such a man on the face of the earth before, and never will be again, and that there never was anybody so miserable as she, — no, never, never, never! These are not the exact words, but this is pretty nearly what she declares. The story is that she married again within a year.

From my window at the Foley Arms I can see the tower of the fine old abbey church of Malvern, which would be a centre of pilgrimages if it were in our country. But England is full of such monumental structures, into the history of which the local antiquarians burrow, and pass their peaceful lives in studying and writing about them with the same innocent enthusiasm that White of Selborne manifested in studying nature as his village showed it to him.

In our long drives we have seen everywhere the same picturesque old cottages, with the pretty gardens, and abundant flowers, and noble trees, more frequently elms than any other. One day — it was the 10th of July — we found ourselves driving through what seemed to be a gentleman's estate, an ample domain, well wooded and well kept. On inquiring, to whom this place belonged, I was told that the owner was Sir Edmund Lechmere. The name had a very familiar sound to my ears. Without rising from the table at which I am now writing, I have only to turn my head, and in full view, at the distance of a mile, just across the estuary of the Charles, shining in the morning sun, are the roofs and spires and chimneys of East Cam-

bridge, always known in my younger days as Lechmere's Point. Judge Richard Lechmere was one of our old Cambridge Tories, whose property was confiscated at the time of the Revolution. An engraving of his handsome house, which stands next to the Vassall house, long known as Washington's headquarters, and since not less celebrated as the residence of Longfellow, is before me, on one of the pages of the pleasing little volume, "The Cambridge of 1776." I take it for granted that our Lechmeres were of the same stock as the owner of this property. If so, he probably knows all that I could tell him about his colonial relatives, who were very grand people, belonging to a little aristocratic circle of friends and relatives who were faithful to their king and their church. The Baroness Riedesel, wife of a Hessian officer who had been captured, was for a while resident in this house, and her name, scratched on a window-pane, was long shown as a sight for eyes unused to titles other than governor, judge, colonel, and the like. I was tempted to present myself at Sir Edmund's door as one who knew something about the Lechmeres in America, but I did not know how a descendant of the rebels who drove off Richard and Mary Lechmere would be received.

From Great Malvern we went to Bath, another place where we could rest and be comfortable. The Grand Pump-Room Hotel was a stately building, and the bath-rooms were far beyond anything I had ever seen of that kind. The remains of the old Roman baths, which appear to have been very extensive, are partially exposed. What surprises one all over the Old World is to see how deeply all the old civilizations contrive to get buried. Everybody seems to have lived in the cellar. It is hard to believe that the cellar floor was once the sunlit surface of the smiling earth.

I looked forward to seeing Bath with

a curious kind of interest. I once knew one of those dear old English ladies whom one finds all the world over, with their prim little ways, and their gilt prayer-books, and lavender-scented handkerchiefs, and family recollections. She gave me the idea that Bath, a city where the great people often congregate, was more especially the paradise of decayed gentlewomen. There, she told me, persons with very narrow incomes—not *demi-fortunes*, but *demi-quart-de-fortunes*—could find everything arranged to accommodate their modest incomes. I saw the evidence of this everywhere. So great was the delight I had in looking in at the shop-windows of the long street which seemed to be one of the chief thoroughfares that, after exploring its whole length by myself, I went for A—, and led her down one side its whole length and up the other. In these shops the precious old dears could buy everything they wanted in the most minute quantities. Such tempting heaps of lumps of white sugar, only twopence! Such delectable cakes, two for a penny! Such seductive scraps of meat, which would make a breakfast nourishing as well as relishing, possibly even what called itself a dinner, blushing to see themselves labelled threepence or fourpence! We did not know whether to smile or to drop a tear, as we contemplated these baits hung out to tempt the coins from the exiguous purses of ancient maidens, forlorn widows, withered annuitants, stranded humanity in every stage of shipwrecked penury. I am reminded of Thackeray's "Jack Spigot." "And what are your pursuits, Jack?" says I. "Sold out when the governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist." Mrs. Gaskell's picture of "Cranford" is said to have been drawn from a village in Cheshire, but Bath must have a great deal in common with its "elegant economies." Do not make the mistake, how-

ever, of supposing that this splendid watering-place, sometimes spoken of as "the handsomest city in Britain," is only a city of refuge for people that have seen better days. Lord Macaulay speaks of it as "that beautiful city which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio." If it is not quite so conspicuous as a fashionable resort as it was in the days of Beau Nash or of Christopher Anstey, it has never lost its popularity. Chesterfield writes in 1764, "The number of people in this place is infinite," and at the present time the annual influx of visitors is said to vary from ten to fourteen thousand. Many of its public buildings are fine, and the abbey church, dating from 1499, is an object of much curiosity, especially on account of the sculptures on its western façade. These represent two ladders, with angels going up and down upon them, — suggested by a dream of the founder of the church repeating that of Jacob.

On the 14th of July we left Bath for Salisbury. While passing Westbury, one of our fellow-passengers exclaimed, "Look out! Look out!" "What is it?" "The horse! the horse!" All our heads turned to the window, and all our eyes fastened on the figure of a white horse, upon a hillside some miles distant. This was not the white horse which Mr. Thomas Hughes has made famous, but one of much less archaic aspect and more questionable history. A little book which we bought tells us all we care to know about it. "It is formed by excoiating the turf over the steep slope of the northern escarpment of Salisbury Plain." It was "remodelled" in 1778, and "restored" in 1873 at a cost of between sixty and seventy pounds. It is said that a smaller and ruder horse stood here from time immemorial, and was made to commemorate a victory of Alfred over the Danes. However that may be, the horse we now see on the hillside is a very modern-looking and

well-shaped animal, and is of the following dimensions: length, 170 feet; height from highest part of back, 128 feet; thickness of body, 55 feet; length of head, 50 feet; eye, 6 by 8 feet. It is a very pretty little animal as we see it in the distance.

Salisbury Cathedral was my first love among all the wonderful ecclesiastical buildings which I saw during my earlier journey. I looked forward to seeing it again with great anticipations of pleasure, which were more than realized.

Our travelling host had taken a whole house in the Close, — a privileged enclosure, containing the cathedral, the bishop's palace, houses of the clergy, and a limited number of private residences, one of the very best of which was given over entirely into the hands of our party during our visit. The house was about as near the cathedral as Mr. Flower's house, where we stayed at Stratford-on-Avon, was to the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was very completely furnished, and in the room assigned to me as my library I found books in various languages, showing that the residence was that of a scholarly person.

If one had to name the apple of the eye of England, I think he would be likely to say that Salisbury Cathedral was as near as he could come to it, and that the white of the eye was Salisbury Close. The cathedral is surrounded by a high wall, the gates of which — its eyelids — are closed every night at a seasonable hour, at which the virtuous inhabitants are expected to be in their safe and sacred quarters. Houses within this hallowed precinct naturally bring a higher rent than those of the unsanctified and unprotected region outside of its walls. It is a realm of peace, glorified by the divine edifice, which lifts the least imaginative soul upward to the heavens its spire seems trying to reach; beautified by rows of noble elms which stretch high aloft, as if in emulation of the spire;

beatified by holy memories of the good and great men who have worn their lives out in the service of the church of which it is one of the noblest temples.

For a whole week we lived under the shadow of the spire of the great cathedral. *Our* house was opposite the north transept, only separated by the road in front of it from the cathedral grounds. Here, as at Stratford, I learned what it was to awake morning after morning and find that I was not dreaming, but there in the truth-telling daylight the object of my admiration, devotion, almost worship, stood before me. I need not here say anything more of the cathedral, except that its perfect exterior is hardly equalled in beauty by its interior, which looks somewhat bare and cold. It was my impression that there is more to study than to admire in the interior, but I saw the cathedral so much oftener on the outside than on the inside that I may not have done justice to the latter aspect of the noble building.

Nothing could be more restful than our week at Salisbury. There was enough in the old town besides the cathedral to interest us, — old buildings, a museum full of curious objects, and the old town itself. When I was there the first time, I remember that we picked up a guide-book in which we found a verse that has remained in my memory ever since. It is an epitaph on a native of Salisbury who died in Venice.

"Born in the English Venice, thou didst dye
Dear Friend, in the Italian Salisbury."

This would be hard to understand except for the explanation which the local antiquarians give us of its significance. The Wiltshire Avon flows by or through the town, which is drained by brooks that run through its streets. These, which used to be open, are now covered over, and thus the epitaph becomes somewhat puzzling, as there is nothing to remind one of Venice in walking about the town.

While at Salisbury we made several

excursions: to Old Sarum; to Bemer-ton, where we saw the residence of holy George Herbert, and visited the little atom of a church in which he ministered; to Clarendon Park; to Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, a most interesting place for itself and its recollections; and lastly to Stonehenge. My second visit to the great stones after so long an interval was a strange experience. But what is half a century to a place like Stonehenge? Nothing dwarfs an individual life like one of these massive, almost unchanging monuments of an antiquity which refuses to be measured. The "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was represented by an old man, who told all he knew and a good deal more about the great stones, and sheared a living, not from sheep, but from visitors, in the shape of shillings and sixpences. I saw nothing that wore unwoven wool on its back in the neighborhood of the monuments, but sheep are shown straggling among them in the photographs.

The broken circle of stones, some in their original position, some bending over like old men, some lying prostrate, suggested the thoughts which took form in the following verses. They were read at the annual meeting, in January, of the class which graduated at Harvard College in the year 1829. Eight of the fifty-nine men who graduated sat round the small table. There were several other classmates living, but infirmity, distance, and other peremptory reasons kept them from being with us. I have read forty poems at our successive annual meetings. I will introduce this last one by quoting a stanza from the poem I read in 1851: —

As one by one is falling
Beneath the leaves or snows,
Each memory still recalling
The broken ring shall close,
Till the night winds softly pass
O'er the green and growing grass,
Where it waves on the graves
Of the "Boys of 'Twenty-Nine."

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

I stood on Sarum's treeless plain,
The waste that careless Nature owns;
Lone tenants of her bleak domain,
Loomed huge and gray the Druid stones.

Upheaved in many a billowy mound
The sea-like, naked turf arose,
Where wandering flocks went nibbling
round
The mingled graves of friends and foes.

The Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane,
This windy desert roamed in turn;
Unmoved these mighty blocks remain
Whose story none that lives may learn.

Erect, half buried, slant or prone,
These awful listeners, blind and dumb,
Hear the strange tongues of tribes unknown,
As wave on wave they go and come.

"Who are you, giants, whence and why?"
I stand and ask in blank amaze;
My soul accepts their mute reply:
"A mystery, as are you that gaze.

"A silent Orpheus wrought the charm
From riven rocks their spoils to bring;
A nameless Titan lent his arm
To range us in our magic ring.

"But Time with still and stealthy stride,
That climbs and treads and levels all,
That bids the loosening keystone slide,
And topples down the crumbling wall,—

"Time, that unbuilds the quarried past,
Leans on these wrecks that press the
sod;
They slant, they stoop, they fall at last,
And strew the turf their priests have trod.

"No more our altar's wreath of smoke
Floats up with morning's fragrant dew;
The fires are dead, the ring is broke,
Where stood the many stand the few."

— My thoughts had wandered far away,
Borne off on Memory's outspread wing,
To where in deepening twilight lay
The wrecks of friendship's broken ring.

Ah me! of all our goodly train
How few will find our banquet hall!
Yet why with coward lips complain
That this must lean and that must fall?

Cold is the Druid's altar-stone,
Its vanished flame no more returns;
But ours no chilling damp has known,—
Unchanged, unchanging, still it burns.

So let our broken circle stand
A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,
While one last, loving, faithful hand
Still lives to feed its altar-flame!

My heart has gone back over the
waters to my old friends and my own
home. When this vision has faded, I
will return to the silence of the lovely
Close and the shadow of the great Cat-
hedral.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ELIHU VEDDER'S PICTURES.

A PATH so steep and thorny as that of the ideal in painting is entered by none but the brave. The obstacles are many and vast, the pitfalls deep, the precipices dizzy and dreadful. One must be strong indeed to dwell always in the rarefied atmosphere of great ideas. How may the intangible be grasped, the unspeakable described? Is it not, in fine, chimerical for a painter, bound down as he is by the almost inflexible conventions of his craft, to aim so high?

These are some of the natural doubts and questions that arise when Elihu Vedder's pictures are seen. For Vedder is, more frankly and thoroughly than any other American painter, an idealist; in this age of naturalism and realism he has set his face squarely in the contrary direction, not wholly from choice, but because of an innate propensity.

Unhappily, it is not possible to separate entirely the artist's aspirations from his outward manner. The thinker and

the workman must be regarded as one. The art of painting is the religion of the eye, and, like all other religions, it has its formulas. Invisible merits are of no worth in this cult; whereas beauty is in some sort obligatory, and certainly covers a multitude of sins. If it happens sometimes that men of superior intellects make indifferent painters, such instances may be set down as the exceptions that prove the rule; for in art a small spirit cannot run a great career, and it is the intense desire to utter truths strongly felt which lends an orator the most telling eloquence.

Better than any modern painter, Vedder unites with a wonderful vein of imagination the necessary command over his means of expression. It is true that he is an artist before he is a painter, but his manner of workmanship is uncommonly well suited to his ideas; and it is not at all likely that Rubens's fluency and unction, or the brilliancy of a Veronese, would add any desirable quality to his particular effects.

His palette is peculiarly his own, and holds some remarkable hues of blue, red, pink, brown, and green, which we shall see very positively and frankly used, but in combinations full of surprises and extraordinary effects of contrast. His style is severe and elevated. Nothing is left to chance or to the moment's caprice. The lines in all his groups have a studied grace of curves. He dreams, but seldom forgets himself. There is calculation and method in his loftiest flights. The mysteries of life, the unknown and the preternatural, symbols and allegories, themes grand and terrible, allure him, and he undertakes to translate into intelligible form and color the unsubstantial pictures of the mind. To this labor of love, above all other merits, he brings the gift of expression, one of the rarest endowments of the artist. His pencil causes the very souls of his characters to shine forth in their faces, whether the mood be of grief, of joy, of anger, or of

resignation. No fiery passions consume his people, but a slow, deep tide of thought and feeling, more often mournful than merry, moves throughout the *tableaux vivants* of his creation, like a solemn symphony in the minor key.

There are successes in painting which appear to overthrow many of the established standards of judgment, but the old tests should not be discarded too hastily. No art is more conventional than painting, and a man must be as great as the greatest to be a law unto himself. (Are not the critics still disputing over Rembrandt's *Night Watch*?) In view of this, not the least of Vedder's virtues as an artist is that he is still an humble student of nature. No matter how high among the clouds his head may be, since his feet are planted upon this *terra firma*, there is no danger of a fall. Millet well said that the spiritual "can be expressed only by the observation of objects in their truest aspect," which is a painter's way of stating that Nature "never did betray the heart that loved her." There is thus no quarrel between Nature and such idealism as Vedder's. He understands perfectly well that one cannot walk on air. The precision of his manner is observable in his most audacious excursions into the unreal. There is something not a little piquant in this contrast between the sense and the style. The most astounding declarations, full of novelty and weirdness, are made in a quiet tone and the most approved language, without vagueness as without passion. This method is very convincing. In the accompaniment to the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám we find the profound meditative fatalism of the Orient expressed in forms of classical purity and dignity. These drawings are marvels of invention and composition. They are free from the venial faults of execution which appear occasionally in the paintings. No one likes an infallible artist. Vedder's power of expression finally causes the sympathetic critic almost

to regard a certain heaviness and dryness as merits. When it comes to this pass, the immense influence of a strong personality is revealed in a way which proves that the style is not all of the man.

The bent of Vedder's mind may be understood in a general way from the very titles of his works. One of his early successes, a pictorial conceit which won a wide celebrity for him, was *The Lair of the Sea Serpent*. So rare is imagination among painters that this morsel was welcomed greedily. There was in it only a slight promise of the strong creative fancy which animates his later paintings. *The Lost Mind*, the *Fisherman* and the *Afrite*, the *Arab* listening to the great *Sphinx*, *Young Marsyas*, *Identity*, *Genii*, and kindred subjects which followed will be remembered by thousands in connection with Vedder's name. Since the completion in 1884 of the drawings inspired by Omar's poem, he has painted on a large scale four motives drawn from the same source, — the *Fates* gathering in the *Stars*, the *Cup of Death*, the *Last Man*, and the *Cup of Love*. Two other works belonging to the same period, *The Soul between Doubt and Faith*, and *Love Ever Present*, have been exhibited lately.

The extraordinary picture of *The Fates* is Vedder's own thought rather than the *Persian's*. It is an impressive page from the *No-man's-land* of dreams. Upon the wrinkled nightmare peak of a dead world, such as the eye of man has never seen, aloft in the boundless blue spaces of the night, the three celestial fisherwomen are soberly pursuing their unheard-of task, — hauling in a vast net, in whose meshes are entangled the stars, gleaming like molten copper, a miraculous draught indeed. The time of reckoning has come; the spindle, distaff, and shears, with which the omnipotent sisters have so long spun out and cut off the thread of human life, are laid aside; and now the stern goddesses are exe-

cuting the final decree of destiny. The strange coloring suits the fable well. It is an arrangement of deep blues, browns, and greens, with touches of pink, and here and there silver and coppery points of light for the stars. Has ever a painter, since old Signorelli, had such a startling vision as this; or, having it, has he dared to set it down? The wonder of it is that the mind very soon accepts the myth, and believes in it. Unreality has never been made more real.

The *Cup of Death*, less novel as a conception, is imbued with a sense of heavy sorrow, — a sorrow profound but not incurable. The artist has approached this solemn subject with a reverential spirit. The idea of an irresistible force is embodied in the majestic form of the dusky angel of Death, who holds up with averted glance the cup from which the maid must drink. Death is portrayed, however, not as a cruel conqueror, not as the fell sergeant, "strict in his arrest," but as a merciful spirit, whose bowed head, downcast eyes, and protective attitude bespeak a humility approaching pity. It is a figure of *Dantesque* proportions, full of might and mildness. She who is about to die leans already upon the stout arm of her liberator; her pallid features (surmounted by the floral emblems of innocence), her unseeing eyes and increasing languor, show too plainly that life is well-nigh past. But a roseate light from the farther side of the valley touches even Death's wide wings with an unearthly glow. It is the blessed hue of hope. The artist has painted this theme twice; the chief difference between the two versions is in the color. In the canvas to which reference has been made the light brown, blue, and pink tones are delicate and agreeable, but the wan and ghastly tints of the replica are perhaps more appropriate.

The *Last Man*, as may be supposed, is not a cheerful object. A stalwart, nude, brown figure, he stands upon a

mountain top, with folded arms, leaning against a post, grimly awaiting his turn to die. Love lies dead at his feet, but the loathsome serpent Evil survives to poison his last hours on earth with bitter taunts and rebellious hints. All about him in this ashen solitude are strewn the bones of dead friends and kindred, to emphasize his frightful loneliness. The fragments of a broken ladder symbolize the failure of cherished hopes and ambitions. It is no wonder that the Last Man frowns, and in his wrath and melancholy dares to reproach his Creator; but if he could turn and look at the blue sky behind him, it would doubtless give him some consolation. Campbell's Last Man, though similarly surrounded by "the skeletons of nations," defied the darkening universe "to quench his immortality, or shake his trust in God;" but this work of Vedder's contains no ray of hope, and is so intensely sad that it might almost be called a visible description of despair. Another artist — assuming that any other artist would think of painting the Last Man — might stir the imagination in another way, by the modern device of a calculated passage of mystery in the painting, a felicitous negligence; but Vedder has preferred to explain everything with his customary precision, stating a poetical idea in a quaint and formal prose language.

The Cup of Love is a very beautiful little painting, full of a genial concord of warm tones, extremely happy in design, and unusually easy in execution. Greens, blues, reds, browns, and whites frame a delightful bit of flesh-color with a solid and well-ordered harmony. In this sweet idyl all is joyous, care is forgotten, and the gloomy images that have been haunting the artist's brain give place to a perfect pagan paradise. On a sculptured sarcophagus, in which lies buried the Past, sits a handsome brown youth, wearing a Greek costume of red and blue cloth and a crown of vine leaves. To him comes the woman, — a

fine figure, with a mass of auburn hair, whose back is alone visible, — holding aloft in her right hand the enchanted cup, through whose crystal side we see the magic red wine gleam. At the right Dan Cupid looks on, approving, — a pretty blonde boy, with a charming pair of red wings, his bow and arrows at his side, and, upheld in his hand, a shining globe, to show the lovers that the whole earth is theirs. Blue mountains rise to meet the blue sky in the distant background. About the base of the sarcophagus flowers and vines and deep green grass flourish luxuriantly.

An allegory of universal application, impregnated with that sad poetry which is the distinguishing mark of the artist's temperament, is the Soul between Doubt and Faith, something like a pictorial version of Tennyson's Two Voices, — a picture of a divided will, of a mental struggle, of a human soul in anguish. A woman's face darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, and piteously worn by a moral conflict, appears between two symbolic heads, — the serene and radiant head of Faith on the one hand, surrounded by a golden nimbus, and on the other side the shrewd, wrinkled visage of gray-bearded Doubt, who seems to be as vigorous as ever in spite of his great age. In either ear these opposing spirits pour their inconclusive arguments. The simplicity of this thought is perfect, and the delineation of a painful psychological mood is a triumph of expression. Into these haggard features Vedder has poured a world of mournful meaning, which touches the heart, and moves it to pity for poor humanity thus typified. The color of this picture is deep, pure, and brilliant. Red, white, blue, green, yellow, and brown hues are audaciously juxtaposed in an arrangement which glows in its quaint frame like a splendid old Venetian decoration.

In the painting called Love Ever Present, we are brought back to the ancient mythology, with its ingenious and poet-

ical system of symbolism. The jocund young god of love is seen standing, as a statue, upon a pedestal formed of a carven Janus head, facing two ways, towards the past and towards the future. Green leaves of flourishing vines and blood-red poppies grow rank about the shrine. An overturned amphora lies empty on the ground, near by. Cupid's rosy wings are spread against a luminous blue sky. The color and sentiment of this work are pretty rather than beautiful. So many of the minor emblems are obscure to the ordinary apprehension that parts of the rebus are as hard to read as a hieroglyphic, but happily no one needs an introduction to Cupid, so that the central point is clear beyond all question.

The effect of living many years in Italy is apparent in all Vedder's pictures. Add this influence to his native temperament, and each quality and feature of his work is explained. The immortal masters of the Renaissance have left their indelible impression upon his mind, and his work partakes of the spirit of the sixteenth century, with some curious modifications; as, for example, while it has much of the gravity and serious impersonal quality of the old works, it is as totally devoid of Christianity as if Vedder had been living in that portion of the Eternal City from which the laborers are even now removing the earth that has covered its treasures for so many ages. With much that is vital in the art of long ago he has imbibed some manners which easily degenerate into mannerisms, — his method of painting draperies, for instance, derived from the practice of antique sculptors. But be-

cause he paints, not for display alone, nor for amusement, but to reveal a vision which to him is beautiful, his grim earnestness impresses the mind, and his strange, weird chimeras take a permanent place in the memory. His lofty purpose commands respect and sympathy, and predisposes the most censorious observer to look with leniency upon the unavoidable shortcomings in an endeavor of such a scope and purport. Although some of his paintings may be described as the efforts of a painter to express a poet's ideas in a form more or less foreign to their nature, the conceptions being almost too purely ideal to be adequately embodied in painting, Vedder never falls from the sublime to the ridiculous, and, in his best hours, gives us thrilling glimpses and hints of the Unknown World, "with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

Fromentin says of Rembrandt that he is a spirit whose domain is that of ideas, and whose language is the language of ideas, and he adds that even Rembrandt's color is a bold and studied spiritualization of the material elements of his art. Such words as these may be with strict justice applied to Vedder. Though he may remind us for a moment of some other artist, — of Blake or of Watts, perchance, — it is, after all, not so much by a real as by an apparent similarity of feeling and manner, and the intimate study of his works only serves to lead us back to our first impression, that he is one of the most completely original of modern artists. As Northcote said of Gainsborough, he has "the saving grace of originality, and you cannot put him down for that reason."

William Howe Downes.

RICHARDSON'S AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AN eminent authority has recently warned us, as a nation, against writing manuals of American literature. Mr. Arnold advises us rather to breed more Grants and feed our presses with Poor Richard's Almanacs. He implies that it lies in our choice to produce great men or little manuals: a handbook made, in this view, is a Washington, or a maxim, lost; but the practical analysis of this deliverance of the world's Mentor is too bewildering a matter. One silently queries, with the traditional inquisitiveness of Poor Richard's young hopeful, whether we should be any the more likely to have an Old Hickory in due time if Mr. Richardson had refrained from putting our literary achievements into a manual; or, at the other horn of our national destiny as Mr. Arnold discerns it, whether the author of this voluminous work would have generated a popular saying if he had suppressed his desire to become a useful literary historian. It does not seem to us that pithy sentences are Mr. Richardson's forte; he shows no signs, either in style or thought, of being a Solomon gone astray; there is no cause to lament his misdirected energy on the score of what he might have done as a maker of proverbs. The apostle of sweetness and light, doubtless, is innocent of any meaning in his late remarks beyond a covert sneer at our literature, and a reminder to us that our virtue, as he sees it, is Roman and plebeian; in an early stage of development, moreover, with the Augustan age yet to come. In our time, he thinks, it would be best to fetch sticks, with what zeal we can, for our respective Sabine mothers, and, in a literary way, try to improve on the almanac.

This is interesting, as Mr. Arnold's

¹ *American Literature*, 1607-1885. Vol. I. *The Development of American Thought*. By

counsels of perfection always are. One may glean from it, too, the useful information, which he may not have been unfortunate enough to have acquired more directly, that manuals of our literature are not among our most entertaining and valuable books. They are needed, nevertheless, for use in schools, and are occasionally convenient for reference. Mr. Richardson, however, has attempted something above the ordinary. He applies to this first volume,¹ which is limited to the consideration of our prose exclusive of fiction, the sub-title *The Development of American Thought*. He would be philosophical and critical, as well as descriptive, in his treatment; above all, he means to be comprehensive. He consequently begins with the beginning,—that is, the Mound-Builders; but as they did not leave even a brick of literature among their potsherds, he is compelled to abandon them very soon. The Indians had more to say for themselves, and hence there is more to say of them; but the author comes in very good breath to the Anglo-Saxons, their psychical inheritance and physical surroundings, and so arrives in the most approved style of evolutionary historiography at the diarists and theologians whose works constitute the night that preceded our literary dawn. It was a long night, and it is not shortened in the story. It is only right to say, however, that Mr. Richardson has deliberately put his worst foot forward by relegating to his second volume all our poetry and fiction; he deals here only with unimaginative literature, such as sermons, state papers, political orations, essays, scientific works. There is little need to add that he has a hard and often unavailing struggle with the genius of

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

dullness. His illustrative extracts serve to burden his pages still more heavily at times. But such drawbacks were inevitably implied in the plan he adopted, and are not to be found fault with unless that is condemned. It is not to be expected that there should be any relief except by varieties of dullness itself in the greater portion of such a field as he surveys: here it is the dullness of bibliography, there of theological history, and again of the cyclopædia, the book of elegant extracts, the list of recent scientific and metaphysical publications, and so on. It seems as if Mr. Richardson had not been very certain what sort of a book he would make, when he set out, and had ended by making a book of all sorts. This confusion or multiplicity of aim, whichever it may be, is the defect of his own work; but the dullness was inherent in the subject as he conceived it, namely, not literature, but books of reputation.

What is really fresh and noteworthy in the volume is its spirit. The author's critical duty weighs most heavily upon his conscience; and as he thinks the time has now come to tell the truth about our authors, without national prepossession or a provincial local pride, he enters on a crusade of critical sincerity. Let our geniuses and others be looked upon in the light of what other nations have accomplished, and shrink or grow great in the comparison: that is his plan of campaign. He proposes to apply this test to the living as well as the dead. Presumably he knows what he is preparing for himself. No one will contest the desirability of a critic's judging all our writers on their merits and by the standards of the world's common culture, — at least in theory. But wait until somebody's withers are wrung. In the present volume there are some things to excite feeling, but the opportunities for retaliatory laceration will perhaps be more apparent to our author when he has had his say about the

great subjects of our poetry and fiction. In this first part he is engaged principally in reading the funeral service over the remains of the fossilized dead of the former or the present age. The greater number of reputations, whose decadence the reader is once more reminded of, mean nothing to the world now; they have passed into the limbo of biographical dictionaries and manuals of the kind which, possibly, Mr. Arnold has had little occasion to consult; or so it might seem to the disinterested, though we have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Richardson may be surprised by the vitality of some of these ghosts about whom he has undertaken the task of "telling the truth." From the class of ghosts, however, Irving, Emerson, and a few others must be excepted. These reputations are still living, and it is by his success in dealing with these that Mr. Richardson's critical powers must be judged.

It is a matter for regret that a critic of such excellent purposes should not be equally well endowed with abilities. There is no point which the iconoclast needs to question himself about more anxiously, next to the justice of his cause, which may be taken for granted, than whether he has the strength to lift the hammer. It is desirable, too, that he should not be over-nice, or attempt to graduate his blows so as to occasion only degrees of fracture. The safest plan, by all odds, is to break everything. But in respect both to his critical equipment and to his practice Mr. Richardson falls short. He is aware, in a general way, that our literature, like many a young settlement in a new country, has a flourishing graveyard; but he is too apt to content himself with the sepulchral declaration *mortuus est*. Now, however, true the statement may be as a matter of fact, it is not a critical dictum. Often he appears to the reader to be merely reading the names, with affixed dates, off the tombstones, without commentary;

and one asks whether this is a dictionary of American books or a critical survey of our literature that is in hand. If the former, it is well enough to play the rôle of Old Mortality; but if the latter, then let the iconoclast remember his calling. It is, in reality, both; but the author necessarily suffers when he derogates from a distinguished name on one page, and mentions some noteless blot of printer's ink with apparent respect on the next. It is a misfortune, too, that he exhibits some weakness for the cloth. Bavius, LL. D., ranks high in these pages. It is not quite consistent, in the view of the general, to reduce Irving to the dimensions of the Sketch-Book, and forthwith fill up the shelves with a manual on chemistry and half a dozen tomes on free will and the Scotch philosophy. Not that Mr. Richardson actually does this, but he gives the impression of doing it. The trouble arises from the confusion of his several aims, already mentioned.

But when one confines attention to those pages of the work which comprise the author's criticism of literature in the strict sense, such as those on Irving, Emerson, the prose of Lowell, and the like, one cannot but acknowledge that he lacks originality and force. His paragraphs are diffuse, and in his evident conscientiousness he loses positiveness; there are valuable and true remarks, but they embody practically a received opin-

ion; the author does not contribute anything important of his own. Nor is the case different in those passages in which he sets down his reservations of praise and circumscribes established reputations, or even when he disturbs the renown of some who have had their day. What he has to say is, so far as we have observed, the unspoken opinion of the time among the discreet. To venture a bold metaphor, he merely gives voice to the silence of the tomb. It may be desirable to "tell the truth" in a manual of this kind; it undoubtedly is a duty, if any one is likely to be deceived to their injury by the exaggerations common to most literary reputations in their own time; on the other hand, the dead past is a good sexton. For our own part, we prefer to have the truth told even about Margaret Fuller, which we take to be the typical case. Mr. Richardson's effort to write a history of our literature which should be in the spirit of an enlightened criticism is to be praised. It is to be hoped he will continue it without any change of purpose, for his work looks in the right direction; it aids to diffuse a better critical *morale*; and though its original value as criticism is not high, its usefulness as a manual is not to be questioned. It is at least an advance on its predecessors, it will popularize sounder general views, and with all its peculiarities it is a very honest piece of work.

THE GOETHE-CARLYLE CORRESPONDENCE.

THIS Correspondence¹ has the character of a literary episode. It presents several aspects, all of them simple. The sight of Carlyle himself in an attitude of

ordinary human respect toward a mortal creature still in the flesh is in itself a pleasing spectacle; and he is here to be observed in the postures of practical hero-worship. To Goethe, the writer, Carlyle believed himself to be under great obligation for light upon the uni-

¹ *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. London: Macmillan & Co. New York. 1887.

versal mystery, and for counsel in the conduct of life; and to Goethe, the man, he accordingly expressed his fervent gratitude, as bright youths in similar circumstances are so often tempted of the devil to do, by inditing a letter to the ruling genius of the hour under whose intellectual sway he happened to be born. In this case the usual unfortunate disillusion did not follow: the "spiritual father" showed himself truly paternal, smiled benignity upon the plans, fortunes, and various activities of the young man; and the "grateful son," in his turn, sent his tribute of translations, eulogistic critiques, and epistolary compliments to the sage at Weimar. The influence of Goethe certainly was the most powerful external stimulus in the literary life of Carlyle, and the friendly recognition which the latter received from the great man, while still obscure and unsuccessful, was no doubt a comfort, and perhaps a support; the gratitude of Carlyle was sincere, and his service to the fame of his master was considerable. But the relationship established by the Correspondence was personal, not intellectual; if one opens this volume with any expectation of finding wisdom in it, he will come to grief; that side of the connection must be sought in the works of the two authors. In these letters they express their individuality, not their genius; they are, on page after page, men leading an every-day life.

To the fashion of our times there seems to be something peculiar in the general tone of these letters, which is not altogether explained by reminding ourselves that of the two persons engaged one was old, the other young; one the oracular voice, the other an acolyte; one the shining great original, the other a Scotch translator. These differences do not account for what appears to be a lack of naturalness, or at least of that openness which is the charm of familiar literary correspondence.

This Correspondence is very literary, but more formal than familiar: the principal figure in it is the monarch of literary Europe, who is also a court chamberlain; and both the participants are aware of the value of ceremony in adjusting human relations. The consequence is, to be frank, that Goethe is undeniably heavy in his communications, and Carlyle is preternaturally solemn, even for a young Scotchman of his severe ilk. Goethe's heaviness is unquestionably natural; but, quite as plainly, Carlyle is minding his manners. One rubs his eyes, and asks if this is the Carlyle we know. How much he was warped from his native bent it is easy to observe by the contrast of the few contemporary letters to personal friends which interleave the main Correspondence. In them he speaks out like a man; but in reading the others, and especially the earlier of them, one is reminded of nothing so often as of the dedicatory epistles to that bygone worthy, over whose disestablishment by Johnson Carlyle rejoiced, — the Patron. As to the documentary missives that came from Weimar, Carlyle himself kept up a silent thinking. What does he say confidentially to brother John, now on his travels, and possibly to be in the actual presence of the great man?

"To a certainty you must come round by Weimar, as you return, and see this world's wonder, and tell us on your sincerity what manner of man he is, for daily he grows more inexplicable to me. One letter is written like an oracle, the next shall be too redolent of *twaddle*. How is it that the author of *Faust* and *Meister* can *tryste* himself with such characters as 'Herr ——' (the simplest and stupidest man of his day, a Westmoreland Gerundgrinder and *cleishbot-ham*) and 'Captain ——' (a little wizened, cleanly man, most musical, most melancholy)? . . . For myself, unshaken in my former belief, though Jane rather wavers," etc.

"Twaddle"! But whether it was the curious testimonial of Carlyle's fitness to be a Scotch professor, which he had just received, and which is the most Shandean document of the kind within our knowledge, or whether it was the gracious welcome given to the Herr and Captain blanked in such unmistakable Carlylese, that drew forth this improper expression, does not appear. One concludes that it was as well that "the pair," as the Carlyles, man and wife, are usually designated in these pages, did not make their wished-for journey to Weimar. It was much better to exchange books and trinkets, and live at the ends of the earth.

Yet what has been said above is only a part of the story, and the least agreeable part. From another point of view, this memorial of the acquaintance of these two illustrious men is more attractive. It is without intellectual value, not unnaturally; these two men have expressed themselves so fully in their books that nothing fresh or striking in the way of thought could be anticipated; but as an exhibition of kindness and good-will on Goethe's part, and of reverence and discipleship on Carlyle's, the Correspondence has a human interest, and it serves also as a landmark in English literary history. To Goethe Carlyle was only a translator and student of German literature, engaged in the active propagandism of the fame and name of himself and his compatriots. He praised him, indeed, in general terms, and predicted a future for him; but there is no intimation that he saw any original genius in him except what could be usefully employed in continuing the business of translating his own works and writing manuals of German literature; and the tone and matter of Eckermann's letters indicate that this was in fact all that the name of Carlyle meant at Weimar.

At that time Carlyle had given no sign of being capable of work other

than critical review, of a longer or shorter kind. He was then the principal channel by which German literature was being communicated to the English people, and it was this circumstance, practically, that made Goethe his correspondent. The latter's heart was in the work of extending German ideas into other languages, and promoting a general intellectual commerce among civilized nations, and he found in Carlyle a ready and able assistant; and inasmuch as all that was being done in England then in disseminating German thought was a matter of interest to Goethe, it happens that this Correspondence represents fairly well the historic moment when the later literary influence of Germany began to be effective on English soil. This interest of the letters is merely incidental and for scholars; but it helps us to understand the facts of Carlyle's relation to Goethe, which really sprang out of his usefulness as a hack-writer on the magazines and as a translator. We do not have here the communion of two equal friends, as in the letters between Carlyle and Emerson, or of two original minds actively giving or receiving influence; there is nothing of this, but only compliments, attentions, and talk incidental to the German propaganda.

This being understood, it is altogether delightful to observe in what kindly and intimate ways Goethe varied and enriched the slight connection between himself and his practically unknown admirer, how thoughtful he was, what true and natural good-feeling he showed, until the acquaintance did really ripen into a warm mutual friendliness. This is the charming thing in the volume, in view of which one forgets that Goethe was anything more than a pleasant and polite old gentleman, much engaged in the little affairs of age, and sorry that his head could no longer furnish a lock of hair for that one of "the worthy wedded pair" who had sent him a lock from her own; and forgets, too, that Carlyle,

although still undistinguished, was by no means a youth when he was writing the most decorous compositions he ever penned. One enters into the spirit of it, and enjoys the self-complacent, kind-mannered old poet and the meek and not altogether unsuspecting Scotchman; for in no other place does Carlyle appear so unmitigably Scotch as in this book. At short intervals, too, one stops to admire the editing. It would have been so easy to make this collection

irretrievably dull that he is more than grateful to the skillful hand that has neglected no opportunity to light up the pages and make them live, has cited so judiciously and illustratively from other books, and has succeeded in composing so much unpromising matter into an episode, as we have called it, of literary history that will long have interest and value. It is mere truth to say that the volume owes more to its editor than to Goethe or Carlyle.

CHINESE GHOSTS.

In the beaten way of reviewing one occasionally comes upon some rare flower that has the delightful surprise of an exotic. Such a find is this little volume of Chinese romance.¹ It contains only six short tales. They are not translations, but built up on a basis of Oriental tradition out of distinctly Chinese motives, and in the atmosphere and scenery of the Flowery Kingdom; a mosaic, such as a modern artificer might frame of antique marbles, not with the skill of the old workmen, it may be, but the color remaining as rich as ever, and the faults of the blending not too perceptible to an eye untrained in native harmonies. One of the tales is a bit of folk-lore interpreting the sound of the Great Bell. The emperor had ordered this bell to be manufactured with alloys of brass, silver, and gold; but the metals would not mingle, and, after a double failure, the noble upon whom the task had been laid was in danger of losing his life if the third attempt should prove unsuccessful. His daughter, thereupon, learning from an astrologer what was necessary, threw herself at the last moment into the caldron, and her nurse,

who sat beside, in trying to prevent her, caught only her pearl-and-flower-embroidered shoe. The sound of the bell, "Ko-NGai," is the maiden's name; and when the soft, low moaning, in which the deep tones tremble away, is heard, the Chinese mothers say to their little ones, "Listen! that is Ko-NGai crying for her shoe! that is Ko-NGai calling for her shoe!" The story grows dull under our hand, but the bald abstract shows the turn at the end which gives it childish charm.

This, however, is, as has been said, no more than a pretty bit of folk-lore. Another tale, which makes a finer appeal, and is really the best of all, is called *The Story of Ming-Y*. It belongs in the realm of the loves of dead women for some beautiful youth. Ming-Y is a model young man, the Chinese ideal, related to his civilization in the same way as the heroes of the Greek plays to theirs; and the legend relates how he was fascinated by an incarnation of one of the ghosts of the tombs by the highway, — Sie-Thao, the beautiful wanton, the love of the poet Kao, dead five hundred years before. The exquisite refinement of this narrative, its pure poetic loveliness, its freedom from any gross or

¹ *Some Chinese Ghosts*. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887.

revolving element, and the subtlety with which the apparition is made to take form out of nature, and to fade back into the blue sky, the blossomed trees, and the susurris of the breeze, are extraordinary. It calls up involuntarily the awkward and often horrible handling of the same subject in our vampire stories, one of the worst of which was inflicted upon us last Christmas, and even Keats's treatment of the Lamia myth is coarsened beside it. Notwithstanding the subject, the study is so delicately done that, while the figures do not lose distinctness, it might stand as a mere allegory of the birth of pure passion under the brooding of natural beauty. It is more like a vision of springtime than a superstition of the tomb, and it is characterized by the best qualities of idyllic romanticism.

A third tale, which relates Tong-yong's history, may recall to some of our readers the mediæval Old English Legend of Bristowe which Professor Child modernized so admirably a short time ago, and may provoke a profitable comparison with it. Both stories celebrate a son's piety to a dead father; in both the son sells himself into slavery, and afterwards receives a worldly reward. The grim ecclesiasticism of the English story, with its practical denouement of marriage with

the master's daughter, contrasts heavily and in an unlovely way with the delight in nature and the nearness of the gods to man in the Chinese version. It would be curious to inquire which is the more moral, but there can be no question which is the more imaginative.

The character of the remaining tales may be left to private discovery. The style is not equally successful in all, as the author's consciously assumed mannerism becomes over-accented, and sometimes passes the border-line, as in the use of the marvelous phrase "*flesh horripilated* by a Thought" as a refrain. The subject of one of them, moreover, involves conceptions which, though discreetly veiled, had better always be reckoned among the mysteries of learning to which only the initiated are rightly admitted. The six taken together have much variety, and illustrate diversely Chinese ways of looking at things. Perhaps the chief charm, after all, lies in that glow of pure color which is transfused through the imagination of the Orient; but customs, morals, and thought are substantially present, and the poetry of the race is expressed with great clearness and a pathetic winning power. If the author should write again, it is to be hoped that he will grow more simple rather than more artificial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Grace — with
a Grain of
Salt.
AMONG the cunning frailties of human nature might be noted the tendency towards hoodwinking the heavenly omniscience. A pertinent illustration comes to my mind as I recall the rejoinder of an insane woman, who, having been frustrated in an attempt to drown herself, was asked if she did not know that such an act was "wicked in the sight of God."

"Yes; but I just sat down on the bank, and *slid* in, and I thought that God would think it was an accident!" Now, it seems to me that not all of us who are accounted sane are quite free from a like shrewd design upon Heaven's high simplicity and credulity. It is said that men would be ashamed if the substance of their petitions to God were revealed to their fellow-beings. There are, perhaps,

occasions when men might be ashamed on as good ground, if those who listen to their audible and public invocations could probe to the gainsaying and reservative clauses of the inner petitioner. Indeed, who has not at some time listened to prayers, the utterer of which appeared to approach Providence with well-studied diplomacy, avoiding to dwell upon the ills and griefs of human life, as though mention of them might excite choler and retaliation, or as though he were of the temper of the earthly despot, who, at all events, demands crouching and obsequious submission in the lot assigned! Such prayers may obtain, if the court of heaven welcome the flatterer and the coward. There's a nobler ring in the old defiant strain, Let the gods side with the victor, Cato favors the conquered still! A certain passage in Job is frequently cited as a supreme expression of faith and resignation: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It may be owing to a somewhat stiff and incorrigible spirit that I am never content to let the quotation rest at this point in the passage (as it is commonly cited), but insist upon the entire text: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him." Though it may savor of irreverence, I am bound to say that it has always seemed to me, that the Almighty could not but approve this resolute and courageous attitude of his servant Job. I may add, moreover, that Job's bold avowal was recently paralleled in the reported prayer of an esteemed old friend of the writer. This friend is a rosy-cheeked, clear-minded octogenarian, erect and energetic both in physical and mental habit,—an offshoot of New England stock, and related to one of New England's sages. His usual excellent health being impaired by a slight cold, and patience in petty details of affliction not being among his virtues, he achieved a few mornings since the following remarkable grace: "O Lord,

make us thankful for that measure of health, though *very limited*, which Thou hast bestowed upon us!" The effect of this invocation upon those gathered at the table is easily imagined. How it was received elsewhere, I should not be disposed to question. So divine a thing is humor in the human, we must needs think that the Perfect is not without it; and if so, the grain of salt with which my old friend's grace was seasoned did but sweeten and preserve the same.

— I lately read an account of a visit paid by a certain English authoress to that most peculiar genius, Mr. George Meredith.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Meredith expounded some of his favorite ideas, one in especial, which has been the theme, variously treated, of several of his novels. This idea, so vividly and humorously developed in Sandra Belloni, is, briefly, the opposition between real feeling—natural, strong, passionate, it may be, as in the Italian girl Sandra—and its counterfeit, as Mr. Meredith regards it, mere sentiment. What the novelist means is plain enough, and undeniably it is true doctrine; but I would except against his using the word "sentiment," where what he really decries is sentimentality. Sentiment is not passion, it does not imply any deep or strong feeling, but it is something so far as it goes; its tendency may be to run into sentimentality, still it ought to be distinguished from the latter. In Sandra Belloni, the ladies Pole are not, it seems to me, embodiments of sentiment as contrasted with true feeling. I should say that Cornelia was a sentimentalist, who ruined the life of her lover and herself from false conceptions of generosity and duty, and from pure cowardice also; and that Arabella and Adela were simply heartless,—the latter purely so, the former with just enough of feeling to cause her some discomfort.

Mr. Meredith's remedy for the cure of "sentiment" is development of the

reasoning powers, and the raising of the intellect into lordship over sensation and fancy. Here, it strikes me, he preaches a half truth only. It is indeed hard to say too much for the value of rationality in all the concerns and relations of life. Irrationality is the huge, lumbering giant against whose strength we have to contend daily, and who is overthrown now only to rise in renewed force in some other shape to-morrow. It is true that what looks like heartlessness in people is sometimes simple stupidity; yet this is not the sole root of difficulty, and Mr. Meredith, if he could invent some clever process for the sharpening of men's wits and proceed to apply it universally, might be surprised to learn that, though he had possibly destroyed false sentiment, true feeling was not invariably found to take its place. The sad fact is that many people have very little feeling at all, and it is not the most enlightened intellects that go together with the warmest and sincerest hearts. Different capacities of feeling exist in men and women, and these natural capacities are so unevenly developed! The problem is a far harder one than Mr. Meredith supposes. Is not the difficulty always in building rather than in pulling down, in the creation rather than the destruction of life?—and feeling is a form of active life. How much easier to obey the law "Thou shalt not kill" than the gospel command to love our brother as ourself!

Mr. Meredith thinks women especially in need of mental training as a safeguard against sentiment, and he may be right. I am not concerned to dispute him. But I have sometimes wondered whether false sentiment, cowardice, or pure lack of feeling were at the bottom of one sad wrong very commonly done by men to women. A man is engaged to some woman whom presently he makes up his mind he cannot marry. It is nothing to my argument here whether there is good reason or none for his de-

cision, whether the woman is to suffer for an honest mistake on his part or from his simple fickleness; in either case the man begins a course of systematic neglect of his mistress, whereby he intends her to discover his change of heart, trusting that she will then dismiss him. Perhaps he honestly thinks this the best means of saving her pride. But does he really save it? Not in the least. She knows and he knows that she gives him up not of her own will, but because she is driven to do so; yet to escape what he fancies would be the brutality of a frank avowal of the truth, he condemns her to what is nothing less than prolonged torture; and the nobler the woman the more cruel the struggle between love and pride, between faith in him and the evidences of unfaith on his part which she would deny and cannot. Is it stupidity, Mr. Meredith, or what is it, that blinds a man to the suffering he thus inflicts? What we want in place of false sentiment and no sentiment is genuine, deep, warm feeling. But where it is not, there to plant and make it grow,—tell us how to do this, O ye wise!

The Relations between Authors and their Characters. — Most writers of fiction care more for the characters they have produced than for their skill in devising effective incidents, or in building elaborate and formidable plots. The machinery of construction may interest them while a work is in progress, but after its completion their chief pleasure is naturally and necessarily with the beings they have brought forth, and whose immortality they fondly hope for. Scott acknowledged himself well satisfied with many of the children of his imagination, notwithstanding his general habit of disparaging the framework in which he had set them. Dickens never lost sight of a single one of his multitudinous offspring. Nothing delighted him more than to recall them on all possible occasions, and when surrounded by intimates

to insist upon their supposititious admission to the society of the hour. If at a loss to sustain himself in some whimsical argument, he would invoke Mr. Micawber's coöperation; and if desirous to escape from a disputatious antagonist, he would leave him to settle affairs with Mr. Bumble or Old Willett. I have seen him pledge Dick Swiveller in a cup of "the rosy," with an air of sincerity which would have imposed upon any listener not acquainted with the identity of that amiable scapegrace; and, the next moment, heard him chaff Sam Weller to the point of downright altercation. The personality of all his people was definitely established in his mind, and he vehemently resented the liberties often taken with them upon the stage. "I have been to Sadler's Wells, to see a piece with my name attached to it," he said, referring to *The Golden Dustman*, a dramatic version of *Our Mutual Friend*, "but I recognized nothing as my own except a part of the language." For the impersonation of his characters, he desired to have it understood, something more was needed than the recital of the dialogue he had put into their mouths. He wondered why the players did not come to his readings, and get a distinct idea of how their parts should be represented. On one occasion he changed the programme of an entertainment in order that an actor, who had vexed his temper by a fantastic interpretation of Mr. Toots, might have the opportunity of seeing how that simple gentleman ought really to carry himself and deliver the speeches set down for him.

It is not every writer who has Dickens's host of familiar spirits to respond to his summons, but all who put their soul into their labor have a retinue of visionary companions whom they love and cherish. Even the elder Dumas, whose stories were made up of adventure and intrigue, with only here and there an attempt at portraiture, would

shed tears over the memory of his genial giant, Porthos. Thackeray held many of the men and women he had created, including some who were not up to the highest mark of respectability, in the warmest corner of his heart. He knew them intimately, and could not conceal his annoyance when an artist, appointed to illustrate a certain book, produced a picture inconsistent with the objects which existed in his fancy. But of all modern authors, probably the most singular in his mental attitude toward the personages of his romances was Charles Reade. In speaking of the characters he had drawn he always appeared unconscious of their artificial origin, and referred to them as if their reality were an established fact. He did not recognize any particular connection between them and himself. I have repeatedly heard him discuss the idiosyncrasies of this or that member of his ideal family in precisely the tone he would have employed if they had been independent of him in every sense. When a friend remarked upon what he supposed to be the motives that impelled the heroine of Griffith Gaunt to a certain course of action, Reade exclaimed hastily and somewhat warmly, "I don't believe Kate Gaunt ever thought of such a thing." Then he became abstracted, and a few minutes after added, "It does n't seem credible that Kate Gaunt could be influenced in that way; but after all, who can tell?" Something was said to him about the ingenuity of one of Mrs. Ryder's schemes in the same novel. "Yes," answered Reade, "was n't it clever? You would n't imagine a woman like Ryder up to a dodge of that sort. Ryder had more brains than people gave her credit for." There was no apparent recollection that her cleverness, whatever it might have been, was his own invention.

In *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* it is related that Lucy Fountain, when expecting to be drowned by the upsetting

of a pleasure-boat, whispered to David Dodd that if she must die she would have something to say to him just before they went down. Reade was asked what it was she intended to tell him. "I don't know," he replied, dreamily; "how should I know?" And, a little later, "What do you think she meant to say? Nothing important, perhaps. Ah, well, Dodd may know; she probably told him some time." There was not a particle of affectation in this. Reade was the last man to attempt that kind of pretense, and if he had attempted it he could no more have succeeded than he could have flown to the moon. He was the embodiment of intellectual candor. Throughout his life he could hardly bear the sight of a little book called *A Good Fight*, the first version of the story afterward entitled *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The circumstances which led to its publication in the abbreviated shape are not generally known. The tale began to appear in *Once a Week*, the editor of which periodical excited Reade's displeasure by making sundry alterations in the text. In response to an emphatic protest, this editor insisted upon his right to introduce such changes as he thought proper, stating, however, that it was not his purpose to vary or interpolate without good cause. Whereupon the serial was speedily brought to a close, in a manner totally at variance with the original design. The proper development was impracticable in the space to which the author confined himself. But he could not rest until he had completed the work according to the first conception, and it was published under the new name with the least possible loss of time, the single slender volume being multiplied by four. There was no English issue of *A Good Fight* in book form, and the American edition is probably now extinct. For many a month the forced denouement weighed heavily on Reade's mind, and he never ceased to regret the diverting Gerard

and Margaret from their true career, and representing them in a light which he felt to be false and unnatural.

In *A Terrible Temptation* it suited Reade's humor to give a counterfeit presentment of himself. The individual brought forward as Mr. Rolfe was intended to be a minute delineation of the novelist, and in many respects it was thoroughly accurate and true. But he was reminded, as the story progressed, that this character was pursuing a line of conduct not in accordance with the sentiments of its prototype. "It can't be helped," was the response; "Reade might not take such a course, but Rolfe must." The figure which he had proposed to fashion after a distinct model had slipped out of his grasp. Something of the same kind happened with his portrayal of Peg Woffington, although in this instance he purposely allowed himself to take liberties with history and tradition. But the visionary Peggy of his fabrication, not the Peggy of record and fame, was the one he knew and treasured. I was with him the last time he saw her in theatrical guise, at the Haymarket. It was in 1881, when he was aged and feeble, but his delight in the fitting representation of his "darling" — as he invariably called her — was as keen as ever. At one point of the performance Marian Terry, who played Mabel Vane, was seen to be shedding tears. "I expected this," he said; "the Terrys always cry. Kate did, Ellen does, and now Marian follows suit." As the action advanced, Mrs. Bancroft, the Woffington of the evening, became similarly discomposed. "This is more than I bargained for," said Reade, querulous in accent, but by no means ill-pleased. "Wilton [Mrs. Bancroft] is an old stager, and ought to keep herself in hand." Before the curtain fell the contagion had spread to the entire *dramatis personæ*, and the audience was moved, as audiences usually are, by the tender and pathetic closing

scene. The venerable author was very happy. "Why, all your eyes are wet!" he exclaimed to those beside him. Being informed that he was not superior to the prevailing weakness, he remarked, looking vaguely into the distance before him, with an expression his countenance often assumed, "Well, well; Woffington has made many an old fellow weep,

bless the baggage!" He seemed quite unaware that he had been under a spell of his own weaving. Nor was it the exquisite interpretation that touched him most nearly. His thoughts were not with the skill of the dramatist, nor with the art of the accomplished actress, but, stretching back to another century, with his dear and lovely Peggy.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History. New York, The Planting and the Growth of the Empire State, by Ellis H. Roberts. (Houghton.) The latest issue in the American Commonwealths Series, and in two volumes. Mr. Roberts has made more of a detailed history than have the authors of most of the other volumes of this series, and his survey is a striking one, as it marshals the successive forces in the development of the great State. The work is written with moderation, and in the later portion with an intimate personal knowledge which no mere acquaintance with books could have afforded. The repressed glow flames out at last into a hearty, enthusiastic peroration which will kindle the reader, especially if he be a New Yorker. — The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus, by Charles S. Robinson. (The Century Co.) Dr. Robinson prints lectures which he delivered in the course of his parish duties. He undertook to systematize the recent discoveries in Egypt, and he also desired to point morals. The result is a book which constantly annoys one by assuming that the preacher has the monopoly of moral reflection. Are not the people who are capable of following the facts capable also of seeing their moral force and drift? — A History of Modern Europe, by C. A. Fyffe. (Holt.) This volume, the second in the series, extends from 1814 to 1848. One advantage of Mr. Fyffe's method is that it keeps before the reader the conception of a Europe which acts and is acted upon by various forces, notwithstanding the political divisions. The historical view of states is well supplemented by an historical survey of a continental mass, and the interdependence of European states is probably more sharply marked in the period contained in this volume than it has been since. The Napoleonic movement produced an artificial union which left its im-

press on nations for another generation. Mr. Fyffe's bold groupings are very effective. — A Day in Ancient Rome, being a revision of Lohr's *Aus dem alten Rom*, with numerous [sic] illustrations, by Edgar S. Shumway. (Heath.) Mr. Shumway has built upon the German original by using later information derived from the excavations still going on at Rome. The book is a lively sketch, but fully to enjoy it one needs to be something more than a moderate student of ancient literature and history. Possibly it will stimulate to such knowledge. — The Provinces of the Roman Empire from Cæsar to Diocletian, by Theodor Mommsen, translated by W. P. Dickson (Scribner's), is in effect a sequel to the author's as yet incomplete history of Rome. It is in two volumes, and provided with eight maps by Kiepert. The subject permits an independent treatment, and indeed occupies a more open field than would the volumes yet remaining to complete Mommsen's great work. The survey is a singularly important one, since it implies the beginning of modern national histories, and gives the reader the advantage of a preface, so to speak, to the several distinct treatises which he may follow in pursuing any special line of historical study. We notice that the translator is a little reluctant to accept Mommsen's reading of Jewish history. It is interesting to observe how sensitive Christian scholars, and especially Englishmen, are to any purely secular view of Jewish development. — A Short History of Parliament, by B. C. Skottowe. (Harpers.) The well-read student in English history will find this book an agreeable and lively illustration of political changes. Mr. Skottowe is by no means awed by Parliament. He carries himself with a somewhat humorous air, which does not become buffoonery, and in general writes like a spectator, ready to be

amused. He may be congratulated on having made a dry subject lively without any sacrifice of real dignity. — *The Story of the Normans*, told chiefly in relation to their conquest of England, by Sarah Orne Jewett. (Putnams.) This book belongs to a series designed in a general way for young people, but there is little in Miss Jewett's treatment which especially calls up such an audience. We like best those portions, both at the beginning and end, and where she touches upon the artistic contribution of the Norman life, which enable her to lay aside for a while the strictly historical manner. Miss Jewett seems hardly to feel the more rugged force of the Norman character, or rather she is perhaps a little out of sympathy with Norman savagery, and more desirous of getting to the finer development. Her quiet style makes the book a somewhat amiable presentation of the subject, and she writes sometimes as if the work were an effort. A little sharper historical analysis might have given strength to her work, but we must nevertheless congratulate the author on the success which she has attained in a difficult task. — Another volume in the same series is *The Story of Ancient Egypt*, by George Rawlinson, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman. Mr. Rawlinson brings to his task a scholar's knowledge, and thus relieves the book of much speculation, giving rather the facts which have been established than those which are required to make a symmetrical story. His attempt at the story form is fortunately slight. Perhaps he regards the poetry which is introduced as equivalent. — *The Early Tudors, Henry VII., Henry VIII.*, by C. E. Moberly. (Scribners.) A new volume of *Epochs of Modern History*. Mr. Moberly appears to have struck a very happy mean in this book between the too general and popular and the too scientific. He is a fresh and agreeable writer, and the subjects with which he deals are full of interest to American as well as English readers. He does not treat England as an isolated section of Europe, but gives useful hints of the whole movement of thought in state at the important period covered by his book.

Poetry and the Drama. Translations from Horace, and a few original poems, by Sir Stephen E. De Vere. (George Bell and Sons, London.) A second and enlarged edition of an earlier publication, the author having increased the number of his translations from ten to thirty-one. It is a pity that the Latin which is given at the end of the volume had not been more conveniently placed opposite the corresponding translations. Sir Stephen's versions are rather paraphrases than translations; they have a certain dignity, but it is the dignity of leisurely form, rather than the wonderful dig-

nity of light strength which one finds in Horace, and when it comes to the swift touch which makes Horace's lines inimitable, we have instead a smooth agreeableness. — *Sonnets in Shadow*, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) Mr. Bates has added another to the lengthening list of *In Memoriams*. His verse has the force but not the incoherence of weeping passion, and there are many striking lines, as that one which closes the twenty-ninth sonnet, —

"Death takes a rush-light, but he gives a star!"

Yet is not the immortality of Tennyson's dirge to be found in the expanse of light into which the mourner finally rises, and in Tennyson's case was not the element of time which brings the healing hour the salvation of his elegy? — *The Lady of Dardale and Other Poems*, by Horace Eaton Walker (Browne & Rowe), is a volume containing six hundred pages of closely printed meaningless verse. It is seldom that we come across a more pathetic instance of self-delusion and misdirected assiduity. — *Daffodils*, by A. D. T. W. (Houghton.) Mrs. Whitney's allusiveness of style serves a better purpose in verse than in prose. Her ear is not over-critical, and her verse thus sometimes is not very musical, but it is charged with a spiritual energy, and conveys her feeling upon deep subjects with a suggestiveness which will be appreciated by many. — *Madrigals and Catches*, by Frank Dempster Sherman. (White, Stokes & Allen.) Mr. Sherman differs from most young poets in not having passed through the dark tunnel in which so many get lost, and from which issue many doleful sounds. At least, there is no evidence in this book of a discovery of the general emptiness of life. On the contrary, there is a careless, bright humming of verse which disarms the critic. The verse is pretty light; it is sometimes almost an echo of an echo, and one is half inclined to be vexed that the author doing so well does not do better, — does not carry his fancy into thought, occasionally, and give the touch of passion which thrills; but at any rate there is no mocking and there is no foolish cynicism. — *In Divers Tones*, by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Lothrop.) There is an eagerness about many of these poems which is not far from a real poetic fire, and in general a fullness of life which is in contrast with the timidity and hesitation of much contemporaneous poetry. At the same time we cannot think that Mr. Roberts has yet separated the essential from the accidental in his poetic nature. — At last we are to have a uniform and beautiful edition of Browning's poems, the first four volumes of which have been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Six volumes will include all the works of the writer up to date. These are very elegant books in typography and all externals, being similar

in style to the Riverside Edition of Shakespeare. The work is printed from entirely new electrotype plates, and the poems, with the author's latest revision, are grouped in accordance with his own plan. The first volume contains a fine steel portrait of Browning, engraved by Wilcox from a recent photograph.

Fiction. The Confessions of Claud, by Edgar Fawcett. (Ticknor.) Mr. Fawcett impresses us as having made a somewhat violent effort in this book, and to have depressed himself, autobiographically, with unnecessary gloom. Somehow we do not seem to be going down into the unrelieved depths of human life, but into the cavernous abyss, several feet deep, of a city theatre. Even the satirical pictures of high life are somewhat solemn, and we come upon such three-storied names as Mrs. Trinitysteeples with a feeling that there is suicide from the top of them. — Drops of Blood is the somewhat curdling title of a volume of short stories by Lily Curry. (J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York.) They all have astounding situations, and movements as rapid as a lightning express; there is blood of some kind on each one, and by a grim sort of humor the last page of the book closes with an advertisement of Sapolio. One needs lots of it to clean off with, and yet, and yet, there is, even if misdirected, a trace of power now and then, which makes one regret that the author has not a little less sanguinary mood. — The Feud of Oakfield Creek, a novel of California life, by Josiah Royce, (Houghton) has the somewhat uncommon quality of ending well; that is to say, the climax of the interior story coincides with a climax of exterior events. There is also at least one good character in the study of a California millionaire, and there is a heartiness and general breeziness about the book which reconciles one a little to the somewhat wasteful character of the language. The author seems to have one of those expansive minds which are curious of everything that momentarily interests them, so that their pleasure is rather to turn a subject round than to carry it forward. The result is repetition, a lack of real proportion, and an inordinate amount of speculation in place of action. — The Old House at Sandwich, by Joseph Hutton. (Appleton.) An English story of American life, mainly. A traveler in America, Mr. Hutton makes use of his travels to work out more effectively a conventional plot. He is lively, conversational, and carries his story along in a *negligée* manner. It is conventionalism which has taken off the dress coat and put on the Oxford jacket. — Mrs. Hephaestus and other short stories, together with West Point, a comedy in three acts, by George A.

Baker. (White, Stokes & Allen.) Mr. Baker seems to have read *The Tinted Venus* in preparation for his first story, but he somehow does not succeed in creating much of an illusion with his Venus. — A Child of the Century, by John J. Wheelwright. (Scribners.) Mr. Wheelwright has written an entertaining book, and perhaps we ought not to ask more. Entertaining books are not so common that one should make us querulous. All the same, we can't help wishing that Mr. Wheelwright were more than an amateur instantaneous photographer. — The Strike in the B—— Mill (Ticknor) is a story in which the too common incidents of a conflict between manufacturers and their hands are given with fairness. The moral of the book is the safe and desirable one that employers and employed have a pretty equal share of human nature, and one of the remedies for the present disorder is found in a methodical readjustment of manufactures and agriculture, by which the lands of New England should be reclaimed. The book is honestly written, and has the force of reason rather than of special literary art. — Juanita, a romance of real life in Cuba fifty years ago, by Mary Mann. (Lothrop.) Mrs. Mann has woven pictures of life under the slave system, drawn from personal observation, with scenes of imaginary action. There is almost a quaintness about the book, an old-fashioned air; but we cannot help thinking that if she had confined herself to actual record of what she saw, she would have made a more valuable book. — Roberts Brothers have added two volumes to their admirable series of translations from Balzac, — The Country Doctor, and Two Brothers. — The Startling Exploits of Dr. Quies, translated from the French of Paul Célière by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie (Harpers), is a capital book of the Jules Verne kind and very spiritedly illustrated. Dr. Quies's whimsical adventures are calculated to please boy-readers between sixteen and sixty years of age. — Beauchamp's Career (Roberts Brothers) is, we believe, the final volume of the American edition of George Meredith's novels. Beauchamp's Career is regarded by many of Meredith's admirers as his best work. The curious thing about Meredith's admirers is that no two groups agree on the same masterpiece. — Mr. Crawford is so prolific a novelist as to make it difficult for a critic to do more than to record that author's publications. Mr. Crawford's latest story — and it is one in which some of his very best qualities are shown — is entitled *Saracinesca*, and deals with that Roman life which Mr. Crawford knows more intimately than any living writer of fiction; in English, we mean. (Macmillan & Co.)

